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PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

MUCH MORE
SEX IN
CINEMA

YOU AND THE
STOCK MARKET:
WHERE THE
BIG MONEY IS

TURN ON TO OUR
C.B. PLAYMATE:
COVER GIRL
PATTI McGUIRE

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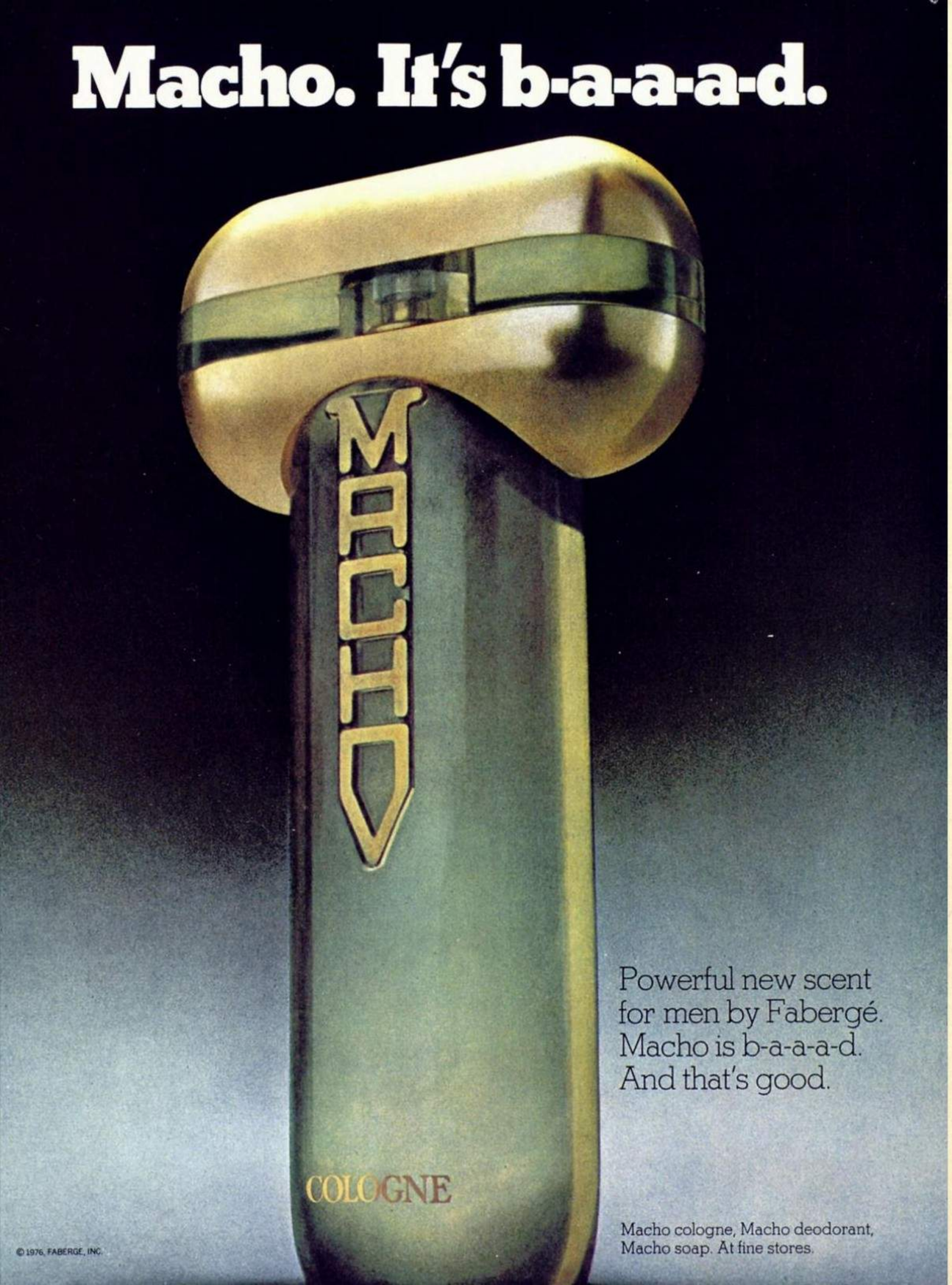

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PLAYBILL

THE FIRST THING you'll want to know is how did we do it? **Jimmy Carter,** the most religious of candidates, not only sitting for a highly irreverent *Playboy Interview* but, as he said, spending more time with us than with any other publication. The major factor was the determination and persistence of interviewer **Robert Scheer,** who has spent the past couple of years dogging the footsteps of such people as Nelson Rockefeller (profiled in PLAYBOY, October 1975) and Jerry Brown (*Playboy Interview*, April 1976) and somehow getting more of substance out of them than any other journalist we know. Assistant Managing Editor **G. Barry Golson,** who also questioned Carter during the final session in Plains, Georgia, reports that that meeting nearly didn't take place. "It was after Carter got the nomination, when the pressures on his time increased dramatically, that I watched Scheer really operate," Golson says. "We were in a New York hotel and everyone in the country must have been looking for press secretary Jody Powell. He was assumed to have gone back to Plains with the candidate but couldn't be reached. Scheer then called Powell's mother in Georgia and found out that Jody and his wife had remained in New York under an assumed name. Scheer dialed the number, woke up Jody and poured out some of the most persuasive, magnolia-scented Southern sweet talk I'd ever heard. We got our final session. I was amazed: Scheer is from the Bronx."

Scheer spent four months on the campaign trail getting to know Carter's friends and family and has written an article to accompany the interview (*Jimmy, We Hardly Know Y'All,* illustrated by political cartoonist **Ranan R. Lurie**) that sheds some light—and some light moments—on them. Light moments? Well, did you know that Carter's nickname is Hot? We thought not.

One of the things Carter has promised to do if elected is save America's dying cities, and particularly the Big Apple. No way, says author **Craig S. Karpel** in *There Are 8,000,000 Stories in the Naked City and This Is the Last One.* Then there's that bastion of country music, Austin, Texas. Author **Larry L. King** chronicles the mad goings on at an archetypal hoedown held there in *The Great Willie Nelson Commando Hoo-Ha and Texas Brain Fry.* The artwork is by **Alex Murawski.**

And speaking of sex (we weren't, but we will be), **Eric Idle,** the *Monty Python* regular, presents *The Vatican Sex Manual.* It's an excerpt from his book *The Rutland Dirty Weekend Book,* to be published this month by Methuen/Two Continents.

And if you can get your mind off sex for a minute, our pseudonymous investment advisor **John B. Tipton** has written *the* most practical piece on investing *ever.* If, after reading *How to Make Real Money in the Stock Market,* you have some surplus long green to spend, we'd like to direct your attention to Fashion Editor **David Platt's** views on *The Swing to Sweaters* (photographed by **J. Frederick Smith**). And don't forget the suspenseful conclusion of **Russell H. Greenan's** story, *The Bric-a-Brac Man,* condensed from the book of the same title to be published this month by Random House.

Now back to sex (that didn't take long, did it?). Hollywood insider **Arthur Knight** has once again surveyed the year's steamy—and occasionally seamy—film fare in *Sex in Cinema—1976;* and cartoonist **J. B. Handelsman** shows how our early settlers got their Plymouth rocks off in *Prurient Puritans.* There's also a spicy pictorial on actress **Misty Rowe** and photographer **Pompeo Posar's** tribute to **Patti McGuire,** our November Playmate. As Shakespeare put it: "That ought to keep you going till supper, fella."

Part II of *The Puppet and the Puppetmasters* was originally scheduled to appear this month. However, when Part I was published in September, new sources came forward with such significant new leads for our investigation we had to postpone publication of Part II. Look for it in a subsequent issue.

CARTER, SCHEER, GOLSON

LURIE

KARPEL

KING

MURAWSKI

IDLE

KNIGHT

SMITH

HANDELSMAN

POSAR

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PLAYBOY

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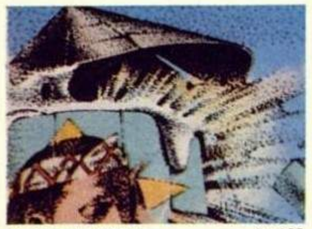
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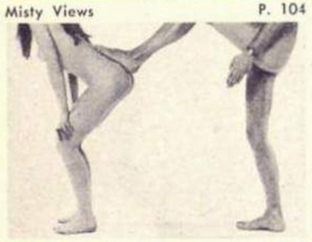
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COVER STORY

This month's cover, with Patti McGuire, who also happens to be this month's Playmate, was shot by photographer Pompeo Posar. "The look of pure seduction," says Posar, "is one I've tried to capture many times over the years. It all depends on the eyes. I think I finally succeeded with Patti." So do we.

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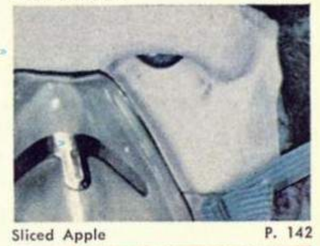
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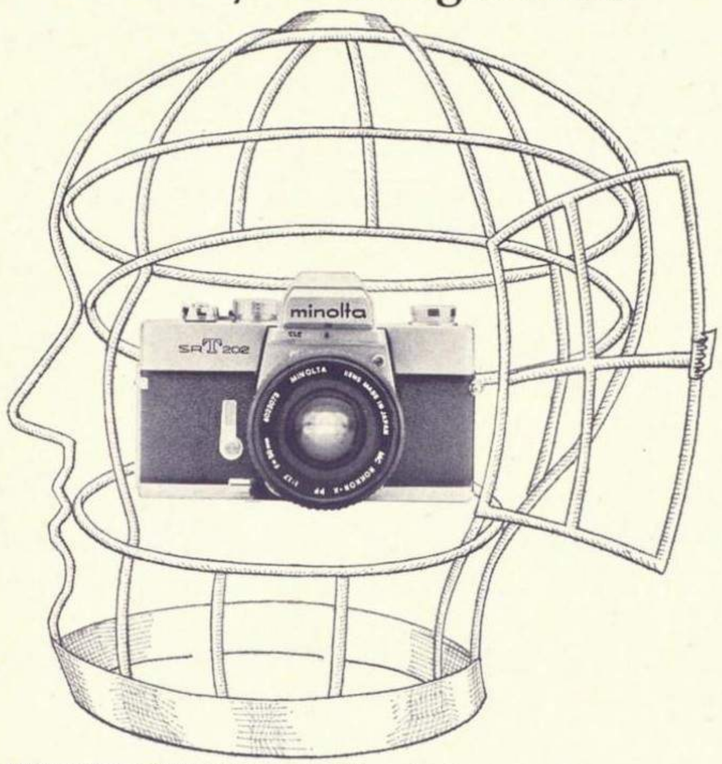

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One look at the new 924 will tell you how much things have changed. It doesn't look like any Porsche you've ever seen. Its clean, flowing lines not only please the eye, but have startling aerodynamic characteristics. Its wind tunnel tests registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

But the heart of any sportscar is, and always will be, its handling characteristics. And this is where the uniqueness of the new Porsche 924 really comes through. The engine and clutch are up front, but the transmission is in the rear, at the driving wheels.

Rather than a heavy drive shaft, with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transmission. This forms a single, rigid unit, does away with universal joints, and allows for more direct power transfer.

The result is an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution and a cornering ability that will leave you breathless. McPherson struts in front and a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear keep the body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick response to every command.

In today's world, "practicality" is the watchword, even for a sportscar. The new Porsche 924 meets that demand. The engine is an overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system. It's water cooled with a thermostatically controlled, electrically driven radiator fan. The design makes servicing easy and keeps repair costs to a minimum.

On the highway, EPA estimates 31 mpg (17 mpg in the city), with standard transmission. Of course, your actual mileage may vary, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment.

As unique as the new Porsche 924 is, there are many things it shares with all Porsches. It is built with the same meticulous attention to detail, the same commitment to visual and driving excitement that have always been the very meaning of the word "Porsche."

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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BISEXUAL BYWORDS

I thoroughly enjoyed Kathy Lowry's *Me and the Other Girls* (PLAYBOY, August), but it brought to mind a problem that is, unfortunately, all too prevalent in our country today. The majority of men I know think that there is something sick or dirty about a woman who has shared her favors with a person of the same sex. I never have been able to understand why men think that they are the only ones who can decide what proper sexual behavior should be. If they could get over their stereotype stud roles, then maybe a lot of sexual and social frustrations could be reduced in everyone.

James M. Pivarnik
Harrisonburg, Virginia

In these days of snobbish professionalism, it is comforting to see that at least one publisher believes in giving clumsy amateurs a chance. I can see no other reason for your publication of *Me and the Other Girls*. If that is the kind of stuff you want nowadays, look no further: I can write hackneyed, half-baked pseudo porn just as badly as Kathy Lowry. So can my Chihuahua.

Jennifer Bredell
Greenleaf, Oregon

Kathy Lowry's interpretation of bisexuality is refreshing.

Jan Papp
Aurora, Illinois

A "right on" to Kathy Lowry for her freewheeling attitudes on bisexuality.

Thomas E. Orsini
Elizabeth, New Jersey

What a relief to find out that I'm not the only woman to have such thoughts about bisexuality.

Betty Kiel
Yonkers, New York

TURNING THE TABLES

In the aftermath of what has to be the most daring commando raid of the Middle East chain of events, David B. Tinnin's article *The Wrath of God* (PLAYBOY, August) was timely as well as politically stunning. One seldom hears of the Israelis' reactions to the pointless terrorism of the Palestinians; but when news got out of the highly successful raid on Entebbe, the world came to realize that the Israelis are, in fact, doing something to show that they are not the quiet, innocent victims of merciless acts of terrorism.

Stephen F. Clifford
Jacksonville, Florida

Even though they've made mistakes, the Israelis are the only ones who actually seem to be doing anything to combat terrorism. You have to applaud them for that.

Mitchell Hinkle
Dallas, Texas

You have published some excellent pieces in the past, but *The Wrath of God* is the best ever to appear in your magazine. Tinnin's exposé of the 1973 Israeli intelligence blunder literally had me glued to my chair. I hope to see more by this author in the future.

Thomas M. Studwall, Jr.
Weston, Connecticut

AFTERMATH AFTERWORDS

What a sad story Cliff Jahr leads us through in his article *Dog Day Aftermath* (PLAYBOY, August)! Quoting one of the last paragraphs: "A statuesque 40-27-39 redhead, Liz . . . is legally married to a man named Tony. Through the combined wonders of plastic surgery, silicone injections, implantation, dermabrasion, electrolysis and Nice 'n Easy light auburn—$20,000 worth in all—she is at last a real woman." I reject and *resent* the usage of the term *real* woman! Real woman, my ass!

Mary Cloud Coody
Bradenton, Florida

Cliff Jahr's article tells the true story of how we all got taken advantage of over the past four years. It may sound exaggerated, but it's not. I'd like to thank Cliff for writing it and PLAYBOY for publishing it.

Mrs. Carmen Ann Wojtowicz
(Address withheld by request)

I have never been so saddened as I was after reading the true story of John Wojtowicz. I loved the article and found myself as concerned about John in that cell as I would be about a member of my own family. If it is at all possible, I would like a copy of this letter to be forwarded to John in prison. While reading it under

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his own special moonlight, it may give him a little desire to stay alive, knowing that there are people who care about him.

Maria Blumberg
Miami, Florida

Your letter has been forwarded.

As one of the many moviegoers who saw and enjoyed the film *Dog Day Afternoon*, I found Cliff Jahr's article on the aftermath most interesting. I was especially fascinated by Wojtowicz' statement that Pacino's portrayal of him was "flawless." Do they look alike, too?

Tom Conover
Tallahassee, Florida

As you can see by these photographs (Wojtowicz on the left, Pacino on the

right), there is a resemblance between actor and robber.

Cliff Jahr's examination of the real story behind the film is most enlightening. My sympathies went out to the Pacino character in the movie. Now I feel even sorrier for him.

Peter Rifkin
Miami, Florida

If you ask me, John Wojtowicz got what he deserved. Let's not forget one thing—he's a bank robber.

Paul McNutly
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The story of John Wojtowicz is a true love story. His maltreatment by the media, courts and prison system is detestable. I pray that in my lifetime, people will learn to accept and treat gay persons, male or female, as the individuals they are and will allow them the same civil liberties without retribution.

Ellen Graham
Montgomery, Alabama

CASTING ALTMAN

Robert Altman (*Playboy Interview*, August) is a pseudonym for Luigi Lombardini, a onetime apprentice editor, who stepped out of the trim bin to direct *M*A*S*H*, *The Wild Bunch*, *Gone with the Wind* and *Mutiny on the Bounty* (first version) and was closely associated with Eisenstein's assistant Norgen Frill. I thoroughly enjoyed *Nashville* but wondered where Bob Dylan, Kris Kristofferson and Funky Donnie Fritts were. Altman is in retreat in the Himalayas and has been for 28 years. I hope to join him as soon as I get the fuck out of World War Two. *Brewster McCloud* was written, produced and directed by Lombardini and Phil Feldman. Luigi is now working on the John Wayne epic *Way Way East*. He also directed *The Getaway*.

Sam Peckinpah
Los Angeles, California

Sam who?

Your interview with Robert Altman certainly gave this reader a deeper insight into his character. His cheap shot at Jerry Bick over the "Louise Fletcher–*Nashville*" casting is not only ungentlemanly and in bad taste but also unworthy of one who apparently wants to be considered an artist.

James Secrest
New York, New York

I read your interview with Robert Altman just hours after seeing *Buffalo Bill*. . . . Since I have also seen Altman's other movies, I was eager to read his views and opinions. Taking all this into consideration, I think *Buffalo Bill* . . . would have been better left undone.

Daniel L. Walls
East Haven, Connecticut

Your August interview confirmed my opinion that Robert Altman is the greatest film maker in America.

Robert X. Gleason
New York, New York

Altman's comment that the Europeans are 20 years behind the Americans because they view films as entertainment rather than as art is patently ridiculous. Movies are entertainment first, art second. I, as well as the majority of people I know, see a movie for entertainment, not for its social content.

L/Cpl. Rick Fredde, U.S.M.C.
San Diego, California

Thanks for your interview with Robert Altman. It helped me understand this fascinating and complex man.

Lawrence Petrofsky
Los Angeles, California

Altman's a bore.

Lorenzo Costello
Newark, New Jersey

Altman is brilliant. A marvelous interview!

Horst Brockman
Chicago, Illinois

TIJUANA BRASS

G. Robert Jennings' story on his travels in Tijuana (*Playboy After Hours*, August) is a crock of shit. Jennings describes Tijuana as the new Garden of Eden, but that can't be further from the truth—it's the same dirty run-down town that I was rolled in 20 years ago as a Marine. I think the readers of PLAYBOY deserve better than this kind of garbage. I hope you didn't pay Jennings for his article, because if you did, he got paid twice—once by you, once by the city of Tijuana.

O. G. Oglevee, M.D.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Si señor, Tijuana is less wild but more fun.

Jorge Escobedo
Tijuana, Mexico

MOTEL REGISTERS

Congratulations on photographer Helmut Newton's pictorial *200 Motels, or, How I Spent My Summer Vacation* (PLAYBOY, August). It sort of takes you back to the days when a motel was a motel and a skinny girl was better than no girl at all.

Joe G. Venable
Knoxville, Tennessee

Helmut Newton's pictorial on motels is swell, but I have one question: Haven't I seen his sexy little motelmate somewhere before?

Arnold Sellers
Atlanta, Georgia

Yes, Kristine De Bell was our April 1976 cover girl. To refresh your memory, here's an outtake from that shooting.

Kristine De Bell is fantastic—she could make the sleaziest motel room look like the Presidential suite at the Waldorf! Let's see more of her soon, only this time spring for some color film.

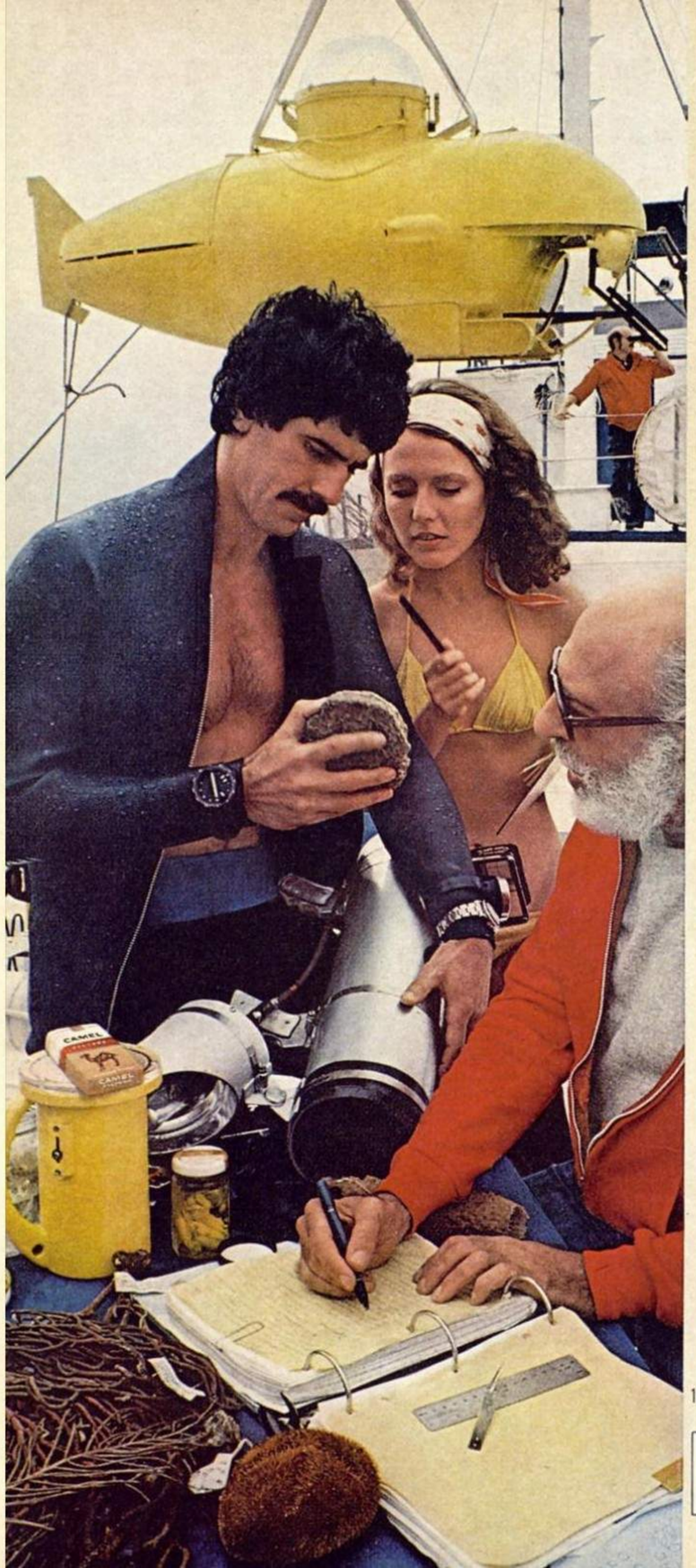
Jim O'Neill
Laurelton, New York

FAST-CAR FANCIERS

Brock Yates's *Wave Goodbye!* (PLAYBOY, August), featuring the ultimate Porsche, is as pleasurable as a 200-page pictorial on Barbi Benton.

Edwin F. Hallgren
Los Angeles, California

As the owner of a Porsche, I especially enjoyed *Wave Goodbye!*. I must take issue, however, with Yates's reference to the Turbo Carrera as "the fastest automobile presently available on the American market." Yes, the Ferrari 365-GT/4 Berlinetta Boxer and the Lamborghini Countach are illegal in the States, but the Maserati Bora is not. With its more



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Terence J. Harrison
East Meadow, New York

Yates replies:

The Bora may have a slight edge in top speed (no more than five to eight mph), but in over-all terms of cornering, acceleration, braking and generally excellent performance, the Turbo is far superior—it is the "fastest" car by far.

Brock Yates's "interview" with the Turbo Carrera is superb! It has long been my belief that the sight of a *macho* exoticar could do the same thing for the testosterone level as a fine female body. Now, how about *Road & Track*'s taking one of your Playmates for a test drive?

Steve Sherman
Tonawanda, New York

I enjoyed Yates's article on the Porsche Turbo very much. I would go out and buy one, except for the fact that I have only $5.11 to my name. But this won't stop me from dreaming about owning one. Love that car, love that story.

D. L. Bingham, Jr.
Campbell, California

LOOKING AT LINDA

What is it with you and your August Playmates? Last year it was Lillian, this year it's Linda. . . . My God, what a woman!

D. A. Riccatelli
Reseda, California

Your August Playmate, Linda Beatty, is the worst to date.

Mike Thomason
Alamosa, Colorado

Miss August is all wet.

David Tyndall
Ashland, Wisconsin

I was so glad to "see" one of my former and favorite high school art students, Linda Beatty, as your August Playmate.

Gary Trentham
Auburn, Alabama

FUTURE JOCKS

The Olympics of 2001 (PLAYBOY, August), by Wayne McLoughlin, certainly has a timely ring to it. The way some of those East German athletes performed in Montreal, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they were animal inbreeds.

Carl Hetaling
Boise, Idaho

***OUTDOOR* BUFFS**

Sex in the Great Outdoors (PLAYBOY, August) is one of PLAYBOY's very best pictorials. My husband and I are nature freaks and we, too, enjoy spending our vacations hiking, backpacking and camping in the great outdoors. R. Scott Hooper's beautiful pictorial brought back many pleasant memories.

Mrs. K. W.
San Diego, California

Sex in the Great Outdoors is swell if you happen to be a nature lover. As a confirmed urbanite, I would have liked to see a little hanky-panky in the city. After all, that's part of the great outdoors, too, in a way.

Sheldon Mandrill
New York, New York

Sure thing, Sheldon. Here's a couple doing it on the Brooklyn Bridge in broad

daylight. You can't get much more urban than that.

Your August pictorial *Sex in the Great Outdoors* combines two of my very favorite pastimes—sex and the outdoors.

W. M. Richardson-Harp
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

SHORT STOPS

Thank you so much for *The Great American Lay* (*Selected Shorts*, PLAYBOY, August). It's about time we heard the whole truth about such a big problem. I'm tired of every man thinking he is the best and no woman having enough nerve to tell him he isn't.

Sandy Easterling
Tamarac, Florida

The Great American Lay is the most sensible view of screwing ever written.

Bruce Goldfarb
Atlanta, Georgia

I heartily disagree with Laurence Gonzales' label of Pat Boone as "antisex." Boone is very handsome and gentle. More importantly, he has been happily married for many years. Does fear of God and love of just one woman make a man less sexy?

Steven Stroh
Newport, Minnesota

Levi's?!

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Yes, Levi's.

But with a look so different, we've given them a different name: "Panatela."

As you can see from the picture, Panatela is quite a styling change for Levi's. Very contemporary. Very upscale.

The clothes are designed in go-together colors that let you switch pants and tops with each other almost endlessly. So there's always more than one pair of slacks to wear with any Panatela top.

What you can't see from the picture is that Panatela has the superb fit and construction that's made Levi's a legend in its own time. Even the prices are in the Levi's tradition. Suggested retail for the corduroy outfits shown is about $18 for the slacks, $60 for the blazer, $15 for the vest. Sweaters and shirts are $16 to $20.

The next time you're shopping for something special, try Panatela.

And don't be surprised when you find some very familiar comfort under all of Panatela's new style and good taste. Because there's a little bit of Levi's in everything Panatela makes.

Slacks and Tops

Yes, Levi's Panatela!!

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A British doctor has concluded that Denmark's high rate of venereal disease may be blamed on the Danish word for condom. The doctor said Danish men probably prefer not using the contraceptives at all to stuttering out the 30-letter, ten-syllable word—*svangerskabsforebyggendemiddel*—to the pharmacist. In Sweden, where they are known simply as *kondoms*, venereal disease has been on the decline.

•

It's the same stuff they use to make poop decks, no doubt. In an article about California's famed Anaheim Stadium, the Santa Ana *Register* said: "Eight million pounds of structural stool was required to construct the stadium."

•

A reader reports seeing this sign hanging in the window of a Eureka, Montana, dry-cleaning establishment: DROP YOUR PANTS HERE—YOU WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

•

The Texas Water Quality Board not long ago issued an order that stated, in part, that "each of the county governments affected by this order shall be responsible for removing constituents from the streets . . . by a regular program of vacuum street sweeping."

•

The crew of a Nova Scotia fishing vessel, The Johnny and Sisters, was overjoyed at having netted a record catch of 30,000 pounds of fish. That is, until they remembered that the boat's capacity was only 15,000 pounds. The boat sank.

•

In Grand Forks, North Dakota, the Voluntary Action Center's newsletter ran this intriguing notice: "Volunteers are needed to prepare a simple lunch meal and feel a totally handicapped woman in her home."

•

The Crime Does Not Pay Interest Award goes to the Poughkeepsie, New York, woman who robbed a bank at knife point, fled in a green Porsche and was arrested a short time later at another bank, where she was using the stolen money to pay off a car loan.

•

A New Zealand newspaper, covering a feminist demonstration, stated: "They marched shoulder to shoulder demanding abortion reform and action on rapists. Balloons added to the festive atmosphere."

•

A church secretary from Ridgewell, England, resigned in protest after the vicar won a prize for submitting the following original limerick to a magazine: "There was a young lady from Danbury/ Addicted to apple and cranberry / Jelly and jam / With pickles and ham / And a bit on the side with Lord Lansbury." Although the vicar claims "a bit on the side" meant having a bit of fruit on the side, the secretary was not convinced, saying: "This isn't the sort of thing you expect from a vicar."

•

Over the past two years, a young Taiwanese man has written a total of 700 love letters to his girlfriend proposing marriage. His persistence finally paid off: The girl announced her engagement to the postman who delivered the letters.

•

The Postal Service has begun distributing cards on which consumers can complain about their postal service. Authorities say they expect the most common complaint to be that PLAYBOY arrives with the centerfold torn out.

•

An article on wife beating in the Erie, Pennsylvania, *Times-News* observed: "According to a Harris opinion poll, 20 percent of all adults and 25 percent of all college-educated adults feel that wife eating is perfectly proper."

•

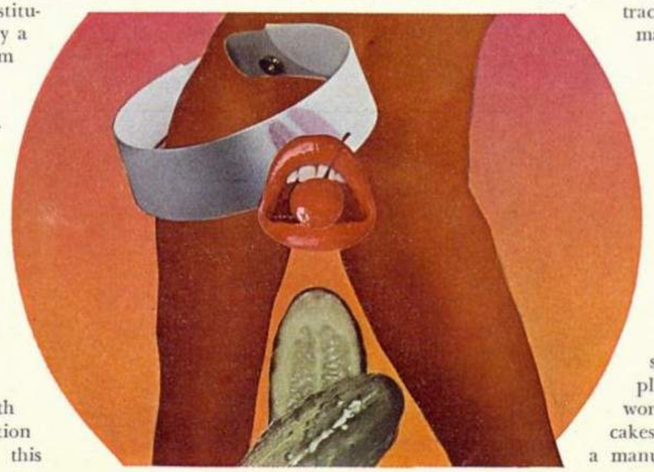
Senator Ahmad Arshad of Kuala Lumpur has proposed that Malaysian policemen be required to wear long trousers, rather than the standard skirts. The reason: The sight of their bare legs distracts motorists—male and female alike.

•

After the opening of a new pig-breeding unit in Cardigan, Wales, *The Western Mail* reported: "Twenty local residents, including the mayor of Cardigan, will be shown round the unit today and the rest of the week will be spent fumigating the premises."

•

Getting it up for Mao! A series of sex manuals, complete with quotes from the works of Mao, is selling like hot cakes in Red China. One of these, a manual for teenagers, says that



masturbation results in overstimulation of the brain, dizziness, insomnia, general weakness and "the erosion of revolutionary will." As a deterrent, young people are urged to devote full attention to "hard" study of the works of Lenin, Marx and Mao and to wear loose-fitting underwear.

•

Headline in the Kenosha, Wisconsin, *News*, over an article about the donation of six red, white and blue basketballs to the students of Lincoln Junior High: "PATRIOTIC BALLS GIVEN TO LINCOLN."

•

Memo of the Month Award goes to the California Department of Food and Agriculture, which issued the following advice to employees concerning safety after normal working hours: "Travel between floors by elevator only in buildings having elevators."

•

In an article about the dissolution of St. Louis County's Decent Literature Commission, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* quoted a commission member as saying: "While we cannot eradicate obscenity completely, there is no reason for us to go soft."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME

Voted in for her contribution to the art of good grooming: a Canadian woman who claims that the excrement of a mynah bird has cleared up her dandruff. The girl was having lunch at a tennis club when a mynah bird landed on her head and relieved itself. "I left it there," she said, "thinking it had to have some nutritional value. I rubbed it into my hair and let it dry before washing it out. I guess you could call it a poop treatment.

A GUIDE TO BLACK SLANG

Why do black people talk the way they do? Some linguists (white) answer, "Because they have thick lips." Black linguists demur: "Say that again, turkey, and I'll go up 'side yo' head." But scholarly disputes over pronunciation aside, we can all agree that black language, particularly black slang, often presents problems of vocabulary. Therefore, in order to prevent minor social blunders, we present Fran Ross's glossary of black terminology, excerpted from the soon-to-be-published book "Titters: The First Collection of Humor by Women" (Macmillan), edited by Deanne Stillman and Anne Beatts.

American Express: A man who suffers from premature ejaculation. Used exclusively as a put-down of white males. Conversely, a **Master Charge** is one who has great staying power—that is, *all* black men. We leave to your imagination what **Diner's Club** means.

bad: Formerly meant good. Now means bad *or* good. Remember, it is *always* used in a deliberately confusing manner when the speaker is among whites.

bleach: Bribe money. For example, with enough bleach, a black person starts to look white enough to get a table at "21." Not a *good* one, but at least you can say you were there.

down home: Formerly meant the South. Now means the Manhattan House of Detention (also known as The Tombs) or, by extension, any jail or prison. If someone says, "I just came back from down home down home," he is not stuttering but merely means he was just released from Atlanta Federal Penitentiary.

early: late.

get metroed: (from Metropolitan Life) To be discovered hiding in the closet just after your kid has told the insurance man you weren't at home.

hap: First it was *hep*, then *hip*. Watch out for changes of one vowel in black slang. It is often a subtle put-down of whites who try to be too hup.

in: out.

James Brown (someone): To grab a person and process his hair against his will. An act of political punishment for those who act too "white."

job hunting: Sleeping or messing up on your job so persistently that you are fired and therefore presumably have to look for employment elsewhere. Before that happens, however, you are entitled to unemployment benefits—the real object of the incorrigible job hunter.

junior jumper: A rapist under 16 years of age. A rapist over 16 is not a senior jumper but is probably a misunderstood brother who is being railroaded by a racist, oppressive judicial system with the help of some hysterical, uptight white chick.

LeRoy: Capital of Rufus. See *Rufus*.

Let me fry your eggs: That is, let me scramble your brains, tell you some startling news. This term often leads to confusion at breakfast time.

M.C.P.: Originally stood for "my Cadillac payment." By extension, it is now used for anything that has the highest priority—e.g., my Cadillac payment.

Negro: Formerly a black person. Now any fair-skinned middle-class white man or woman who has every record the Shirelles ever made.

q: Rescue, barbecue, curlicue, etc. Black people like to drop unnecessary syllables. Let context be your guide.

royal grits: Regular grits with five ounces sautéed chitlins and two thirds cup good red wine per serving. The wine must cost at least 98 cents a half gallon to be considered good.

Rufus: The name being held in reserve for the first all-black state.

stay: go.

tough maracas: Depending on voice pitch, either the highest compliment or the grossest insult that can be directed to those of Hispanic descent. A low-register delivery means praise, a high-pitched "reading" can mean a gang fight. Some of the most accomplished insulters are male singers who are adept at falsetto.

V-8: An eight-time loser in the social-disease sweepstakes. One more loss and you self-destruct, or V.O.

West Indian wampum: A ten-dollar loan for which you only have to put up, as collateral, your right arm and your mother. West Indians have not exactly done the best PR job in the world.

xylophone: Cello.

Z: A.

Introducing Fact. The low gas, low 'tar.'

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

And despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

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Read the pack. It tells how you get the first low gas, low 'tar' smoke with good, rich taste.

Taste as good as the leading king-size brand.

And that's not fiction. That's a Fact.

Fact is the first cigarette with Purite granules.
The *selective* filtering agent.
Selective.
That means it reduces specific gases in smoke that taste bad.
Without removing the elements that taste good.
So, for the first time, you get low gas, low "tar," and satisfying taste in one cigarette.
Fact: The low gas, low "tar."

Available in regular and menthol.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method. ©B&W CO.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1976.

On June 28, 1976, we hid a case of Canadian Club deep within a hellish hole in the earth called Death Valley.

Here's how you can find it:

The relentless desert sun plays tricks with the camera's eye near Furnace Creek.

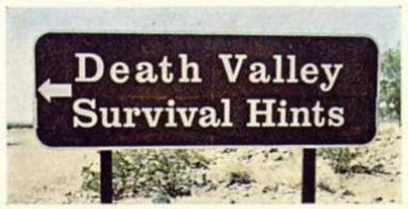
Even rugged Bighorns venture into the Valley with trepidation.

The names of Death Valley are names born of despair: Furnace Creek, Lostman Springs, Coffin Canyon, Funeral Mountains. One acrid, brackish pool called Badwater is actually 280 feet below sea level—which is just another way of saying as close to Hell as a man on earth can get.

And somewhere in this desolate jumble of earthquake debris, lava flows, sand dunes and salt flats—the hottest, driest hole in the Western Hemisphere—is hidden a case of the wettest whisky in 87 lands: Canadian Club. If you're up to the adventure, you might try to find it.

A Sober Warning:
Please be warned before you set out, you'll be trespassing in a world apart. A world where 120° in the shade is common. Where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the rubber soles of your shoes. And your bare hand touching a simple metal tool can mean a painful third degree burn. The fierce desert heat twists and warps reason. Even in this age of "air conditioned comfort," it remains capable of snuffing out the lives of the unwary.

Some Valley residents have had thousands of years to adapt to its desolate conditions.



Your Route to the Treasure:
Head south out of Furnace Creek. Past Badwater. Past Devil's Golf Course. Past Dante's View. South of Saratoga Springs, turn right on the road just outside the boundary of the Death Valley National Monument. In less than a mile, you'll find an old road that leads straight up into the hills. Soon you'll come to a fork. To the left the old road continues. To the right it becomes a wash. Up that wash is a shady spot where you can rest before starting your final assault.

The actual case of C.C. being buried 18 inches beneath the desert floor.

While you're sitting there, you'll notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole. Proceed 144 paces up the wash from that rock. Then turn toward the setting sun. Now take thirteen more paces toward that ball of fire that's been trying to drive you out of the Valley all day.

Your Final Reward:
You'll have to dig around a little to find our Canadian Club. And in Death Valley that can mean a fifth of sweat an hour. But that's why we hid a whole case. Because by the time you find it, you'll have a thirst for more than mere adventure.

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

At her mother's wedding, an ample, beautiful young matron (Marie-Christine Barrault) whose dolt of a husband has disappeared—as usual, with another guest's wife—finds herself alone with a stranger (Victor Lanoux). He asks her to dance. Though he could pass for a bank teller, he's a dancing teacher, she learns, who automatically changes jobs every three years just to diminish life's dullness. His name is Ludovic, hers is Marthe. They have just become cousins by marriage and discover an even closer tie when their respective mates show up looking smug and rumpled. That's only the beginning of ***Cousin, Cousine,*** a delicious adult comedy about love, extramarital dalliance and unchained sensuality in the very bosom of the French *bourgeoisie*. Writer-director Jean-Charles Tacchella won France's prestigious Prix Louis Delluc for 1975 with this, his second feature, and the screen is brim full of evidence that he deserved it: Everything he tries to do, he does exactly right. If French film imports were appraised like perfume, you'd have to place this one somewhere between Joy and Chanel No. 5. *Cousin, Cousine* ends with a family Christmas scene, disrupted somewhat when Marthe and Ludovic retire to a back bedroom—by now they have graduated from mere intimacy to headlong desire and don't give a damn what anyone thinks—while their impatient children, mates, grandma and assorted uncles and aunts wait to open the presents. Thinking she ought to feel humiliated, Ludovic's spoiled, faithless wife (played with suave screwball perfection by Marie-France Pisier) goes into the bathroom to cut her wrists but starts touching up her lipstick instead. Suicide, after all, might hurt. Tacchella guides his hero and heroine through a frank and refreshingly funny love scene—during one brief post-coital respite, Ludovic takes down Marthe's recipe for a rabbit marinade—that's an instant classic on the level of *It Happened One Night*. Though both Barrault and Lanoux are maturely attractive, they are Real, rather than Beautiful, People in the chic Parisian mode of, say, Deneuve and Delon. They are, however, irresistible, and so is *Cousin, Cousine*.

•

As a feisty damsel in distress who can brandish a rapier or a dagger if the need arises, vivacious Genevieve Bujold is the main attraction of ***Swashbuckler,*** director James Goldstone's lively attempt to revive the sort of pirate epic they used to build around Errol Flynn. Unfortunately, no one seems certain whether *Swashbuckler* is supposed to spoof Errol's old-time originals or to duplicate them in every way possible. Robert Shaw, an actor of solid intelligence, takes the Flynn role but doesn't get very far with it as a pirate captain named Red Ned Lynch, for there's a little too much deliberation in his derring-do. As the villain of the piece, Peter Boyle suffers a similar split—never quite finding his own thing, yet never quite making it as a second-generation Walter Slezak, either. James Earl Jones, Beau Bridges and Geoffrey Holder flesh out a tireless supporting cast that spends lusty humor and high spirits on a script that's mostly bare bones, when what's needed is buried treasure. Moviegoers who don't remember Flynn or even Burt Lancaster swinging a cutlass from a ship's yardarm can still enjoy *Swashbuckler* as a reasonably faithful reproduction, much of it filmed aboard a vessel called the Blarney Cock—actually, a replica of Sir Francis Drake's 16th Century square-rigger, The Golden Hinde. The ship effectively upstages nearly everyone but Bujold.

Schizophrenic *Swashbuckler*.

"*Tracks* says a lot that is well worth saying about American innocence, American guilt and American self-delusion in the years between World War Two and our debacle in Southeast Asia."

Bumpy *Tracks*.

•

Most critics detested writer-director Henry Jaglom's *A Safe Place* (with Tuesday Weld and Orson Welles), a diffuse but fascinating 1971 film that has gone on to attract a cult following. Jaglom's ***Tracks*** looks far more accessible at a glance, as a relatively clear-cut and solid topical drama—with Dennis Hopper as a Vietnam veteran escorting a flag-draped coffin across the country by train and Taryn Power (Tyrone's daughter, making a promising debut in American films, though she has already achieved starlet status abroad) as a girl he meets in transit. *Tracks* says a lot that is well worth saying about American innocence, American guilt and American self-delusion in the years between World War Two and our debacle in Southeast Asia. There is method in the madness brilliantly expressed by Hopper, as the psycho soldier who runs around nude—or imagines he does—and suffers a crisis of conscience when one of his traveling companions (Dean Stockwell) turns out to be a fugitive radical. There has never yet been a wholly successful film on the unpopular subject of the U. S. experience in Vietnam, and *Tracks* may be a bit too much—and too late—to achieve maximum impact. Jaglom creates further obstacles for his audience through such devices as using a hand-held camera on an honest-to-God moving train. Result: blurs. Flaws and all, however, *Tracks* wails right along.

•

Former basketball superstar Wilt Chamberlain is executive producer of ***Go for It,*** touted without exaggeration as "a nonstop high-energy freedom trip" on the subject of high-risk sports. Director Paul Rapp, who must have enjoyed Bruce Brown's phenomenally successful *Endless Summer* back in the Sixties, also concentrates chiefly on surfing—but gives near equal time to skate boarding. The title song, backed by a racily rhythmic musical score, ought to give teenaged skate-board enthusiasts a lift as well as a sense of belonging to that world of great adventure usually associated with mountain

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BRITISH LEYLAND TRIUMPH

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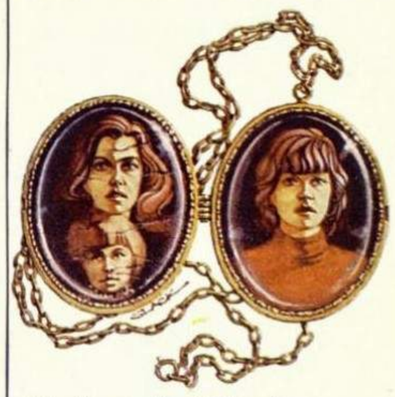
climbing, hang gliding, ski jumping, riding the rapids or catching the giant waves off Hawaii. That's Wilt's gimmick, and it works. When these fanatic California kids leap onto their boards to whiz down the spiral ramp of an 11-story parking garage, or skim along the rim of a dry, keyhole-shaped swimming pool in Beverly Hills, they *do* look as recklessly daredevil as any scarred surf bum from Malibu.

•

The chief selling point of ***Drum*** is summed up by Warren Oates, as a wealthy slave breeder in the Old South: "Nigger fornicatin' is what Falconhurst is all about," he boasts. This tacky sequel to *Mandingo* doesn't miss a trick that might turn a profit—from miscegenation, lesbianism and castration to interracial homosexual groping. Isela Vega and Fiona Lewis represent white Southern womanhood, while Ken Norton, Pam Grier, Brenda Sykes, Paula Kelly and Yaphet Kotto uphold the myth of black sexual supremacy in a movie virtually certain to make millions—and every Ten Worst list this year.

•

Murder, incest, kidnaping and malice aforethought are the prime ingredients of ***Obsession,*** a preposterous but oddly engrossing romantic mystery by Brian



Not quite magnificent *Obsession.*

(*Sisters*) De Palma from a script by Paul Schrader, who wrote *Taxi Driver*. Cliff Robertson plays a prominent New Orleans real-estate man whose beloved wife and daughter were abducted back in 1959 and, after a tragically inept effort to foil the kidnapers, are presumed dead. Fifteen years later, on a business trip to Italy, our hero meets a young Italian student who is a near replica of his late lamented wife, and he becomes irrationally fixed on a kind of connubial resurrection. The unraveling of this modern Gothic tale suspends simple logic—and is even rather predictable, if you are suspicious by nature—but the manner of it rivets attention, anyway, and ought to enhance De Palma's reputation as a young master of suspense. While De Palma has

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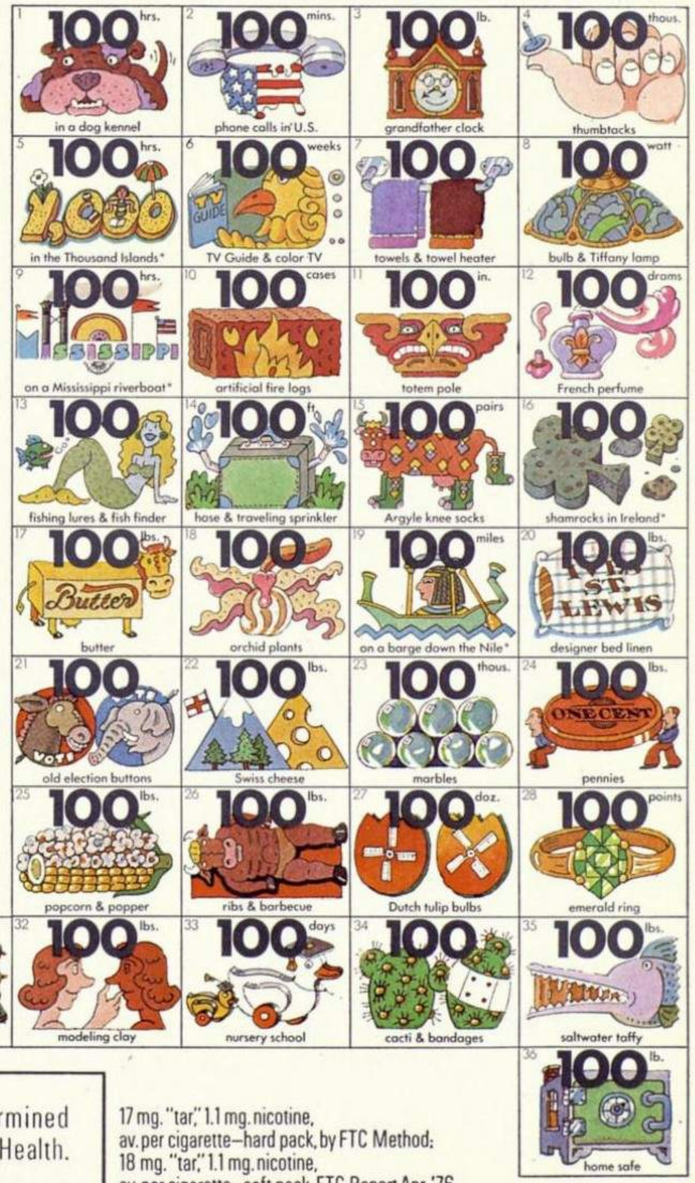
Please read the rules carefully and note especially that such sweepstakes must be entered individually, with each entry mailed separately in its own envelope, with the sweepstakes number in the lower left corner.

The longer you look, the more you'll see. And the more sweepstakes you enter, the more chances for you to be one of Benson & Hedges 100's 100 winners.


1 100 hrs. in a dog kennel
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11 100 in. totem pole
12 100 drams French perfume
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14 100 ft. hose & traveling sprinkler
15 100 pairs Argyle knee socks
16 100 shamrocks in Ireland*
17 100 lbs. butter
18 100 orchid plants
19 100 miles on a barge down the Nile*
20 100 lbs. designer bed linen
21 100 old election buttons
22 100 lbs. Swiss cheese
23 100 thous. marbles
24 100 lbs. pennies
25 100 lbs. popcorn & popper
26 100 lbs. ribs & barbecue
27 100 doz. Dutch tulip bulbs
28 100 points emerald ring
29 100 lbs. cast iron cookware
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3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately to Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2468, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be received by February 11, 1977.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners. In lieu of any prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Missouri, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2442, Westbury, New York 11591. List will be available by May 16, 1977.**

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none of that diverting Hitchcock humor, he is almost as self-confident a cinematic stylist, and Bernard Herrmann's lush musical score helps make *Obsession* seem as emotionally tremulous, at times, as Hitchcock's classic *Rebecca*. The spell is sustained by Robertson's hypnotic intensity as a man who makes falling in love look terminal, played against the enticing presence of French-Canadian actress Genevieve Bujold in her provocative dual role as the deceased lady and the unsettling facsimile. Measurably more imaginative than *The Omen*, a recent box-office bonanza from coast to coast, *Obsession* spreads terror with civilized restraint instead of resorting to short-circuited shock therapy.

•

Le Magnifique teams Jean-Paul Belmondo with Jacqueline Bisset in director Philippe De Broca's bottom-drawer spoof of James Bond heroes—Belmondo playing a writer whose fantasies work better on paper than in real life, Jacqueline as the raving beauty who gets the best of both worlds. The audience gets the short end of the shtick, along with sickening quantities of blood and guts—and a few good sight gags.

•

Blazing across the screen in electrifying moments from such classic roles as Camille, Phèdre and Joan of Arc, Glenda Jackson manages to steal every scene of ***The Incredible Sarah*** from the divine Bernhardt herself. This sumptuous Reader's Digest production is supposed to be a filmed portrait of the great French theatrical star who ruled the stage a century ago; it is actually no more and no less than a smoothly rigged tour de force for La Jackson, doing the kind of flamboyant stuff that makes her a perennial favorite in the Oscar race. To *that* we can relate, but there's minimal public curiosity about Bernhardt (Sarah *who?*). "I shall be the greatest actress who has ever lived," vows Glenda as the tempestuous young shooting star whose early rise, gradual decline and triumphant comeback (as Saint Joan) are touched upon in a dully conventional screenplay by Ruth Wolff, unimaginatively directed by Richard Fleischer. Nevertheless, Glenda whips through a montage of hits, flops, tirades, spirited duos with husband or lover, plus a brief display of selfless heroism while nursing soldiers through the Franco-Prussian War—as if she knows full well she's got to carry the show along with the legend and doesn't doubt for a second that she is equal to the task. Without her, *Incredible Sarah* would be an intolerable bore, but Glenda transforms Bernhardt's eccentricities into revelations about a lady who slept in a coffin when the mood struck her, who spurned the nobleman whose child she bore by reminding him of her own uncourtly bloodlines as "the illegitimate half-Jewish daughter of a courtesan." If nothing else, Jackson's virtuoso solo (Daniel Massey and several other capable actors fill out a semi-invisible supporting cast) wreaks havoc on the charge that movies today have no meaty roles for women. This one has meat: utility grade but done to a turn.

•

The Shootist saddles John Wayne with lots of pop profundity in an overpraised and philosophically perverse Western directed by Don Siegel. The Duke plays an old gunslinger, wincing through terminal cancer, who decides he might as well knock off some of Carson City's smart-alecky riffraff before he dies. Which raises several interesting moral questions, though the film brushes past them with scarcely a nod from Siegel. If you think that adds up to emotional depth, dig away. For a Wayne epic, *The Shootist* is atypically low-key but also frequently off-key, despite personable stints by Big John, James Stewart, Ron Howard and Lauren Bacall—the last far too chic and contemporary to be convincing as a boardinghouse landlady, though she seems to be weathering gradually and gracefully into Katharine Hepburn roles.

Incredible Glenda.

•

From Noon Till Three brings us a new Charles Bronson. And how. Bronson plays a squeamish outlaw who has a bad, bad dream the night before a planned bank robbery and weasels out of it. While his chums are being caught and hanged, he spends the day making love to a rich, lonely widow (Jill Ireland, Mrs. Bronson offscreen), then escapes the law. Later the widow writes a book about her brief idyl with the handsome desperado, whom she believes dead. The book becomes a turn-of-the-century best seller, and the lady so much prefers romantic fantasy to simple truth that she will not acknowledge that the man she has fashioned into a glorious legend is still alive and well and ripe for reform. In fact, nobody believes the former badman when he insists he's the *real* Graham Dorsey, and he finally goes a little bit crazy trying to prove he exists. Charley's staunchest

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fans might reasonably ask: Is this any way to run a Bronson movie? Well, writer-director Frank D. Gilroy, who wrote the prize-winning play *The Subject Was Roses* and the novel from which *Noon Till Three* was adapted, apparently felt no pressing obligation to preserve Bronson's *macho* myth at the expense of a good yarn. Bronson's ironman image is so strong that he becomes funny merely by going along with the gag. And it's not just a gag but a ribald tale replete with rape, instant surrender and frequent sexual innuendo between the outlaw and the lady, climaxed when Bronson comes back and can't establish his identity in the widow's eyes until he unbuttons his fly to jog her memory. Jill and Charles take a little getting used to in a movie that emphasizes foreplay rather than gunplay, yet they obviously relish the change of pace—and their enjoyment is enjoyable to watch. They're like a nice square suburban couple who shake up community standards by playing a racy boudoir comedy in the local little theater.

FILM CLIPS

Alpha Beta squanders the talents of Albert Finney and Rachel Roberts in a stagy, crudely filmed version of E. A. Whitehead's also-ran London play—a progressive damage report on one couple's god-awful marriage in working-class Liverpool. It's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* with the tinned-beans-and-telly crowd. Take someone you hate.

Special Delivery: Cybill Shepherd stars with Bo Svenson, who shows that his leading-man potential has scarcely been scratched in a caper comedy-drama that dwindles into nothingness after a splendid start.

The Outlaw Josey Wales, directed by Clint Eastwood, is an uncommonly good Clint Eastwood picture—with Clint playing an angry (and evidently bulletproof) fugitive from injustice, off on a compelling American odyssey in the period just after the Civil War.

The Driver's Seat: Made in Italy from an offbeat novel by Muriel Spark, this star vehicle gives Elizabeth Taylor one of her choicest roles in years (that's not saying much, alas), and Liz makes the best of it as a rich, sick lady in search of a man who will rape and murder her exactly as she saw it in her darkest dreams.

The Return of a Man Called Horse brings back Richard Harris, once again with thongs piercing his well-defined pectorals, presumably to prove he has the soul of a Sioux. *Horse* is either an act of atonement for white guilt or an S/M melodrama about a 19th Century Englishman who goes through hell to keep ignorance and superstition alive among the American Indians. It's impressively scenic, though, till Harris and his blood brothers start playing tit for tat.

As a breakthrough movie, *Last Tango in Paris* looks fairly tepid compared with director Marco Ferreri's ***The Last Woman,*** a smash hit in Europe and sure to invite controversy, as well as outright animosity, over here. Plainly aware that it takes two to tango, burly Gerard Depardieu—France's answer to Albert Finney, who co-stars with Robert DeNiro in Bernardo Bertolucci's long-awaited epic *1900*—avoids Brando's crotch-covering coyness and outstrips his leading lady (Ornella Muti, a ravishing Italian beauty) reel after reel. Depardieu appears nude during great chunks of the movie, occasionally sporting an erection, frequently fondling himself or jerking off at the bathroom sink to relieve his sexual tensions. But then, sexual tension is the main problem of the film's hero, a practicing male chauvinist who finds that he cannot function in a changed modern world where liberated women mock the concept of "phallic supremacy." Divorced or separated from his wife (ZouZou) and given custody of their infant son, *Last Woman*'s horny protagonist starts off by seducing the boy's nursery school teacher, who moves in with him, takes over his child, befriends his wife and ultimately proves to him that *he* is the baby, merely using women for his infantile self-gratification. One day, in a blind rage, he solves his problem—or at least attacks it—by cutting off his cock with an electric carving knife. Penectomy may seem to be an odd sort of dramatic solution, but director Ferreri is less interested in offering conclusions than in delineating the danger zones in human experience, as he showed in his awesome, orgiastic *The Grande Bouffe*. Ferreri's caterwauling couple fights the age-old battle of the sexes to its grisly finish with a peculiar intensity that commands attention as a work of art.

•

Whacking off used to mean something else. If graphic penis removal is a new cocks-away trend in X films, enough already. Nevertheless, the hottest ticket and most-talked-about attraction in the back-street cinemas at this year's Cannes Film Festival was ***The Empire of the Senses*** (or *The Tyranny of the Senses,* depending on whose translation you trust), a French-Japanese production by writer-director Nagisa Oshima. If it manages to clear U. S. Customs, uncensored, and arrive per schedule at the New York Film Festival this fall, *Empire* ought to create the same sensation here. It is a strangely beautiful and impeccably tasteful drama about the ultimate limits of sexual experience. As a lusty man and his nonstop mistress, Tatsuya Fuji and Eiko Matsuda virtually screw each other into a state of total collapse—until their scandalized servants beg them to come up for air, if not for food and water. The couple's sensual impossible mission ultimately leads them to experiment with masochism and ritual murder, exploring those murky, subconscious psychological impulses that make the act of love indistinguishable from any other act of aggression. Oshima reminds us that there's a reason the French use such terms as *morte douce,* or sweet death, to describe a sexual climax. The provocative heroine of *Empire of the Senses,* whose galloping libido always seems several jumps ahead of her tireless partner's, finally strangles him—with his tacit consent—while he is coming, then severs his sex organ and clutches it in a paroxysm of supreme ecstasy that the average man may not fully appreciate. Oshima's story is reportedly based on the true case of woman named Sada, who was found, back in 1936, roaming the streets of Tokyo in a state of bliss, carrying her dead lover's genitals. The Japanese also invented kamikaze, of course, and perhaps only another sexually liberated Oriental intellectual would follow Oshima to the far horizons where he wants to go. His direction is clear, however, and *Empire of the Senses* cannot be written off as cheap or meaningless pornography. Never obviously titillating, it is almost feverishly erotic.

Emasculating *Empire*.

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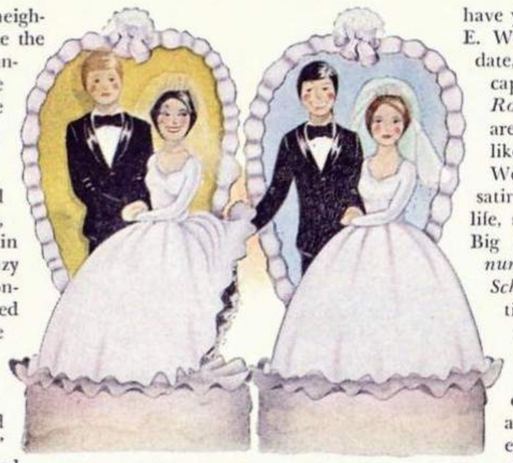
BOOKS

Jerry has fallen in love with his neighbor Richard's wife, Sally: "Since the start of their affair he was always running, hurrying, creating time where no time had been needed before; he had become an athlete of the clock, bending odd hours into an unprecedented and unsuspected second life. He had given up smoking; he wanted his kisses to taste clean." Jerry's wife, Ruth, perceives the new buoyance in Jerry's behavior: "He became crazy about the twist and at parties his contorted, rapt, perspiring figure seemed that of a mysterious son in whom she could take only an apprehensive pride, his energy so excessive. . . . It was grotesque and would have been pitiful in a man of 30, if he did not seem, in a frantic way, happy." Ruth is unnerved by Jerry's liberated behavior; she fears he has discovered her affair with Sally's husband, Richard: "She composed confessions and explanations in her head. . . . The best she could say was that she had done it to become a better woman and therefore a better wife." John Updike's eighth novel, ***Marry Me*** (Knopf), is a delicately sculpted portrait of two young couples in suburban Connecticut, circa John Kennedy, all trying to become better people and better spouses. But mostly trying to figure out what it is they want and how to get it without coming totally unhinged by their all-too-typical infatuations, guilts and deceptions, of themselves and of one another. Updike's vision of couples is always microscopic, and this is a brilliant close-up view of middle-class marrieds struggling through the changing morality of the early Sixties.

•

Start with a priceless Aztec statue lifted from a South American museum, mix it up with a shipment of 16 cheap but identical reproductions, distribute them randomly among 16 people, place them all over New York City, add a dozen or so inept hustlers, gangsters, eavesdroppers and assorted wackos, throw in a few bungles, a handful of mix-ups and a couple of coincidences, and what have you got? The ingredients in Donald E. Westlake's maddest caper comedy to date, ***Dancing Aztecs*** (M. Evans). Westlake's capers (*Cops and Robbers, The Hot Rock*) are not his best books, but they are easily his most popular; and, unlike most ordinary crafters in the genre, Westlake generally uses the form to satirize something—in this case, it's the life, society, hustle and ethnicity of the Big Apple. We still think Westlake's *numero uno* achievement is *Adios, Scheherezade*, but *Dancing Aztecs* (the title refers to the statue, which resembles an Aztec priest doing the proverbial two-step) is good, clean fun, provided you can keep tabs on who's who and what's what, not a simple task in itself. If Westlake ever writes a sequel, we hope he calls it *Montezuma's Revenge*.



From Updike, secretly swapping couples.

> "A brilliant close-up of middle-class marrieds struggling through changing morality."

•

Since Richard Brautigan's latest, ***Sombrero Fallout*** (Simon & Schuster), is subtitled "A Japanese Novel," it seems only fair to give it a Japanese review:

Haiku for Richard
Below zero sombrero,
Orient lover gone.
No eggs again.

•

Sleeping Murder: Miss Marple's—and Agatha Christie's—***Last Case*** (Dodd, Mead) may, unfortunately, put its readers to sleep. Dame Agatha's reputation was far better served by her penultimate *Curtain*, which Hercule Poirot closed last fall. Miss Marple seems to have this one wrapped up from page one, and almost everyone else will, too. All, that is, except the witless English newlyweds Gwenda and Giles Reed, who buy a country home in which the bride had unknowingly lived as a child and where she had witnessed—what else?—murder. The Reeds stumble dimly through the plot together, though Gwenda, we feel, would be

Previously unpublished pictures by the French photographer Brassaï are revealed in *The Secret Paris of the Thirties* (Pantheon). Pimps, whores and frequenters of opium dens appear in this unique view of the seamy side of *la vie parisienne* 40 years ago. Below is *Miss Diamonds*, photographed in a Montmartre bar, 1932; at right is the book's cover photo, *At Suzy, Introductions.*

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better off Gilesless. There's doubtless great profit in any posthumous Christie, but let's hope the publishers mean it when they say there'll be no more manuscripts. We can do without hardcover editions of the lady's shopping lists.

•

Francine du Plessix Gray's ***Lovers & Tyrants*** (Simon & Schuster) has been touted as the female answer to *Portnoy's Complaint*. Well, maybe so, but it takes

From women, two memorable heroines.

the reader quite a while to get past the oppressive people in the life of Stephanie, the heroine: lovers, gurus, husbands, well-meaning friends and relations. When Stephanie does get past all that, Gray's novel takes on a much more energetic tone. As a journalist in her 40s separated from husband and children, Stephanie travels the West with a gay photographer who adopts her as his earth mother, swearing his undying love even as he makes it with another guy. Even though the novel has its slow moments, it works well enough to find a comfortably high niche in the ranks of contemporary women's fiction.

A far more readable but much less significant work is restaurant critic Gael Greene's *roman à clef* (of which an excerpt appeared in the October PLAYBOY), ***Blue Skies, No Candy*** (Morrow). Kate Alexander lets her genitals lead her in an insatiable search for freedom, a persistent impulse that takes her across the ocean to spar with the Cowboy Peacock, who plays hard to get by not coming when Kate's cunt first twitches. He is the ultimate fuck, the sexmaster who knows more about the subject than Kate. But when he gives her a real choice by offering her his home in Texas, she chickens out, opting instead for an infrequent lover who treats her as a sex object and never calls her by name. Greene's work is a compendium of steamy scenes, and New Yorkers are all abuzz figuring out who's who in this sex menagerie. But the acid test of this sort of thing is whether the *roman* will survive after the *clef* rusts. In this case, it probably won't. Greene has successfully outraunched Erica Jong.

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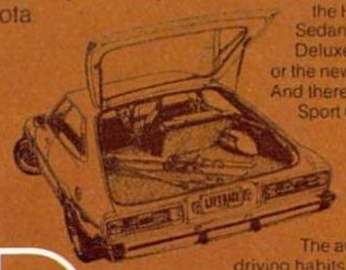

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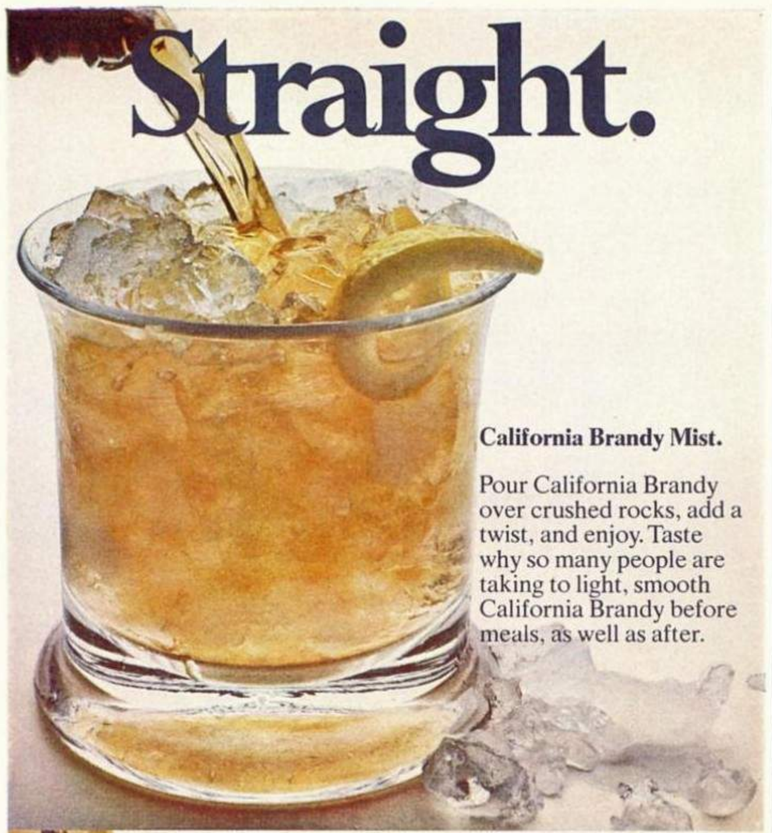
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but Kate lacks Isadora Wing's introspection and ultimately lovable insecurity and humor. Smug Kate adores being a sexpot a trifle too much to make this novel more than a one-night stand.

•

Perhaps the only agreeable thing about Jeff Greenfield's book on the Boston Celtics is its title. This is, indeed, ***The World's Greatest Team*** (Random House/Sport magazine), and what a shame that the book—one of the few written about a squad whose local press has historically ignored it—doesn't begin to match its subject. Greenfield's chapters consist of brief, facile profiles of all the requisite Celtics—Auerbach, Cousy, Sharman, Russell, et al.—and they read with that same adoring, large-type simplicity that has for all its years characterized *Sport* magazine's own adolescent prose. Because Greenfield has made no attempt at organization beyond this elementary brick-piling of one sketch upon another, his facts and references overlap. And, most grievously, he has interviewed few sources, traveled with the team not at all, described no games in detail; in short, he's written a lazy book about the most hard-working team in all of sport.

QUICK READS

W. A. Swanberg / Norman Thomas: The Last Idealist (Scribner's): In this Presidential election month, it seems only right to find a good biographical account of the great Socialist who ran six times for the highest office in the land but won only a seat on a New York school board. No matter. Thomas' energy and integrity remain absolute.

Trevanian / The Main (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich): The author of *The Eiger Sanction* and *The Loo Sanction* returns with a new mystery. The Main is Montreal's immigrant district, policed for 30 years by tough, incorruptible Lieutenant La Pointe. The investigation of a murder forces La Pointe to face the changing times and the fact that his kind of justice is outmoded. The identity of the murderer is a big shock to the good lieutenant—and to the reader.

Anthony Rhodes / Propaganda (Chelsea House), subtitled "The Art of Persuasion: World War II": A visual compendium of all forms of propaganda used by the Allied and Axis powers during World War Two and the years that led up to it. The impact of its more than 550 photographs, over 270 in color, is astonishing. A must.

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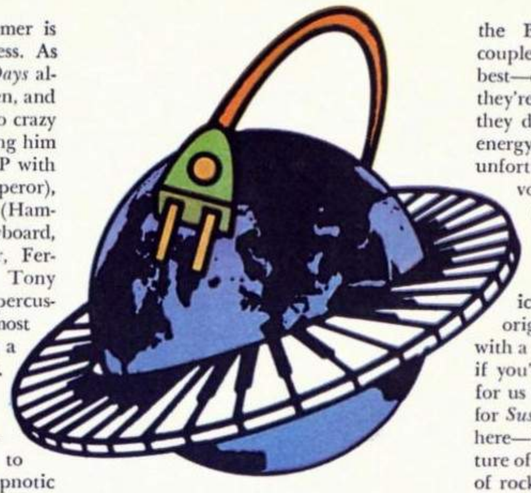
Martha Smith

There's no doubt that Jan Hammer is now in the public consciousness. As soon as we heard *The First Seven Days* album, we knew it was going to happen, and it has. But we must say we're not too crazy about the kind of music that's getting him all the attention these days—that LP with Jeff Beck and ***Oh, Yeah?*** (Nemperor), featuring the Jan Hammer Group (Hammer on almost every kind of keyboard, Steven Kindler, violin and guitar, Fernando Saunders, bass and vocals, Tony Smith, drums and vocals, plus percussionist David Earle Johnson on most of the tracks). Well, *Oh, Yeah?* is a very tricky (tricked-up?) package. Hammer plays as if he had a dozen fingers on each hand, and some of the numbers sound like they're designed to transport you straight to *disco* land—a strong, almost hypnotic beat, figures repeated long after you've got the message and vocals that can vie for inanity honors with any of the big-selling pop-rock pap around. It's all done marvelously well, mind you, but it still has the stamp of the cookie cutter to it. *Oh, Yeah?* was cut in the States; ***Make Love*** (BASF/MPS) was recorded live in Munich. Maybe that has something to do with the latter's having it all over the former. Hammer plays only piano and organ; he just has bassist George Mraz and drummer Cees See for backing and there are no vocals within earshot. Simple stuff—but cerebral enough to bring you back for multiple replays. It probably all boils down to the difference between what's new and what's nuance. We'll take the velvet glove every time.



Oh, Yeah? Socket to me.

"Hammer, on almost every kind of keyboard, plays as if he had a dozen fingers on each hand."

•

Maybe a master vibist should play the vibes a little more, but there's no denying the all-round creativity and energy of the Roy Ayers Ubiquity on ***Everybody Loves the Sunshine*** (Polydor). The group has been honing an original jazz-rock style over the space of several albums and it comes on like a monster here. There's a lot of nice group vocalizing in an easy jazz vein (the title tune, *The Third Eye*, Gino Vannelli's *Keep On Walking*), with pretty electric sounds in the background. Elsewhere, the material becomes more *disco* (*Hey Uh—What You Say Come On*) and deep funk (*Tongue Power*); *Lonesome Cowboy* is an infectious rhythm tune with a lot of clowning around (Roy Ayers doing Jimmy Stewart? Well, why not?).

•

Help, help us, Rhonda. What are we supposed to do with ***Fifteen Big Ones*** (Warner Bros.)? We've been true to our school. Nobody loves the Beach Boys more than we do. We were going to the concerts *before* it was hip; and we were among the six people who bought their *Holland* album when it came out. And so, with the big push on to make *Fifteen Big Ones* a comeback album of sorts, it's no fun, fun, fun to find that it's . . . kinda lame. More than half the tracks are golden oldies, and first time through it's a treat to hear the Beach Boys' version. It takes a couple of listens to hear that even at their best—on *Rock and Roll Music*, say—they're a little *soft*, that close as they are, they don't quite have the pure edge and energy of the originals; and at the more unfortunate end, Dennis Wilson's lead vocal on *In the Still of the Night* could have been recorded during an unproductive struggle on a toilet.

Crass reunion.

And, as any Beach Boys fanatic can tell you, great as much of their original music is, you have to put up with a certain amount of California Dumb if you're going to love them. So too bad for us that the rest of this album—except for *Susie Cincinnati*, which is the only hit here—is a showcase for that particular feature of the Beach Boys. Tracing the history of rock back to, yes, the Gregorian chant probably has a certain screwy charm, but closing one side with a singing commercial for Maharishi-style Transcendental Meditation we actively resent. If we want commercials with our music, we'll listen to the radio—where at least we don't have to pay for them. (Actually, *TM Song* would be terrific on television. They could dress the Maharishi in a white suit, stand behind him singing it, and at the end he could grin and say, "It's brain-lickin' good!")

If you want to help along the Beach Boys' comeback—and you should—buy a copy of *Holland*. It's their best album in the past four years or so, and *California Saga*, which is the only rock trilogy we know with lyrics about Steinbeck and poetry by Randall Jarrell, is itself worth the price.

•

"Feelings" / Milt Jackson & Strings (Pablo) gives evidence that the nonpareil vibist has no cause to mourn the passing of the Modern Jazz Quartet. He's doing very well, thank you, in a variety of surroundings. This time, he's got enough fiddles behind him to turn Arthur Fiedler green with envy. He also has such esteemed sidemen as bassist Ray Brown, pianist Tommy Flanagan and flutists Hubert Laws and Jerome Richardson. Several of the numbers have a Brazilian bent, which is right up Bags' mallets; the rest is a mixture of blues and ballads, all of it arranged and conducted by Jimmy Jones, who is no slouch. Jackson is in fine fettle throughout, and who could ask for more?

•

Mardi Gras morning down in New Orleans and the tribes are on the

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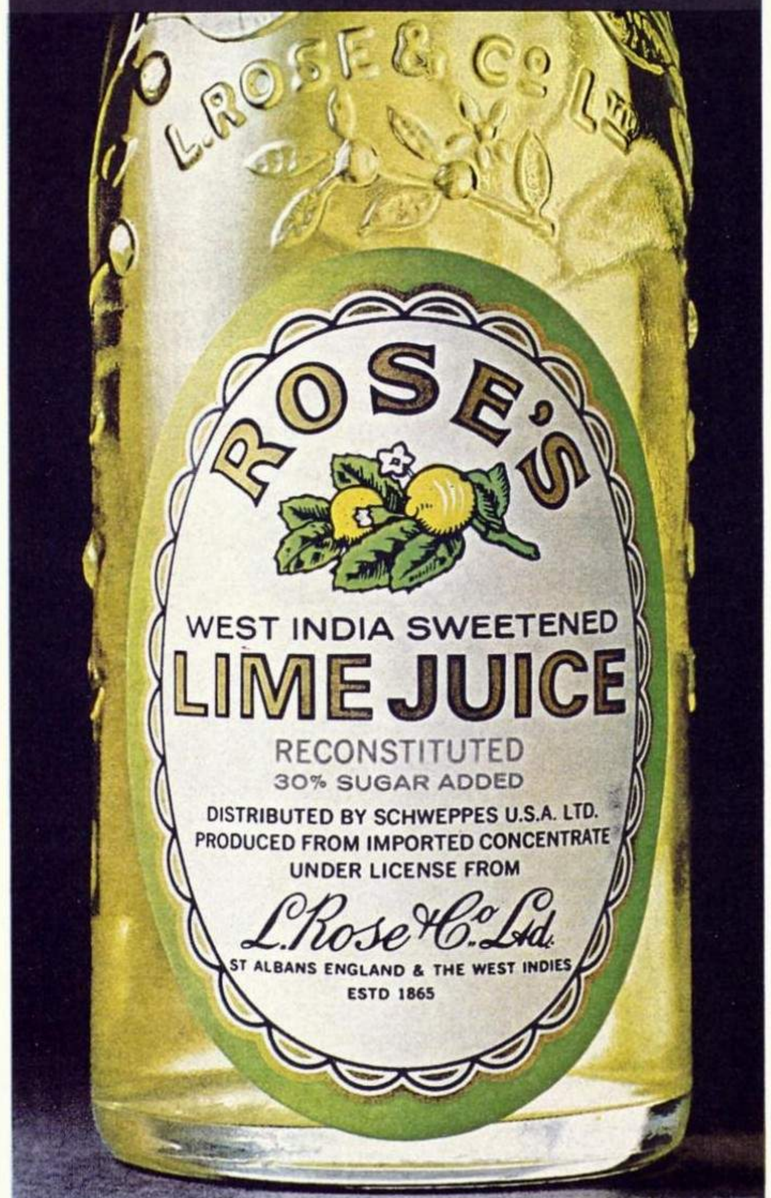

Because he uses Rose's Lime Juice. As a matter of fact, practically every good bartender in the world does. So if you want your gimlet to taste as good as your bartender's, always use Rose's.

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street. Costumed in fantasies of feathers and beads and brocades that make La-Belle look like a Salvation Army band, the "Indians" of the city fight it out with song and show. Until quite recently, the tribes used somewhat more serious weapons in their fights. They were once street gangs, each with its own turf to protect, and their battles were running border disputes fought with knives instead of drums and feathers. The gang members are men of mixed Indian and black ancestry organized into elaborate hierarchies. The great creation of the tribes is second-line music, a sound that—like jazz—originally provided the accompaniment for funeral processions. The family of the deceased formed the first line of the parade and behind them came friends in the second line.

The music of the second line is now on an engaging record called ***The Wild Tchoupitoulas*** (Island), featuring the newest of the city's tribes. The Wild Tchoupitoulas (pronounced chap-i-toula) were organized by Big Chief Jolly George Landry in 1974. Landry was a veteran of tribal competition who peopled his own gang with the best he could find in the other tribes.

With the help of some professional backing in the studio, the Tchoupitoulas perform in a style that mixes the call and response patterns of North American black music with the syncopations of the Caribbean. Sometimes they remind us of *reggae*, sometimes of calypso, but mostly they remind us only of themselves. Their rhythms could produce a shimmy in an arthritic archbishop. It's exciting to realize that the rich racial gumbo of New Orleans is as savory as ever.

•

Everybody knows ***Porgy and Bess,*** at least in outline or through its famous songs, but nobody knows the complete opera. In fact, Gershwin's jazzy French-impressionist style has always made it hard to interpret as an opera; but such it is, and a brilliant one, at that. In his notes to a new, uncut, world-premiere London recording with the Cleveland Orchestra and Chorus, Lorin Maazel compares Gershwin's powers to those of Verdi, Mozart, Moussorgsky and Bellini. "*Porgy and Bess* is an opera. It is not an operetta, a musical comedy, nor is it a jazz drama, black blues or presoul. We performed and recorded it as an opera, as one worthy of the same care and devotion we would have accorded any operatic masterpiece." Because it has been hacked up, synopsized and excerpted, we usually hear the work as a suite. But this magnificent recording now makes it clear that Gershwin was more than a pop songwriter of genius. *Porgy and Bess* is a highly subjective, stylized, "operatic" view of black culture, conveyed with dramatic flow and tension through deeply etched characters and a powerful plot. The scene, Catfish Row, is a Charleston, South Carolina, waterfront slum; the people are, for the most part, simple and rural; the bad guys are inevitably tainted with the diseases of the city. Gershwin's sophisticated music catches and blends these elements in a highly charged thematic atmosphere. Even the celebrations are undercut with minor-key rumblings and references to tragedy, pain and the toil of daily work. Musically, the chorus controls and comments on the action Greek style, and the dialogs and recitatives are beautifully punctuated by rhythmic-harmonic fills; e.g., the act-one crap game. Listing the great songs from *Porgy* would be redundant, but what most of us haven't heard before is their context, their dramatic appropriateness. This Maazel's recording finally offers, with superlative singing from Willard White, Leona Mitchell, McHenry Boatwright and others. It was worth waiting 40 years for this.

•

The Meters, a masterful funk/soul group from New Orleans, who've been praised in these pages before, do more singing than is their wont on ***Trick Bag*** (Reprise)—and they sound just great. Not only that but they've got a whole new rock-'n'-roll feeling. They do rock tunes—*Honky Tonk Women* (having toured with the Stones, they ought to know it)—the title tune, a fine blues-rocker by Earl King, who writes nothing but; and James Taylor's *Suite for 20G*, which gets a sensitive instrumental reading. Their own *Mister Moon* sounds like some of the voodoo tunes they cut behind Dr. John (another heavy with whom they've toured). The only thing we could have done without is *Disco Is the Thing Today*; there's enough *disco* around without the Meters' adding to the genre. Also, they don't always stick to their small-combo sound; there are strings in a few places, tastefully added, but strings, nonetheless. Of course, in these days of the ailing back beat, it's wrong to quibble when you get some rock that's more virile than viral.

•

On the back cover of ***Whistling Down the Wire*** (ABC), Graham Nash looks straight ahead while David Crosby turns his face to the wall. Were they posed by a songwriter? *Mutiny* and *Marguerita*, salty in different ways, come from the Nash notepad, as do the plucky *Spotlight* and *J. B.'s Blues*. But Crosby can turn around, now that the record's been pressed; his *Foolish Man* steals the album when he belts out the title line. Aided by the ace *Wind on the Water* session/tour band and Eagle guitarist David Lindley, the Crosby-Nash harmonies again produce emotions greater than the sums of their words and music.

•

Quick, sing an Average White Band lyric longer than "Cut the cake." ***Soul Searching*** (Atlantic) continues the A.W.B. way, repeating catch phrases until they become musical mantras. So what if the

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Richard Loftin, Washington, D.C.

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title list could be the lyric sheet and some songs sound like tape loops? The formula works and the Whities (with half-black drummer Steve Ferrone and an assist from the Brecker Brothers) conjure up a fog bank's worth of images. See if *A Love of Your Own* doesn't suggest a tuxedoed gentleman standing on a New York penthouse patio, alone.

•

Blow Fly Disco (Weird World) presents songwriter-producer-singer Clarence Reid of Florida's TK Records as the Redd Foxx of the bump. The Anonymous Reid ravages Esther Phillips, Harold Melvin, Frankie Valli and other unwitting victims of porno soul. Sample cuts: *What a Difference a Lay Makes, Bad Fuck, Spread Your Cheeks.* Gross, but you *can* dance to it.

•

For whatever reason, Hampton Hawes's ***The Challenge*** (RCA), recorded in Japan in 1968, didn't make it to vinyl till now. Puzzling, since the album—pianist Hawes with only his ideas for support—is very good. It would appear to be the only solo album he has done and, judging by the results, that, too, is puzzling, since he seems to need rhythm accompaniment not at all. Hawes has had a lot of shit come down in his life and you can hear the melancholy-tinged tenderness threading its way through such ballads as *What's New* and *Who Can I Turn To.* But for archetypes of what Hawes can do with a piano, we recommend the opening track, *Tokyo Blues,* and *Bag's Groove*; they're really marvelous.

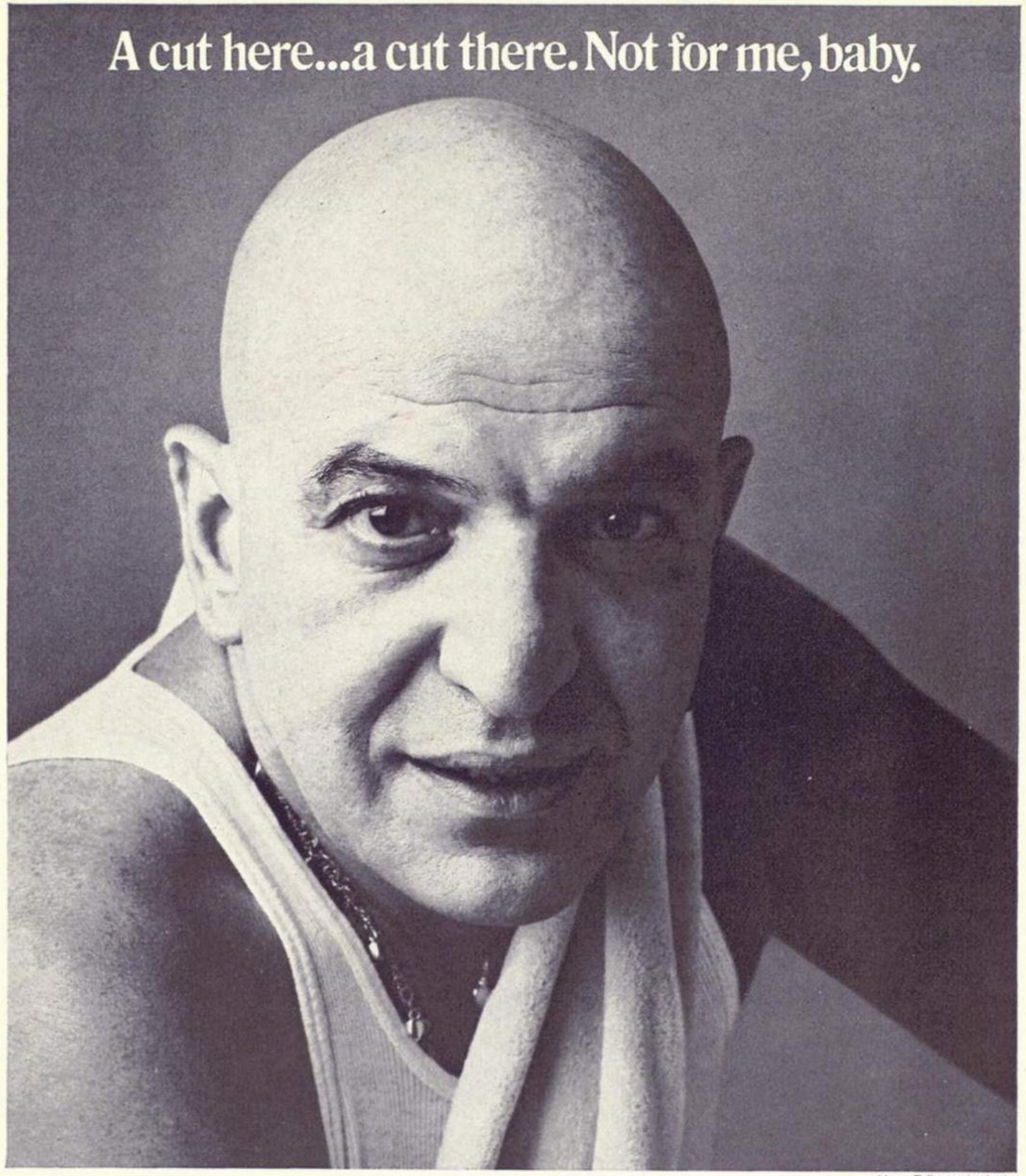
•

Of late, there has been more than a touch of tension in the relationship between the U. S. and Canada (economic imperialism, the draft, the Olympics). Happily, altoist Paul Desmond has had no such problem. He and the three Canadians (guitarist Ed Bickert, bassist Don Thompson and drummer Jerry Fuller) who make up his quartet are banded together in splendid harmony on ***The Paul Desmond Quartet Live*** (Horizon). Live means Bourbon Street, a Toronto night club; it also means two LPs loaded with "up" performances. Desmond's tone is as crystalline as ever and his choice of material is faultless—*Wave, Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Here's That Rainy Day* and a handful of other equally attractive tunes are served up with elegant simplicity. We think we've mentioned before that Bickert is a wonderful guitarist. He's given us no reason to change our mind.

•

One of the more pleasurable aspects of listening to *reggae* is that, because of the benign neglect of Jamaican music by U. S. record companies over the past decade, "new" discoveries like Bob Marley and Toots Hibbert are actually seasoned artists at the peak of their powers. The same is true with The Heptones, whose first U. S. album, ***Night Food***

A cut here...a cut there. Not for me, baby.



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(Island), amply illustrates why they've been one of Jamaica's most popular vocal groups for years. Adapting the sweet street-corner harmonizing of Fifties and Sixties R&B to their own material, the Heptones alternately sing about urban poverty, the erotic possibilities of very fat girls and the humorous/scary antics of country boys in the big city—with wit, passion and grace, climaxing with a powerful version of The Four Tops' *Baby I Need Your Loving*. Not bad for a bunch of newcomers.

SHORT CUTS

James Brown / *Get Up Offa That Thing* (Polydor): The greatest beat in the world and it goes on forever. Guaranteed to cure impotence and constipation.

Harold Alexander / *Raw Root* (Atlantic): An accomplished flutist offers a gimmick-free album of funk-jazz that really gets to the nitty-gritty.

Ira Sullivan (Horizon): A fine Chicago jazz trumpeter who buried himself in Florida years ago resurfaces as a reed man (soprano, tenor, flute) of considerable dimension. Tasteful stuff.

Osamu Kitajama / *Benzaiten* (Antilles): Traditional Japanese music and instruments meet rock 'n' roll? Yep, and it's a lot more successful than you'd ever expect.

Grant Green / *The Main Attraction* (Kudu): Green, a guitarist with straightforward notions of what his instrument is all about, works out with some of the best jazz-rock people around.

New Birth / *Love Potion* (Warner Bros.): A 12-member soul/rock group that does everything. Not quite as exciting as watching childbirth, but neater.

The L. A. 4 (Concord Jazz): Eclectic sounds (compositions by Dizzy Gillespie and C. P. E. Bach, for example) by four old friends—Laurindo Almeida, Ray Brown, Shelly Manne and Bud Shank.

Margie Joseph / *Hear the Words, Feel the Feeling* (Cotillion): A good soul singer who's been around a while but without the "right" sound, gets it from producer Lamont Dozier.

Faith, Hope & Charity / *Life Goes On* (RCA): Understated *disco* that threatens to transcend but gets bogged down in some cloying material on side two.

Barbara Carroll (Blue Note): Exemplary pianist Carroll never played better. Perhaps it's due to the company she's keeping—bassist Chuck Domanico, drummer Colin Bailey, percussionist Victor Feldman and guitarist Dennis Budimir.

Happiness Is Being with the Spinners (Atlantic): Backed by MFSB, they're about the best since Rumpelstiltskin—and a lot more sophisticated.

Gary Burton Quintet / *Dreams So Real* (ECM): Haunting music by Carla Bley, recorded in Germany, that will stay with you long after you've turned off the machine.

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DINING & DRINKING

"While Le Perroquet can be a little stiff-necked at times (no yahoo renditions of *Happy Birthday*, please), it provides an exceptional dining experience."

Even before ***Le Perroquet*** opened in late 1972, Chicago's gourmet drumbeaters were touting it as Troisgros West. Jovan Trboyevic (the owner of another highly regarded local dining spot, Jovan's) promised his fans a "no-nonsense restaurant" that delivered cuisine that was truly *haute*, not a flash-in-the-pan pyrotechnic display or a variation on the old baked-onion-soup game. Well, the place is now firmly established and, while Le Perroquet can be a little stiff-necked at times (no yahoo renditions of *Happy Birthday*, please), it provides an exceptional dining experience.

Anonymously housed on the third floor of 70 East Walton, just a wallet's toss from the glitter and swank of upper Michigan Avenue, Le Perroquet is reached by a tiny antique elevator that's not unlike the kind you may have struggled with on the Left Bank. A bottle of Mountain Valley spring water is brought to your table the moment you're seated (Perrier is available upon request); dainty hors d'oeuvres arrive with cocktails; salad is presented before or after the entree, as you prefer.

Le Perroquet offers a standard menu, plus seasonal delicacies (fresh venison, for example, or Royal Canadian Malpacque oysters) and daily specials, the latter chosen on the basis of what's freshest at the market that day. A smattering of *la nouvelle cuisine*, the low-calorie, starchless style of cooking recently developed by a young ex-*pâtissier*, Michel Guérard, is offered as an alternative to the richer, classic French dishes. Perhaps because *la nouvelle cuisine*, or *la cuisine minceur*, as Guérard calls it, requires intricate preparation, Jovan intimates that he, rather than his chefs, pushes it. A noon visit found only one *nouvelle* dish, a superb vegetable mousse, available. More appear on the dinner menu: Striped bass in a vegetable sauce and broiled breast of duck in a vegetable sauce are two frequent *nouvelle* offerings. The latter is served with tiny zucchini, turnips and carrots glazed with butter in a purée of peas.

Le Perroquet's menu is table d'hôte. All but two of the 14 dinner appetizers—plus whatever's on the daily special—are included in the *prix fixe* of $19.50 per person; the two exceptions are caviar malossol ($12) and *La Truffe du Périgord en Feuilletage* ($6). The latter is a hedonist's Holy Grail, the smoky, exotic subtlety of the truffle bringing an incomparable sensation to the taste buds.

Entrees include *Le Carré d'Agneau Poêlé* (baby lamb roasted and served with herbs), *Dodine de Pigeon* (surprisingly tasty, if you fancy this fowl) and *Le Caneton Rôti Maison* (delicious house duck for two).

Le Perroquet's wine cellar should please all but the most demanding oenophile; the vintages, although not of great age, are well chosen and offer some excellent values. A Lascombes '71, for example, is priced at $18, a '67 at $30. Le Perroquet's sommelier decants all red wines over a candle. Unfortunately, on one visit, a 1972 Musigny Blanc was substituted for the 1971 we had ordered; the correct bottle was produced after the error was pointed out. This sort of thing shouldn't happen in a restaurant of Le Perroquet's caliber. We prefer to believe the *faux pas* was accidental; however, we were momentarily tempted to fill the sommelier's *tastevin* with red dye number two and see if the fellow could distinguish it from a vintage claret.

Such occasional lapses aside, Le Perroquet is one of the country's finest restaurants. It is open for lunch ($9.50 *prix fixe*) Monday through Friday from noon to 3 P.M.; dinner seatings Monday through Saturday are from 6 to 10 P.M. Coat, tie and reservations (312-944-7990) are imperative; American Express and Diners Club credit cards are accepted.

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SELECTED SHORTS

insights and outcries on matters large and small

THE FOUR-HUNDRED-BILLION-DOLLAR RIP-OFF

By Jim Davidson

IN ONE OF HIS gloomier moods, George Washington doubted that America would make it. He thought that the Government pension burden arising from the Revolutionary War might "add a debt of such magnitude as to sink the colonies."

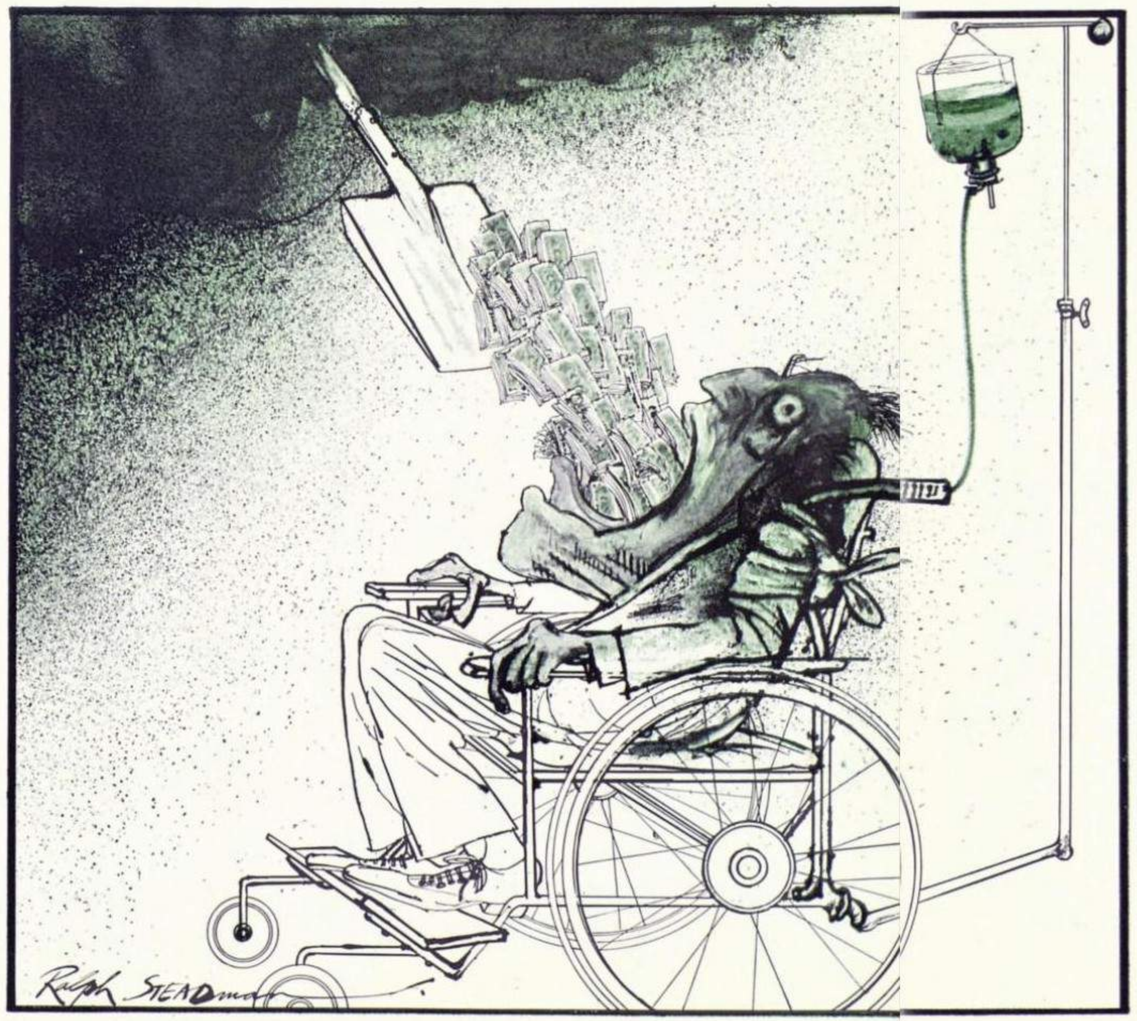
Thankfully, George was wrong. On April 25, 1911, the last Revolutionary War pensioner, the daughter of a veteran, died at the age of 90 in Brookfield, New York. The books were finally closed on a war that had ended 128 years earlier. We survived the Revolutionary War pensions; but we might be less lucky when it comes to surviving the current Government-pensions burdens.

The unfunded liabilities of more than 60 Federal pension plans total more than 499 billion dollars. And they are increasing daily. Every time the cost of living jumps, the Government-pension debts increase that much—and more. That is because Congress built an inflation escalator into all Government pensions, including its own, then for good measure threw in a one percent "add-on" to make up for the delay between the time you start paying more for meat and the day your pension check increases. The inflation rate—also called the cost-of-living index—is calculated monthly by the Departments of Labor and Agriculture. At an average annual inflation rate of 12 percent, this inflation-plus-one escalator would add more than *one trillion dollars* to Government pension obligations in the next 15 years. That would grant Government retirees a startling 389 billion dollars in profits from inflation, according to Robert Myers, former chief actuary for the Social Security Administration. This is all thanks to the cavalier arithmetic of Morris Udall and other sponsors of Public Law 91-93, who forgot all about what bankers call "the magic of compound interest." (As we went to press, Congress was about to vote on the one percent add-on. If it's dropped, the accumulation will be less, but not much less.)

A fellow like Udall could realize a tidy return on the laws he helped sponsor. If he retired today, he would get an immediate pension of $20,520 annually. And that is only the beginning. If his colleagues continue to vote for increased Government spending and greater deficits, and if he lives as long as the life-insurance tables say he should, Udall could end up collecting $336,402 annually (that is, $28,033 *per month*).

One former Congressman, Hastings Keith of Massachusetts, admitted that his pension could reach $17,000 *per month* if he lived to the age of 75. More than 50 Congressmen opted for unforced retirement this year, perhaps because the money to be made doing nothing was too tempting to resist. All told, any 290 of our contemporary politicians stand to receive more in pension benefits than was collected by all 290,000 Revolutionary War veterans, their widows, orphans and dependents.

The lavish benefits that the politicians have voted for themselves are matched only by the lavish benefits that they have voted for other Government employees—a group that now outnumbers the entire population of Australia. Millions of these persons can normally retire at the age of 55 with a nearly full pension. (And they can begin to qualify for a reduced pension with only five years of work.) After 20 years, those in the military and some in local governments can call it quits and draw a pension equal to 50 percent of their base pay—even at the tender age of 38. Their pensions can give them as much as three or four times what they received while actually on the job. For example, policemen and firemen in Washington, D.C., who retired in 1974 can expect to draw $699,000 in pensions after earning less than $200,000 while working.



Because of early retirement, many Government employees have the spare time to qualify for additional Government checks—a practice known as "double dipping." For example, more than 100,000 persons who are receiving military retirement pay have gone back on the Government payroll to dip again. Among the double dippers are Barry Goldwater, Carl Albert, Al Ullman, Hugh Scott and dozens of other Congressmen.

Unfortunately, the double dipping is not confined to such exclusive company, nor is it limited to those retiring from the military. Federal retirees are About half of all now dipping into Social Security as well.

These double dippers are the only ones for whom Social Security represents a sure pay-out. For one thing, they pay much less into the system. Social Security taxes are not normally deducted from their Government salaries—salaries that average 45 percent higher than those in private life. But the bureaucrats can qualify for Social Security benefits anyway. A quirk in the law enables them to take advantage of provisions that were supposed to benefit low-income workers. By taking lowly paid second jobs, the bureaucrats can pay the minimum amount of payroll taxes needed to qualify for a Social Security pension. Because the Social Security benefits are distorted to pay more to those who contribute less, the double dippers often end up with a higher percentage of return from the money they've put into their second pension than some persons who have paid payroll taxes for their entire working lives. And the additional Social Security money is tax-free.

Many retirees display a special ingenuity by collecting checks under three separate Government retirement programs: military, civil service and Social Security. This makes them triple dippers. Somewhere, there are undoubtedly quintuple dippers. Federal judges who receive $42,000 for life, plus civil-service retirement pay, plus military retirement pay, plus Social Security, plus something else. And who knows? There may be sextuple dippers.

It is possible right now for those sufficiently expert at dipping into the Government till to scoop out $75,000 per year or more. Within a few years, some will be drawing hundreds of thousands annually for doing nothing. And if the pension laws that make these rip-offs possible are not repealed, the day will come when politicians can become millionaires simply by serving ten years in Congress and then retiring to watch their over-adjusted pension checks go up, up, up.

If that day comes, and any of George III's descendants are still around, they might wonder what the big fuss in 1776 was all about. After all, if Americans were destined to support a class of political *rentiers* anyway, it might better have been the royal family. It is far smaller and thus more easily kept. And, besides, without the Revolution, we never would have had to pay pensions to all those silly patriots.

Jim Davidson is a free-lance writer who collects a free-lance pension.

THE MYTH OF THE PENILE ORGASM

By Jules Siegel

ALTHOUGH IT HAS recently become fashionable to use the word orgasm to describe the male climax, many women and men seem to believe that women experience a great variety of orgasms but men always have that same old squirt.

Gentlemen—oops, gentlepersons (gentleones?)—comrades, whatever, *it is a myth*. I have checked around and found out that some men seem to be having different kinds of orgasms but have been afraid to talk about them for fear of being arrested and/or fired. They claim that there is one where you go splat, shudder briefly and feel nothing and lie awake staring at the ceiling, wishing she would go home so that you can masturbate. And there is one where the blood runs out of your ears and you scream and cry for it to be over.

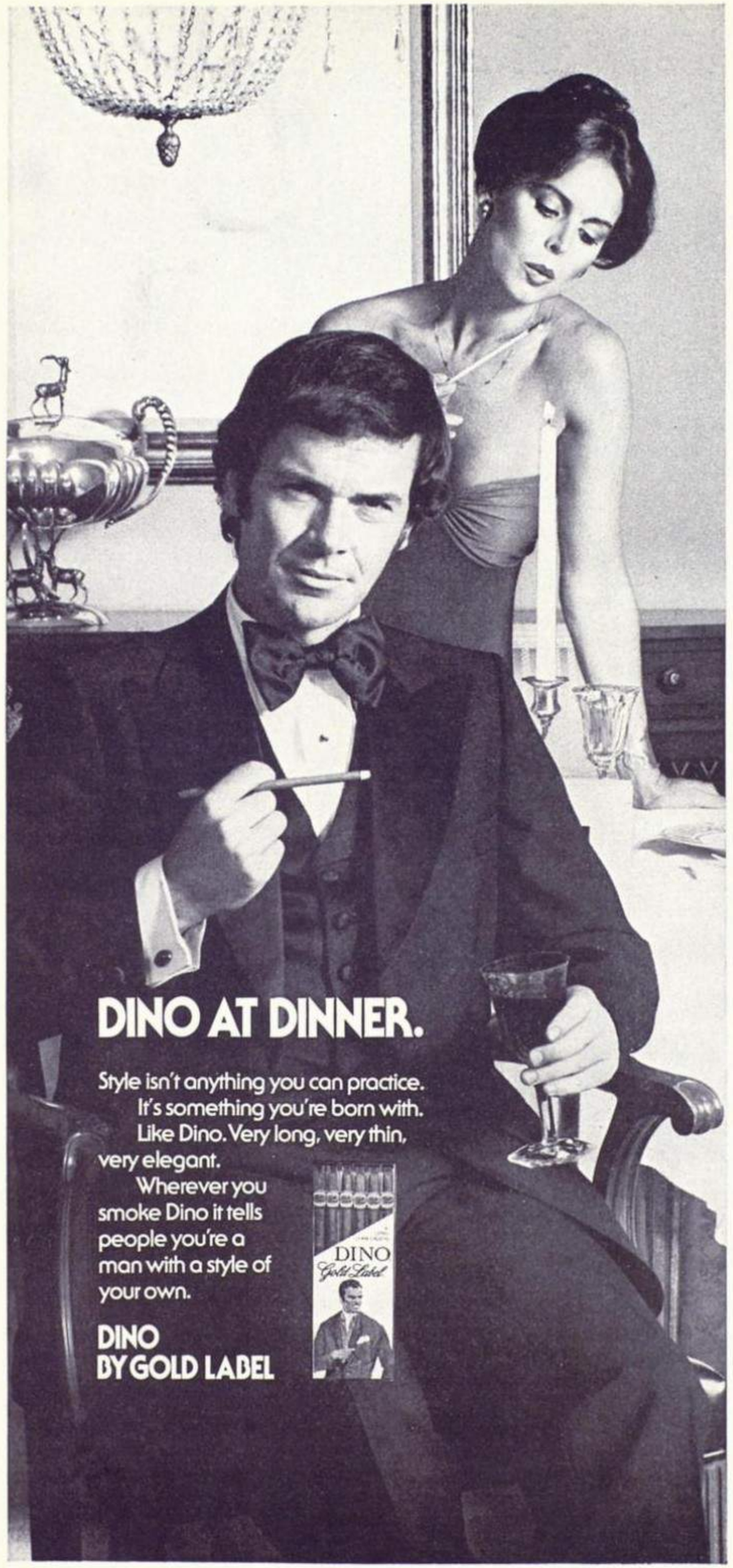
Between these two extremes lies an infinite scale of others, they assert. According to this school of thought, the male climax is just as complex as the female climax, but the language to describe it does not exist. These people think that we should create one, either by adapting it from females or by making it up like Esperanto or Fortran. We already have the example of women's speaking of jerking themselves off. J. Nebraska Gifford suggests that women need a synonym for hard-on and suggests "wide-on." I think "wet-on" might be more evocative but truly believe that before embarking on any such vast endeavor, we ought to try to see if men really do have anything to talk about. If so, will they be allowed to talk about it? Will they want to?

There seems to be a ban on discussion of this subject in the media and related literature. The coverage of the female orgasm rivals that of Watergate. Nothing much is to be found about men. Is that because women feel more than men or because they talk more? Who enjoys sex more—the man or the woman? The argument is not new. The Greek myths record that when Hera reproached Zeus for fucking around, he replied that he did it more than she did because men enjoy sex less than women.

"What a bunch of bullshit!" Hera exclaimed. "It's the other way around. Men get a bigger blast than women."

To settle this dispute, they summoned the blind seer Tiresias. He had been caught peeping at Athena in her bath. She put her hands over his eyes and blinded him but later relented and gave him the ability to see the future. He was turned into a beautiful woman and became a celebrated whore. After seven years of indulging himself in every sensual pleasure, he was turned back into a man. Thus, he was presumed expert to answer the question, having been both sexes.

"On a scale of ten," the sage advised,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"the ladies get nine; the men, one."

Thus began the myth of the penile orgasm. Modern scientific research tends to cast doubt on it. The evidence is beginning to accumulate that men and women are more alike than different sexually. Anatomically, the development of the sexual organs is seen to be very similar once you realize that a penis is a vagina turned inside out. Masters and Johnson took great pains to discriminate between the objective physical characteristics of the male and female orgasm and found them to be almost identical. Both men and women come in spurts .8 seconds apart, for example. In male and female alike, masturbation provides the most intense climaxes.

Be that as it may, let us suppose that it is, indeed, confirmed that these reports of nonpenile male orgasms are not merely valid or widespread. How, then, can a woman tell if her man is having them? What can she do to help him achieve them? How can she be sure that her man is not just ejaculating but coming? I leave it to the learned counsel of other experts to provide the answers to these questions. I am concerned more with the tone of the discussion than with the content. It all seems so shrill and uptight and cranky. Is it proper to argue about ecstasy? Maybe we think that by talking about it we can get a handle on it and control it. I would suggest that maybe we ought to get off the orgasm and examine the context instead. What do men want? I think they want the same things that women want: courtesy, passion, poetry and flowers; above all, tenderness. Said George Sand, probably the world's first liberated woman, "There is only one sex. . . . A man and a woman are so entirely the same thing that one can scarcely understand the subtle reasons for sex distinction with which our minds are filled."

It is all kind of a burned-bacon argument. As a friend of mine put it, we are not arguing about the bacon but about something like whether or not she will let you come in her mouth. I think that maybe she won't let you come in her mouth because she's tired of your criticizing her bacon. Ultimately, we are forced to conclude that it is magic and fall back upon the most shameful four-letter word of all, love. To which I say, amen. Let there be love. And if that means surrendering to the idea that American men are the most pussy-whipped in the world, I say, terrific, *whip* me with it!

Jules Siegel is an author based in California, where all myths are born.

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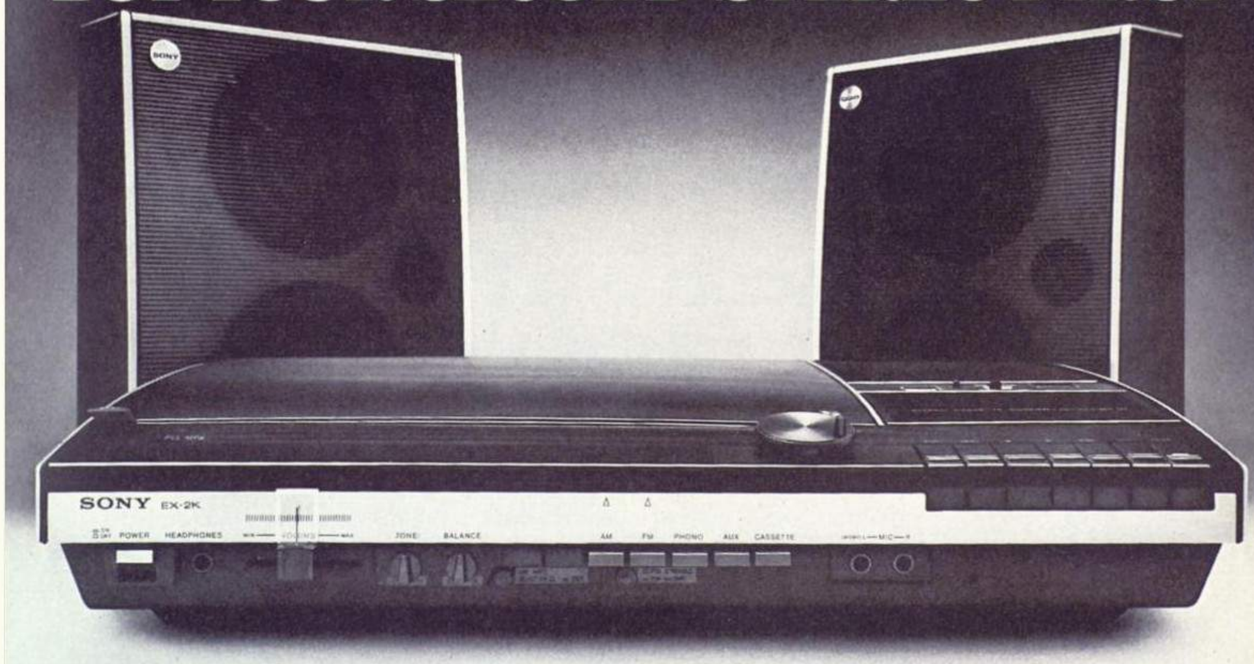

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

No doubt, you've heard of Pavlov's famous experiment with dogs, in which he taught his pets to salivate at the sound of a bell. I wonder: Has the experiment ever been duplicated with humans? The sexual applications are particularly intriguing. I figure that if you struck a gong every time you engaged in foreplay, the woman would come to associate the bell with lovemaking. Eventually, the bell itself would be sufficient to excite her. She would then be ready for sex without further ado. What do you say?—P. S., Seattle, Washington.

We can see it now. Dinner. A postprandial liqueur. A Cuban cigar. And then, when the moment is ripe, reaching over to tug on a velvet bell cord. Your notion is theoretically possible but improbable. As we've mentioned before, a woman is somewhat more complicated than a psychologist's best friend. She might associate the bell with anticipation, but her response would be conditioned by the memories of the lovemaking—if it has been good, she will be ready for more, with or without the gong. If not, forget it. She'll write you off as a dingbat with a bell fetish. Of course, we don't want to dissuade you from further research. If you can find a volunteer, then, by all means, carry on. Be careful, though. You may create a monster (i.e., you may not be the only person to play her chimes. Perhaps you've heard that the postman always rings twice?). In Arthur Koestler's "The Age of Longing," a Russian student of Pavlov's made a practice of pressing his American ladyfriend's left nipple with his right thumb and saying, "Now!" each time she had an orgasm while they were making love. Eventually, just to prove to her that there was no such thing as free will, he did this to her while both of them were fully clothed. She had the orgasm but renounced her Russian lover on grounds of galloping insensitivity.

I know that one should always dress well for a job interview, but what about afterward? Over the past few years, dress codes in the business world have relaxed. The standards seem to be undefined: Dress in "good taste" or in "appropriate attire" doesn't really tell you what is acceptable to your new boss. And something tells me that a job applicant should not ask his prospective employer how to dress. What are the best ways of dealing with wardrobes on Wall Street?—D. K., New York, New York.

A recent survey of metropolitan business firms revealed that the majority (78 percent) have some form of dress code—either written or unwritten. The situation is ambiguous: Your boss may not know fashion, but he knows what he likes. A simple way to gauge an environment is to check out what the office staff is wearing: Are jackets required or does the staff work in shirt sleeves and ties? Imitation may not be the sincerest form of flattery, but it's the only one that works. If you're looking for tips on what to wear, check out the people in charge. It's a common axiom of the business world that if you dress like an executive, you'll be treated like one. John Molloy, author of "Dress for Success," states, "You should dress for the job you want to get rather than for the job you have." Of course, if you want Elton John's job and you're working on Wall Street, ignore this advice.

Something has been bothering me for a very long time. I'm ashamed to ask anyone about my problem, which is this: Each and every time I disengage from my woman, my semen gushes out and soaks our love bed. We find it very uncomfortable to sleep in such pools. Is it normal that most of my sperm ends up in our laundry?—J. S., Montreal, Quebec.

The phenomenon you describe is completely natural and not uncommon. One of our researchers recently discovered a graffito in a ladies' rest room that indicates others share your predicament: "If he's so liberated, how come he doesn't sleep on the wet spot?" Beneath that, someone else had written, "If he was really liberated, there wouldn't be a wet spot. He would lick the plate clean." It is an unfortunate aspect of American upbringing that what was glorious during intercourse is viewed as a mess a few moments later. Once you accept your bodily functions, the problem disappears. There's nothing to be ashamed of. A towel at the bedside or underneath your partner might be appreciated, if she does not want to get out of bed after making love. (Some folks suggest a warm washcloth.) Condoms would contain the source of the discomfort. Other alternatives: Do it somewhere else—on the floor, in the road, wherever—or do it several times before you retire. The quantity of ejaculate diminishes with each encore.

Last summer, on a trip to Mexico, I became enchanted with margaritas—the drink made from tequila, lime juice and orange liqueur. Now that I'm home and pouring my own, I'm curious: What kind of triple sec should I use for the perfect margarita? What are the differences, if any, among brands of triple sec?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Orange liqueurs are made from brandy and small sweet oranges from the coast of South America. Originally a Dutch treat, the drink bore the name curaçao, was 54 to 60 proof and came in a variety of colors (yellow, orange, green, blue or clear). European tastes called for a higher proof and curaçao gave birth to triple sec, a colorless 80-proof beverage. Grand Marnier and Cointreau are proprietary names for the most distinguished of the orange liqueurs. The manufacturers start with cognac (the best brandy) and add their own special ingredients. Triple sectarians shudder at the thought of drowning the subtle taste of Cointreau or Grand Marnier in a mixed drink, and we agree. After one margarita, no one can distinguish quality and every drink is perfect. You should experiment. Your final choice may depend on economy.

I am a very sexy cheerleader at a high school in Oklahoma. I have been dating a member of the band. We enjoy sex often, especially when it is preceded by an erotic form of foreplay—spanking. We were first introduced to spanking by my parents, when they caught us making love in my bedroom one evening. They told us we could continue to use my bedroom but only if my boyfriend spanked my bottom. I figured that one spanking on my ass wouldn't make that much difference, so I agreed. My mom had me put my dress, bra, crotchless panties and panty hose back on, along with some high-heeled shoes. Then she told me to bend over the bed, to raise my skirt above my waist and hold it there. She handed my boyfriend a three-foot-long wooden paddle and had him pull down my panty hose and panties. She looked at her watch

and told him to start spanking. Thirty minutes later, he stopped. My bottom was cherry red, had welts on it and stung like hell. But it felt good. We now enjoy spanking almost every time we fuck. Before night football games, we meet in his car and he spanks me until I'm about to cry. The sting wears off pretty fast and I can't feel it, so then we get out of the car and again he spanks me—this time with a paddle. We both enjoy it so much, we would like to know how to prolong the sting and the redness.—Miss H. M., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Our resident English public school alumnus offers the following tips: Drill tiny holes in the surface of the paddle to decrease air resistance. A thin coating of water sprayed on the target also seems to enhance the stinging action. Break up the strokes into irregular patterns (one minute on, two minutes off, etc.), so that the victim can appreciate the stinging sensation during the intervals. Also, your boyfriend may be using a weak grip. A quick visit to the local tennis pro should reveal the right holds. Friction tape on the handle will help prevent twisting of the paddle at crucial moments. Now, about your parents....

Can you tell me anything about the mysterious thumbtack contest? I'm told it was practiced by New York gang members in the early Fifties.—S. V., Woodbury Heights, New Jersey.

So much for the vow of silence: Back in the good old days, it was supposed that a gangster could beat a polygraph test by pressing a thumbtack into his finger. By focusing on the pain, he would be able to shield his anxiety at incriminating questions. Unfortunately, the method couldn't be counted on. Lie detectors are unreliable to begin with and the pain did not always produce the anticipated results. Wily prosecutors would look for the thumbtack hole and postpone the test. ("Whaddya mean, those are stigmata?") Also, it wasn't always easy to find a thumbtack in jail. And if a prosecutor wanted to pin a rap on you, he'd find a way.

Perhaps you can help. I've got what appears to be a common wart. Ordinarily, that wouldn't upset me too much, except that it's located smack dab in the middle of my putz. A med-student friend tells me that it's nothing to worry about and that I should just leave it alone and quit fucking frogs. I'm beginning to get self-conscious about it. Is there anything I can do short of surgery?—L. D., Dallas, Texas.

Yes. First, get a new friend—we're surprised any med student would give you such irresponsible advice. What you've got is a venereal wart. It's fairly common and is usually contracted sexually. Best thing to do is go to a dermatologist, who will do one of two things: He'll burn it off or treat it chemically with a substance called podophyllin. The first is slightly painful but more effective. By no means ignore the wart—it can spread not only to your bedmates but around your penis as well. You might save money on French ticklers, but the final result isn't worth it.

I am engaged to a wonderful 28-year-old guy who will give me anything from soup to nuts, except the nuts. I am 24 and very much in love with him. We used to have sex quite often, but for the past year, we haven't had much. Recently, I found two porno movies while cleaning the house and asked if I could watch them. His answer was no, that they were not for me to watch. I felt that if he could view them, so could I. I have asked him to see a doctor, but he says nothing is wrong with him. I am willing to try anything, but he doesn't give me the chance. I have even tried seducing him. What do you recommend?—Miss D. M. D., New York, New York.

What we have here is a failure to communicate: Your boyfriend's reluctance to share the films is an odd twist of the old double standard. It may indicate a "see no evil, do no evil" puritan attitude toward sex. Of course, he may have reason not to show the films: If they are "Barnyard Buddies" or "My Night at the Y," it might explain his disinterest in regular sex. Perhaps he's the star of the films and just wants to avoid the spotlight. The situation won't improve until he opens up. You might suggest that both of you go to a counselor. There may be nothing "wrong" with him, but the relationship is suffering, and unless you both work to save it, it will die. Good luck.

My live-in girlfriend is a phone freak and my monthly Ma Bell bill looks like Standard Oil's quarterly profit statement. My girl is not particularly discriminating about who she talks to. Matter of fact, I think just hanging on the phone is relaxing for her. What should I do? I don't want to be unfair to her, but I want to keep solvent, too.—J. M., Chicago, Illinois.

Get an extension phone and talk to her yourself. But if she gets off only on long distance, get her a copy of Paul Montana's "Toll Free Digest," which is available at newsstands for two dollars. In it are over 2500 toll-free "800" numbers that supply callers with all kinds of information. Our favorites include the National Academy of Medical Hypnosis (800-241-4121), which will direct you to any doctors practicing hypnosis in your area; Nationwide Boiler Rental (800-227-1966), which will tell you more than you ever wanted to know about boilers and how to rent them; and the Jet Fleet Corporation (800-527-6013), which will help you charter an airplane or redecorate your old one. The directory should provide your roomie with hours of pleasant dialing, as well as an earful of useful information. Some of the best things in life are toll-free.

For years, I've heard the term love muscle used to describe the penis. Is there really a muscle involved in sex? If so, can it be exercised?—W. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sex researchers have theorized that there is a love muscle—the pubococcygeus—and that it plays an important part in the pleasure of both male and female partners. Arnold Kegel first noted that since an orgasm is a release from muscle tension, the tone of the muscles involved would affect the quality of the orgasm. He focused on women who were experiencing difficulty having orgasms and taught them a series of exercises (now known as Kegel exercises). The women learned to tighten and relax the pubococcygeus (the muscle clenched to control urination) and practiced daily. During intercourse, they tensed their abdominal and perineal muscles to facilitate climax. Now, doctors are looking at the role played by the pubococcygeus muscle in the male orgasm. In an article in "Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality," Daniel S. Weiss and Dr. David B. Marcotte suggest that by learning to relax the pubococcygeus muscle, a man can avoid premature ejaculation. The authors believe that the method is superior to the squeeze technique invented by Masters and Johnson, since it does not require partner cooperation or interruption of the lovemaking. We don't know of any gyms devoted to the relaxation response, but two experiments by Raymond Rosen suggest the shape of things to come. Rosen hooked up 40 male students to a red light and had them listen to a recording of pornography. The light would go on whenever the student got an erection and go off whenever he quelled the erection. Students soon learned to go from full erection to half-mast at will and were better at doing so than those who had not been hooked up to the light. In a related experiment, Rosen told students to try to increase the size of their erections—an orange light would change intensity according to size. By the end of the study, the students who were guided by the light were able to turn on at will. Rig up something yourself and work out.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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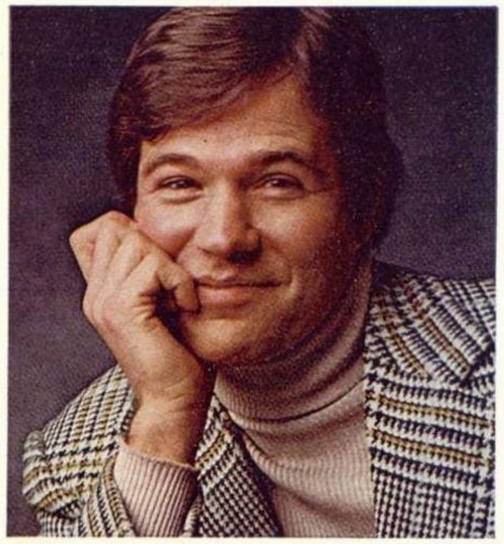

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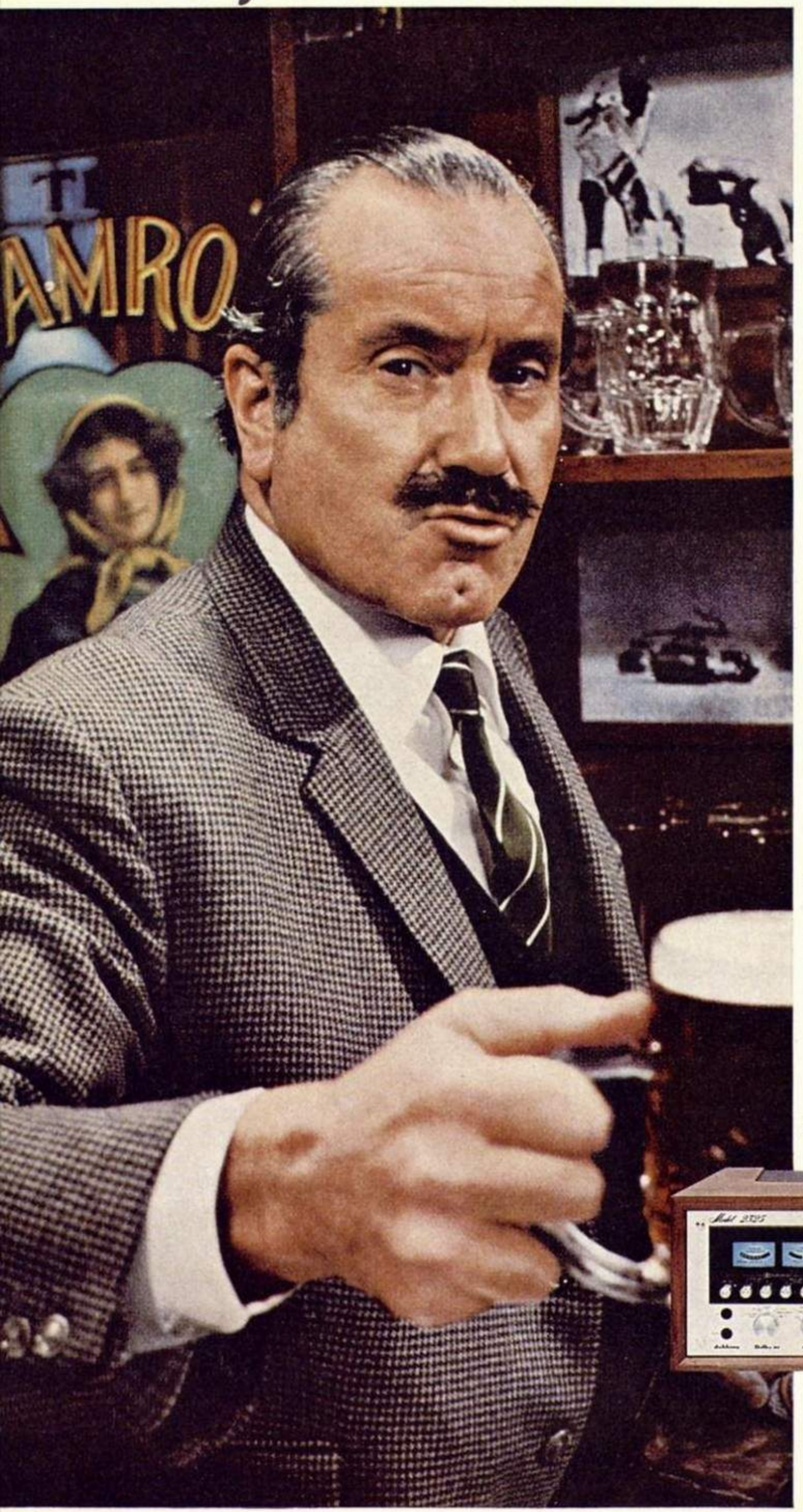

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

TASTEFUL SUGGESTION

The pharmaceutical companies should make flavored vaginal creams and jellies. They've come out with tasty douches, which don't make much difference, because they're usually used after sex. With all of the oral sex and the increased use of diaphragms today, it seems the companies should keep up with the times. Not only does the taste of these substances make going down on a woman unappetizing but they leave my penis tasting just as bad to my lovers.

(Name withheld by request)
Madison, Wisconsin

LEVELS OF ORGASM

In the June *Playboy Forum*, a woman from Santa Monica, California, dismisses males as being a bunch of jocks who want only self-satisfaction, leaving the woman cheated. I feel called upon to ask her, How many times, when you were with a man, did you just lie back and enjoy, letting him do all the work? Did you work at arousing him or did you assume that, being a man, he must be in a state of arousal all the time? Sure, men have orgasms more easily than women do, but for men, there are different levels of orgasm. If a woman does nothing to arouse a man, he might just as well be masturbating. The more time and energy each party gives to a sexual relationship, the more each will get out of it.

Steven Soller
Fayetteville, Arkansas

RUBBER RIBALDRY

I thought the letter in the July *Playboy Forum* from the Minneapolis man who had so much trouble with lubricated condoms was hilarious. I, too, have had my troubles with the slippery little devils. One night, several years ago, I picked up a girl on the subway. That's right, the subway. It can be done if you're very, very lucky. Anyway, we went to her house and got it on. I had a condom in a foil package that I always carried with me and I thought that would be a good time to use it. I figured the girl would tell me if it was unnecessary or if she didn't like it, but she said nothing.

After we made love, though, and I had withdrawn, I was horrified to see that I wasn't wearing the condom anymore. Had I lost it somewhere inside her? Had it *dissolved*, for Pete's sake? What if I had gotten this relative stranger pregnant? Oh, dear. Then I happened to look down and see the rubber peeping out at me from her little pubic forest. Deftly grasping the visible part with thumb and forefinger, I extracted the serpent from the Garden of Eden. The girl made a funny little sound, somewhere between a chirp and a giggle, but didn't seem to mind.

Turned out she was on the pill, anyway, but approved my use of the condom. After all, we hardly knew each other, and wearing your rubbers does protect against colds and other social diseases.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

A couple of years ago, while in Chicago shopping in the Loop, I went into a store that sold Levis and a large assortment of

"Sure, men have orgasms more easily than women do, but for men, there are different levels of orgasm."

Western apparel. Partly as a joke, I bought a Stetson-style hat, which I proudly wore back to my hotel room to freak out my wife. That night, I wore it to a restaurant where we were having dinner with friends, and one of them, in the course of examining my new lid, found a

rubber neatly tucked inside the sweatband. This caused quite an uproar, and to this day, my wife doesn't believe I've told her the whole story. All I can figure is that cowboy hats come with a rubber as standard equipment.

(Name withheld by request)
Steubenville, Ohio

Of course; they make a fine tourniquet for snakebite.

BREAST SIGHS

Dave Thorp confesses himself "shocked" that women would seek artificial ways to augment the size of their breasts (*The Playboy Forum*, June); however, small-busted women are in a minority and not even other women can understand their feelings. After years of thinking about it and discussing it with my husband and a woman friend who is also small-busted, I consulted a plastic surgeon and went ahead with a breast-augmentation procedure. My husband took over the household duties in addition to his regular full-time work and my friend helped care for our children to give me time to recover, which took about two weeks.

The surgery was not nearly so uncomfortable as I had anticipated and the results are worth every bit of time and money, being pleasing to the eye and the touch and, most of all, a real boost to my self-esteem. The alignment is appropriate to my other body proportions and now I feel good about myself as a woman.

(Name withheld by request)
Napa, California

Thorp says, "Hopefully, in the future, women with big boobs will be looking for ways to reduce their bust size so as to look as youthful and exciting as their small-breasted sisters." I disagree. I hope that in the future, women—and all people—will be happy with what they have and be appreciated for it.

Amy Landy
Madison, Wisconsin

WICHITA WITCH-HUNT

My son and I were present in Wichita, Kansas, when my husband, Al Goldstein, and his former partner, Jim Buckley, were tried for four weeks and found guilty of mailing obscenity across state lines. (See PLAYBOY's editorial *"Screw" Screwed in Wichita*, September.) Not one subscriber in the state of Kansas had complained about receiving *Screw*. The only complaining witnesses were U. S. postal inspectors who had been instructed by a

U. S. postal inspector in New York to subscribe to *Screw* under fictitious names. When those postal inspectors in Kansas received their copies of the magazine, they placed the unopened envelopes into other envelopes and mailed them to the New York City postal authorities. The charged issues were never even opened in Kansas.

During the Nixon Administration, the Government chose Wichita as the place to build its case against Al and Jim. Why not try the case in New York, where the bulk of *Screw*'s sales are? Obviously, the Government felt that its chances of obtaining a conviction were better in a small town situated in the middle of the Bible Belt.

Besides being a sex review, *Screw* has always been extremely antiestablishment and quite irreverent, in very frank language. This was especially so during the Nixon era. With the many publications on the newsstands today dealing even more explicitly with sexual material than *Screw* does, why would the Government choose to prosecute this magazine? I and many other reasonable and well-informed people are convinced that the obscenity charge was the means used to silence the political content of *Screw*.

To our great disappointment, this case has received very little attention in the press. *The New York Times*, that champion of the free press and supposedly the most comprehensive newspaper in the country, printed virtually nothing about it. When I wrote to the *Times*, criticizing its silence, I was informed that even my letter would not be printed.

Nations rarely lose their civil liberties all at once; more often, the process occurs bit by bit. Today, the U. S. Government has deprived *Screw* of First Amendment protection. Tomorrow, it may be the holier-than-thou *New York Times*.

Gena Goldstein
New York, New York

SEX AND SNUFF

In the July *Playboy Forum*, the editors quote with approval a statement by critic Brendan Gill that "pornography, like all art, is a statement in favor of life and against death," to rebut the idea that there is a connection between pornographic movies and the so-called snuff movies in which someone is killed for the audience's titillation. But pornography deprives people of their human dignity, reduces them to raw meat. When people are dehumanized this way, it is but a step to killing them for pleasure.

D. Price
Portland, Oregon

You may call me "a screwed-up mind," if you like, but a natural progression does exist from sexual pleasure to murder. Contrary to your viewpoint, sex and violence are not opposites, nor, as Brendan Gill put it, is pornography "a statement in favor of life and against death." Sex as portrayed in pornography is an act not of giving but of taking, not of sharing but of grasping, not of gentleness but of self-serving violence. Pornography, serving individuals with such drives, supports the inner self-destruction and drives toward ultimate death while in pursuit solely of physical sensation.

James Brescoll
Coos Bay, Oregon

Many people in this country are still in the grip of a sex phobia that goes back to the Puritans and the Victorians. These people never cared much about violence in films, until they found that violent films could be used to attack sexy films. It is easy for the sex-phobic person to make a connection between sex and violence, because he tends to see sex per se as something evil and dangerous.

Paul Bennett
Phoenix, Arizona

If you guys don't quit arguing, we'll break your typing fingers. In order to claim that pornography dehumanizes people, you have to believe that there is something intrinsically demeaning and dehumanizing about sexual activity. We've never heard that sports are dehumanizing because the spectators are more interested in the players' athletic performance than in their personalities. If most pornography lacks artistic merit, it's because good film makers can make more money with legally safe and wholesome movies about mass murder and sharks eating people.

It seems clear enough that sexual acts arise from affectionate impulses and violent acts arise from hostile impulses, though these impulses may be mixed in an infinity of ways. Rape, for example, is not a true sex act but an act of violence using the penis as a weapon. People don't turn to violence because they get bored with sex, nor is there more violence in sexually free cultures. There's plenty of evidence that tendencies toward violence and tendencies toward sexual pleasure are mutually inhibitory, as the next letter points out.

An article in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* confirms the notion that the more a society inhibits sex and other forms of bodily pleasure, the more violent that society will become, and the more pleasure is allowed, the less violent is the society. In "Body Pleasure and the Origins of Violence," neuropsychologist James W. Prescott of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development argues that "pleasure and violence have a reciprocal relationship, that is, *the presence of one inhibits the other*." More specifically, "When the brain's pleasure circuits are 'on,' the violence circuits are 'off,' and vice versa."

Prescott employs dozens of different

(continued on page 175)

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX LAW VOIDED

DES MOINES—*Ruling in the case of an Ottumwa man convicted of having oral sex with a woman, the Iowa Supreme Court has held the state's sodomy law to be an unconstitutional invasion of privacy. The decision legalizes private sexual acts between consenting adults of the opposite sex but does not affect the law's prohibition against homosexual acts.*

ZONING OUT SIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled five to four that the city of Detroit may use zoning ordinances to restrict the location of adult theaters and bookstores. The local ordinance prohibits bars, theaters and bookshops featuring sexually oriented material from being situated within 1000 feet of*

one another. A city attorney said the purpose of the law is to "stop the influx of adult bookstores that are turning our commercial strips into sex strips."

Both Boston and, more recently, Seattle also have enacted zoning laws to regulate sex shops and shows; but in both cities, such businesses have been restricted to certain downtown areas.

SEX BREAK

LEXINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—*Three women have pleaded guilty to soliciting truck drivers for prostitution by means of citizen's-band radios. Using such handles as Hot Lips, Pussy Cat Sally and Little Beaver, they invited drivers to a motel with promises of "plenty of cold drinks and no hot coffee."*

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

SAN FRANCISCO—*Nine persons, including a former U. S. attorney, have been indicted by a Federal grand jury on charges of conspiring to organize a large-scale gambling and prostitution ring for workers on the 800-mile Alaska Pipeline. The indictment charges that the operation was to be headquartered in a saloon near Valdez, at the southern tip of the pipeline, and that prostitutes were to be imported from San Francisco.*

FUNNY MONEY

PROVIDENCE—*Replica one-dollar bills, with George Washington's face replaced by pornographic pictures, have been turning up in Rhode Island and other states along the East Coast. The Secret Service is trying to decide whether or not the bills constitute counterfeiting.*

VENT THAT HOSTILITY

SEATTLE—*Public opinion has closed down a coin-operated game called Death Race in the Seattle Center amusement arcade. The game puts the player behind a steering wheel and an accelerator pedal and lets him chase humanlike "gremlins" around an electronic playing board; when run down, they emit a shrieking sound and turn into grave markers. The player earns points for each figure run down and gets a rating of Expert Driver for the highest score. The center's director ordered the game removed after receiving complaints that it was in poor taste. A spokesman for the manufacturer said it was one of the company's most popular games and that "If people get a kick out of running down pedestrians, you have to let them do it. This is the sort of challenge that pricks the person's mind a little bit."*

MIND OF THE MURDERER

SACRAMENTO—*The California Supreme Court has ruled that a psychotherapist who has reason to believe that a mental patient intends to harm someone has a legal obligation to warn the intended victim. The decision was handed down in a case in which a young woman was stabbed to death by a 25-year-old University of California student who had confided his intentions to a school psychologist two months earlier. The student had, in fact, been picked up for psychiatric observation at the psychologist's request but had been released after questioning. The court held that the parents of the slain woman had grounds to sue the therapist and the university for damages.*

SUICIDE STATISTICS

Suicides and suicide attempts probably occur much more frequently than current statistics indicate, according to a team of New York and Massachusetts psychologists. The study, headed by Dr. Brian L. Mishara of the University of Massachusetts and reported in the American Journal of Psychiatry, *involved 293 college students in Detroit and Boston and found that one in seven had made a serious suicide attempt and that 65 percent had considered it on at least one occasion. Many of these attempts were never recorded as such and many suicides are believed listed as accidents. The study found that automobiles often were used or contemplated as the means of death, suggesting that many car wrecks are either intentional or subconscious attempts at suicide.*

DRUG DANGERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A Government study has found the common tranquilizer Valium to be the drug most often connected with drug-abuse emergencies requiring medical attention. According to a report based on statistics from more than 1200 hospital emergency rooms, crisis centers and medical examiners, Valium is involved in ten percent of all such cases, followed by alcohol (in combination with any drug), heroin, marijuana and aspirin, in that order. Heroin and morphine accounted for 15 percent of all drug-related deaths.*

A REAL LOSER

LEWISBURG, TENNESSEE—*After police found and seized some pot plants growing in a tub on the outskirts of town, the local paper published a picture with the caption, "Have you lost a tub of*

marijuana? If you have, you may claim it at the Lewisburg Police Department." To the surprise of police, a 26-year-old man came to the station and asked for the plants. He was arrested and charged with growing marijuana.

CITY VS. COUNTRY

GENEVA—*The World Health Organization, after studying statistics from many countries, has decided that urban living lowers life expectancy for men but raises it for women. The difference may be that urban men smoke more, don't exercise and otherwise lead less healthful lives than farmers, while rural women tend to be overworked and underfed and to receive less health care than their city counterparts.*

PETER METER

HOUSTON—*Medical researchers at Baylor College of Medicine have devised a simple and apparently accurate means of determining whether male impotence is physiological or psychological in a particular patient. In* Medical World News, *Dr. Ismet Karacan*

reports that nocturnal penile tumescence (NPT) can be monitored by an instrument connected by wires to the penis, and that only in cases of genuine physiological impotence do erections fail to occur during sleep. Where normal tumescence is absent, the system also gives clues to its organic cause.

BASTARDS' BAD LUCK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Supreme Court has upheld provisions of the Social Security Act that make it hard for many illegitimate children to collect survivor benefits when their fathers die. The Court ruled six to three that the law may grant benefits if the parents have gone through a seemingly valid marriage ceremony or if the father has acknowledged his paternity; otherwise, the eligibility of an illegitimate child depends on proof that his father lived with him or contributed to his support.*

RIGHT TO ABORTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In two related decisions, the U. S. Supreme Court has removed the last two legal grounds on which states have attempted to restrict the availability of abortions. By six-to-three and five-to-four rulings, respectively, the Court held that states may not require a married woman to obtain her husband's consent for an abortion nor may they require a woman under 18 to obtain permission from her parents.*

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIMMY CARTER

a candid conversation with the democratic candidate for the presidency

The biographical details are all too familiar by now and, indeed, may seem a little pointless this month. If Jimmy Carter is elected President of the United States a few weeks from now, the facts about where he spent his youth, how he was educated and the way he came out of nowhere to capture the Democratic nomination will soon enough be available in history books and on cereal boxes.

What will be less available and less familiar is what kind of person Carter is. To many Americans, the old charge that he was "fuzzy" on the issues may be less accurate than the persistent feeling that he is fuzzy as a personality. Even this late in the campaign, Carter remains for many an unknown quantity.

When Carter agreed to do a "Playboy Interview," we decided we'd try our best not to add to all the hype that always gushes forth during a Presidential campaign. We wanted to pit him against an interviewer who would prod him and challenge him and not be afraid to ask irreverent questions. Our choice of interviewer was natural: Robert Scheer, the Bronx-born, Berkeley-based journalist who in the past year has done interviews with California governor Jerry Brown for PLAYBOY *(which was widely regarded as the earliest and most thorough exposure of Brown's curious politics and beliefs) and both William and Emily Harris for* New Times *(which provided crucial evidence in the trial of Patty Hearst).*

For three months, Scheer dogged the footsteps of the peanut farmer who would be President, scrambling aboard press planes, sleeping in motels, hanging out with the pack of journalists that grew in size as the campaign gathered momentum. With the support of Carter's young aides—notably, press secretary Jody Powell and campaign manager Hamilton Jordan—Scheer and PLAYBOY *managed to log more hours of recorded conversations with the candidate than any other publication or news medium—a fact Carter joked about at the final session. After writing the accompanying article about his experiences and about Carter (see "Jimmy, We Hardly Know Y'All," on page 91), a very exhausted Scheer filed this report:*

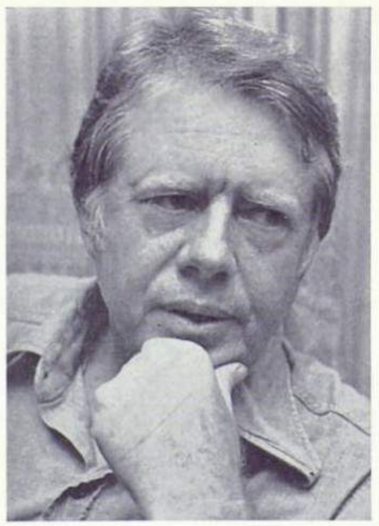
"It was the day after the Democratic Convention in New York City. Jody Powell was harried.

"'Listen, Scheer, I'm not going to kid you. Now that he's the nominee, I've got over 700 requests from all over the world for interviews. He's told me to cut back, but I've got a prior commitment to you guys and I'm going to honor it. So hop a plane down to his place in Plains. We'll just cut out an appointment with some future Secretary of State.'

"Jody keeps his sense of humor even when he's harried. I had already logged hours of tape with Carter under conditions that were never less than chaotic. Our conversations had started when his chances were shakier and his time slightly more available. But, as Jody had said, once he became the nominee, it was going to be even tougher.

"Some of our sessions were as short as half an hour on board the campaign plane, with the roar of engines and the pilot's announcements adding to the frenzy. PLAYBOY *and I both hung in there through the months, taking (and paying for) flights halfway across the country on the tentative promise of yet one more hurried chat. After all the baggage searches by the Secret Service and the many times I'd had to lurch up an airplane aisle, fumbling with my tape recorder, I was looking forward to a leisurely conversation with Carter at his home after the nomination.*

"Earlier this year, when I was working



"We Baptists are taught not to judge other people. . . . Anybody can come and look at my record as governor. I didn't run around breaking down people's doors to see if they were fornicating."

"I don't think I would ever take on the same frame of mind that Nixon or Johnson did—lying, cheating and distorting the truth. I think my religious beliefs alone would prevent that from happening."

KEN HAWKINS

"I'm a human being. I'm not a packaged article you put in a box and say, 'Here's an ignorant Georgia peanut farmer with no flexibility. He's gotta be predictable. He's gotta be a liar and a racist.'"

on the interview with Governor Jerry Brown, my PLAYBOY *editor, Barry Golson, had joined me for the final sessions at the governor's office in Sacramento. It had produced interesting results—I, the aggressive Berkeley radical, Golson, the Eastern diplomatic Yalie. We felt the Mutt and Jeff technique would be valuable with Carter as well, so Golson and I traveled to Plains for the final session.*

"Down in Plains, everything was normal. Brother Billy Carter was in his blue overalls, leaning against a storefront, drawling about this and that to one of the locals who hadn't been up to New York City for the big show. We drove past the Secret Service barricades, past daughter Amy's lemonade stand, and parked in front of the Carter home. As we entered the front door, the candidate, dressed in rumpled work clothes and dusty clodhoppers, was ushering out an impeccably dressed six-man contingent from Reader's Digest.

"As we said hello and sat down in his living room to adjust our tape recorders, I remarked to Carter that he must be in a puckish mood, talking to both the Digest *and* PLAYBOY *on the same afternoon. Carter flashed us every one of his teeth: 'Yeah, but you guys must have some kind of blackmail leverage on Jody. I've spent more time with you than with* Time, Newsweek *and all the others combined.'*

"It was a flattering opening shot, but probably more canny and less casual than it sounded. A week earlier, during the Democratic Convention, Golson had bumped into Jordan at a party in New York. Neither of them was entirely sober, and they discussed the interview. Golson said something about all the time Carter had spent with me. Jordan replied, 'We wouldn't do it if it weren't in our interest. It's your readers who are probably predisposed toward Jimmy—but they may not vote at all if they feel uneasy about him.'

"For me, the purpose of the questioning was not to get people to vote for or against the man but to push Carter on some of the vagueness he's wrapped himself in. We tried to get beyond the campaigner to some of the personal doubts and confusions—as well as the strengths—of the man himself. Throughout my months on the campaign trail, I found Carter impatient with social chitchat and eager for challenging questions. He is thin-skinned, as others have reported, and he'll glare at you if he doesn't like something you've asked. But he can take it as well as dish it out and, unlike many other politicians I've interviewed, he'll eventually respond directly to a question if you press him hard enough. The best evidence of this is contained in the final portion of the interview, an open and revealing monolog that occurred because we happened to ask him one last question on a topic about which he'd become impatient and frustrated.

"Oh, just incidentally, there's one bit of folklore about Jimmy Carter whose authenticity I can vouch for. When I've had a rough day, I've been known to toss down a drink or four, and I wondered what Carter did when he needed replenishment. I got my answer during one short session as I slipped into the plane seat next to him after he'd had a miserable day on the hustings. Between answers, he would gobble down handfuls of peanuts at about the same rate at which I drink. Different strokes, I thought."

PLAYBOY: After nearly two years on the campaign trail, don't you feel a little numbed by the routine—for instance, having to give the same speech over and over?

CARTER: Sometimes. Once, when I was campaigning in the Florida primary, I made 12 speeches in one day. It was the worst day I ever had. But I generally have tried to change the order of the speech and emphasize different things. Sometimes I abbreviate and sometimes I elaborate. Of 20 different parts in a speech, I might take seven or eight and change them around. It depends on the audience—black people, Jewish people, *chicanos*—and that gives me the ability to make speeches that aren't boring to myself.

"The national news media have absolutely no interest in issues at all.... There's nobody on the press plane who would ask an issue question unless he thought he could trick me into some crazy statement."

PLAYBOY: Every politician probably emphasizes different things to different audiences, but in your case, there's been a common criticism that you seem to have several faces, that you try to be all things to all people. How do you respond to that?

CARTER: I can't make myself believe these are contrivances and subterfuges I've adopted to get votes. It may be, and I can't get myself to admit it, but what I want to do is to let people know how I stand on the issues as honestly as I can.

PLAYBOY: If you feel you've been fully honest, why has the charge persisted that you're "fuzzy" on the issues?

CARTER: It started during the primaries, when most of my opponents were members of Congress. When any question on an issue came up, they would say, "I'm for the Kennedy-Corman bill on health care, period, no matter what's in it." If the question was on employment, they would say, "I'm for the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, no matter what's in it." But those bills were constantly being amended!

I'm just not able to do that. I have to understand what I'm talking about, and simplistic answers identifying my position with such-and-such a House bill are something I can't put forward. That's one reason I've been seen as fuzzy.

Another is that I'm not an ideolog and my positions are not predictable. Without any criticism of McGovern, if the question had ever come up on abortion, you could pretty well anticipate what he was going to say. If it were amnesty, you could predict what McGovern was going to say about that. But I've tried to analyze each question individually; I've taken positions that to me are fair and rational, and sometimes my answers are complicated.

The third reason is that I wasn't a very vulnerable opponent for those who ran against me. Fuzziness was the only issue Congressman Udall, Senator Church—and others that are hard to remember now—could adopt in their campaigns against me. I think the drumming of that factor into the consciousness of the American voter obviously had some impact.

PLAYBOY: Still, not everybody's sure whether you're a conservative in liberal clothing or vice versa. F.D.R., for instance, turned out to be something of a surprise to people who'd voted for him, because he hadn't seemed as progressive before he was elected as he turned out to be. Could you be a surprise that way?

CARTER: I don't believe that's going to be the case. If you analyze the Democratic Party platform, you'll see that it's a very progressive, very liberal, very socially motivated platform. What sometimes surprises people is that I carry out my promises. People ask how a peanut farmer from the South who believes in balanced budgets and tough management of Government can possibly give the country tax and welfare reform, or a national health program, or insist on equal rights for blacks and women. Well, I'm going to *do* those things. I've promised them during the campaign, so I don't think there will be many people disappointed—or surprised—when I carry out those commitments as President.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that you turned out to be more liberal as governor of Georgia than people who voted for you had any reason to suspect?

CARTER: I don't really think so. No. *The Atlanta Constitution*, which was the source of all information about me, categorized me during the gubernatorial campaign as an ignorant, racist, backward, ultraconservative, rednecked South Georgia peanut farmer. Its candidate, Carl Sanders, the former governor, was

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characterized as an enlightened, progressive, well-educated, urbane, forceful, competent public official. I never agreed with the categorization that was made of me during the campaign. I was the same person before and after I became governor. I remember keeping a check list and every time I made a promise during the campaign, I wrote it down in a notebook. I believe I carried out every promise I made. I told several people during the campaign that one of the phrases I was going to use in my inaugural speech was that the time for racial discrimination was over. I wrote and made that speech.

The ultraconservatives in Georgia—who aren't supporting me now, by the way—voted for me because of their animosity toward Carl Sanders. I was the alternative to him. They never asked me, "Are you a racist or have you been a member of the Ku Klux Klan?" because they knew I wasn't and hadn't been. And yet, despite predictions early this year by *The Atlanta Constitution* that I couldn't get a majority of the primary vote in Georgia against Wallace, I received about 85 percent of the votes. So I don't think the Georgia people have the feeling I betrayed them.

PLAYBOY: Considering what you've just said about *The Atlanta Constitution*, how do you feel about the media in general and about the job they do in covering the election issues?

CARTER: There's still a tendency on the part of some members of the press to treat the South, you know, as a suspect nation. There are a few who think that since I am a Southern governor, I must be a secret racist or there's something in a closet somewhere that's going to be revealed to show my true colors. There's been a constant probing back ten, twelve years in my background, even as early as the first primaries. Nobody probed like that into the background of Udall or Bayh or other people. But I don't object to it particularly, I just recognize it.

(The answer was broken off and, at a later session, Carter returned to the question of the press and its coverage of issues. This time he was tired, his head sunk far back into his airplane seat. The exchange occurred during one of the late primaries.)

Issues? The local media are interested, all right, but the national news media have absolutely no interest in issues *at all*. Sometimes we freeze out the national media so we can open up press conferences to local people. At least we get questions from them—on timber management, on health care, on education. But the traveling press have zero interest in any issue unless it's a matter of making a mistake. What they're looking for is a 47-second argument between me and another candidate or something like that. There's nobody in the back of this plane who would ask an issue question unless he thought he could trick me into some crazy statement.

PLAYBOY: One crazy statement you were supposed to have made was reported by Robert Shrum after he quit as your speechwriter earlier this year. He said he'd been in conversations with you when you made some slighting references to Jewish voters. What's your version of what happened?

CARTER: Shrum dreamed up eight or ten conversations that never took place and nobody in the press ever asked me if they had occurred. The press just assumed that they had. I never talked to Shrum in private except for maybe a couple of minutes. If he had told the truth, if I had said all the things he claimed I had said, I wouldn't vote for *myself*.

When a poll came out early in the primaries that said I had a small proportion of the Jewish vote, I said, "Well, this is really a disappointment to me—we've worked so hard with the Jewish voters. But my pro-Israel stand won't change, even if I don't get a single Jewish vote; I guess we'll have to depend on non-Jews to put

"My mother would come out of the L.B.J. headquarters and find her car smeared with soap and the antenna tied in a knot and ugly messages left on the front seat."

me in office." But Shrum treated it as if it were some kind of racist disavowal of Jews. Well, that's a kind of sleazy twisting of a conversation.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of the press, how do you feel about an issue that concerns the press itself—the right of journalists to keep their sources secret?

CARTER: I would do everything I could to protect the secrecy of sources for the news media.

PLAYBOY: Both the press *and* the public seem to have made an issue out of your Baptist beliefs. Why do you think this has happened?

CARTER: I'm not unique. There are a lot of people in this country who have the same religious faith. It's not a mysterious or mystical or magical thing. But for those who don't know the feeling of someone who believes in Christ, who is aware of the presence of God, there is, I presume, a quizzical attitude toward it. But it's always been something I've discussed very frankly throughout my adult life.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you pray 25 times a day. Is that true?

CARTER: I've never counted. I've forgotten who asked me that, but I'd say that on an eventful day, you know, it's something like that.

PLAYBOY: When you say an eventful day, do you mean you pray as a kind of pause, to control your blood pressure and relax?

CARTER: Well, yes. If something happens to me that is a little disconcerting, if I feel a trepidation, if a thought comes into my head of animosity or hatred toward someone, then I just kind of say a brief silent prayer. I don't ask for myself but just to let me understand what another's feelings might be. Going through a crowd, quite often people bring me a problem, and I pray that their needs might be met. A lot of times, I'll be in the back seat of a car and not know what kind of audience I'm going to face. I don't mean I'm terror-stricken, just that I don't know what to expect next. I'll pray then, but it's not something that's conscious or formal. It's just a part of my life.

PLAYBOY: One reason some people might be quizzical is that you have a sister, Ruth, who is a faith healer. The association of politics with faith healing is an idea many find disconcerting.

CARTER: I don't even know what political ideas Ruth has had, and for people to suggest I'm under the hold of a sister—or any other person—is a complete distortion of fact. I don't have any idea whether Ruth has supported Democrats or not, whereas the political views of my other sister, Gloria, are remarkably harmonious with mine.

PLAYBOY: So you're closer to Gloria, who has described herself as a McGovern Democrat and rides motorcycles as a hobby?

CARTER: I like them both. But in the past 20 or 25 years, I've been much closer to Gloria, because she lives next door to me and Ruth lives in North Carolina. We hardly saw Ruth more than once a year at family get-togethers. What political attitudes Ruth has had, I have not the slightest idea. But my mother and Gloria and I have been very compatible. We supported Lyndon Johnson openly during the 1964 campaign and my mother worked at the Johnson county headquarters, which was courageous, not an easy thing to do politically. She would come out of the Johnson headquarters and find her car smeared with soap and the antenna tied in a knot and ugly messages left on the front seat. When my young boys went to school, they were beaten. So Mother and Gloria and I, along with my Rosalynn, have had the same attitudes even when we were in a minority in Plains. But Ruth lives in a different world in North Carolina.

PLAYBOY: Granting that you're not as close to your religious sister as is assumed, we still wonder how *your* religious

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beliefs would translate into political action. For instance, would you appoint judges who would be harsh or lenient toward victimless crimes—offenses such as drug use, adultery, sodomy and homosexuality?

CARTER: Committing adultery, according to the Bible—which I believe in—is a sin. For us to hate one another, for us to have sexual intercourse outside marriage, for us to engage in homosexual activities, for us to steal, for us to lie—all these are sins. But Jesus teaches us not to judge other people. We don't assume the role of judge and say to another human being, "You're condemned because you commit sins." All Christians, all of us, acknowledge that we are sinful and the judgment comes from God, not from another human being.

As governor of Georgia, I tried to shift the emphasis of law enforcement away from victimless crimes. We lessened the penalties on the use of marijuana. We removed alcoholism as a crime, and so forth. Victimless crimes, in my opinion, should have a very low priority in terms of enforcing the laws on the books. But as to appointing judges, that would not be the basis on which I'd appoint them. I would choose people who were competent, whose judgment and integrity were sound. I think it would be inappropriate to ask them how they were going to rule on a particular question before I appointed them.

PLAYBOY: What *about* those laws on the books that govern personal behavior? Should they be enforced?

CARTER: Almost every state in the Union has laws against adultery and many of them have laws against homosexuality and sodomy. But they're often considered by police officers as not worthy of enforcing to the extent of disturbing consenting adults or breaking into a person's private home.

PLAYBOY: But, of course, that gives the police a lot of leeway to enforce them selectively. Do you think such laws should be on the books at all?

CARTER: That's a judgment for the individual states to make. I think the laws are on the books quite often because of their relationship to the Bible. Early in the nation's development, the Judaeo-Christian moral standards were accepted as a basis for civil law. But I don't think it hurts to have this kind of standard maintained as a goal. I also think it's an area that's been interpreted by the Supreme Court as one that can rightfully be retained by the individual states.

PLAYBOY: Do you think liberalization of the laws over the past decade by factors as diverse as the pill and PLAYBOY—an effect some people would term permissiveness—has been a harmful development?

CARTER: Liberalization of some of the laws has been good. You can't legislate morality. We tried to outlaw consumption of alcoholic beverages. We found that violation of the law led to bigger crimes and bred disrespect for the law.

PLAYBOY: We're confused. You say morality can't be legislated, yet you support certain laws because they preserve old moral standards. How do you reconcile the two positions?

CARTER: I believe people should honor civil laws. If there is a conflict between God's law and civil law, we should honor God's law. But we should be willing to accept civil punishment. Most of Christ's original followers were killed because of their belief in Christ; they violated the civil law in following God's law. Reinhold Niebuhr, a theologian who has dealt with this problem at length, says that the framework of law is a balancing of forces in a society; the law itself tends to alleviate tensions brought about by these forces. But the laws on the books are not a measure of this balance nearly as much as the degree to which the laws are enforced. So when a law is anachronistic and is carried over from a previous age, it's just not observed.

PLAYBOY: What we're getting at is how much you'd tolerate behavior that your religion considers wrong. For instance, in San Francisco, you said you considered homosexuality a sin. What does that mean in political terms?

CARTER: The issue of homosexuality always makes me nervous. It's obviously one of the major issues in San Francisco. I don't have any, you know, personal knowledge about homosexuality and I guess being a Baptist, that would contribute to a sense of being uneasy.

PLAYBOY: Does it make you uneasy to discuss it simply as a political question?

CARTER: No, it's more complicated than that. It's political, it's moral and it's strange territory for me. At home in Plains, we've had homosexuals in our community, our church. There's never been any sort of discrimination—some embarrassment but no animosity, no harassment. But to inject it into a public discussion on politics and how it conflicts with morality is a new experience for me. I've thought about it a lot, but I don't see how to handle it differently from the way I look on other sexual acts outside marriage.

PLAYBOY: We'd like to ask you a blunt question: Isn't it just these views about what's "sinful" and what's "immoral" that contribute to the feeling that you might get a call from God, or get inspired and push the wrong button? More realistically, wouldn't we expect a puritanical tone to be set in the White House if you were elected?

CARTER: Harry Truman was a Baptist. Some people get very abusive about the Baptist faith. If people want to know about it, they can read the New Testament. The main thing is that we don't think we're better than anyone else. We are taught not to judge other people. But as to some of the behavior you've

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mentioned. I can't change the teachings of Christ. I can't change the teachings of Christ! I believe in them, and a lot of people in this country do as well. Jews believe in the Bible. They have the same commandments.

PLAYBOY: Then you as President, in appointing Supreme Court Justices——

CARTER: I think we've pursued this conversation long enough—if you have another question. . . . Look, I'll try to express my views. It's not a matter of condemnation, it's not a matter of persecution. I've been a governor for four years. Anybody can come and look at my record. I didn't run around breaking down people's doors to see if they were fornicating. This is something that's ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: We know you didn't, but we're being so persistent because of this matter of self-righteousness, because of the moral certainty of so many of your statements. People wonder if Jimmy Carter ever is unsure. Has he ever been wrong, has he ever had a failure of moral nerve?

CARTER: Well, there are a lot of things I could have done differently had I known during my early life what I now know. I would certainly have spoken out more clearly and loudly on the civil rights issue. I would have demanded that our nation never get involved initially in the Vietnam war. I would have told the country in 1972 that Watergate was a much more horrible crime than we thought at the time. It's easy to say in hindsight what you would have done if you had had information you now have.

PLAYBOY: We were asking not so much about hindsight as about being fallible. Aren't there any examples of things you did that weren't absolutely right?

CARTER: I don't mind repeating myself. There are a lot of those in my life. Not speaking out for the cessation of the war in Vietnam. The fact that I didn't crusade at a very early stage for civil rights in the South, for the one-man, one-vote ruling. It might be that now I should drop my campaign for President and start a crusade for black-majority rule in South Africa or Rhodesia. It might be that later on, we'll discover there were opportunities in our lives to do wonderful things and we didn't take advantage of them.

The fact that in 1954 I sat back and required the Warren Court to make this ruling without having crusaded myself—that was obviously a mistake on my part. But these are things you have to judge under the circumstances that prevailed when the decisions were being made. Back then, the Congress, the President, the newspaper editors, the civil libertarians all said that separate-but-equal facilities were adequate. These are opportunities overlooked, or maybe they could be characterized as absence of courage.

PLAYBOY: Since you still seem to be saying you'd have done the right thing if you'd known what you know now, is it realistic to conclude that a person running for the highest office in the land *can't* admit many mistakes or moments of self-doubt?

CARTER: I think that's a human circumstance. But if there are issues I'm avoiding because of a lack of courage, either I don't recognize them or I can't make myself recognize them.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Vietnam. Do you feel you spoke out at an early enough stage against the war?

CARTER: No, I did not. I never spoke out publicly about withdrawing completely from Vietnam until March of 1971.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CARTER: It was the first time anybody had asked me about it. I was a farmer before then and wasn't asked about the war until I took office. There was a general feeling in this country that we ought not to be in Vietnam to start with. The American people were tremendously misled about the immediate prospects for victory, about the level of our involvement, about the relative cost in American lives. If I had known in the Sixties what I knew in the early Seventies, I think I would have spoken out more strongly. I was not in public office. When I took office as governor in 1970, I began to speak out about complete withdrawal. It was late compared with what many others had done, but I think it's accurate to say that the Congress and the people—with the exception of very small numbers of people—shared the belief that we were protecting our democratic allies.

"I can't change the teachings of Christ. I can't change the teachings of Christ! I believe in them, and a lot of people in this country do as well."

PLAYBOY: Even without holding office, you must have had some feelings about the war. When do you recall first feeling it was wrong?

CARTER: There was an accepted feeling by me and everybody else that we ought not to be there, that we should never have gotten involved, we ought to get out.

PLAYBOY: You felt that way all through the Sixties?

CARTER: Yeah, that's right, and I might hasten to say that it was the same feeling expressed by Senators Russell and Talmadge—very conservative Southern political figures. They thought it was a serious mistake to be in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: Your son Jack fought in that war. Did you have any qualms about it at the time?

CARTER: Well, yes, I had problems about my son fighting in the war, period. But I never make my sons' decisions for them. Jack went to war feeling it was foolish, a waste of time, much more deeply than I did. He also felt it would have been grossly unfair for him not to go when other, poorer kids had to.

PLAYBOY: You were in favor of allocating funds for the South Vietnamese in 1975 as the war was coming to a close, weren't you?

CARTER: That was when we were getting ready to evacuate our troops. The purpose of the money was to get our people out and maintain harmony between us and our Vietnamese allies, who had fought with us for 25 years. And I said yes, I would do that. But it was not a permanent thing, not to continue the war but to let us get our troops out in an orderly fashion.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the argument that it was the Democrats, not the Republicans, who got us into the Vietnam war?

CARTER: I think it started originally, maybe, with Eisenhower, then Kennedy, Johnson and then Nixon. It's not a partisan matter. I think Eisenhower probably first got us in there thinking that since France had failed, our country might slip in there and succeed. Kennedy thought he could escalate involvement by going beyond the mere advisory role. I guess if there was one President who made the most determined effort, conceivably, to end the war by massive force, it was certainly Johnson. And Nixon went into Cambodia and bombed it, and so forth.

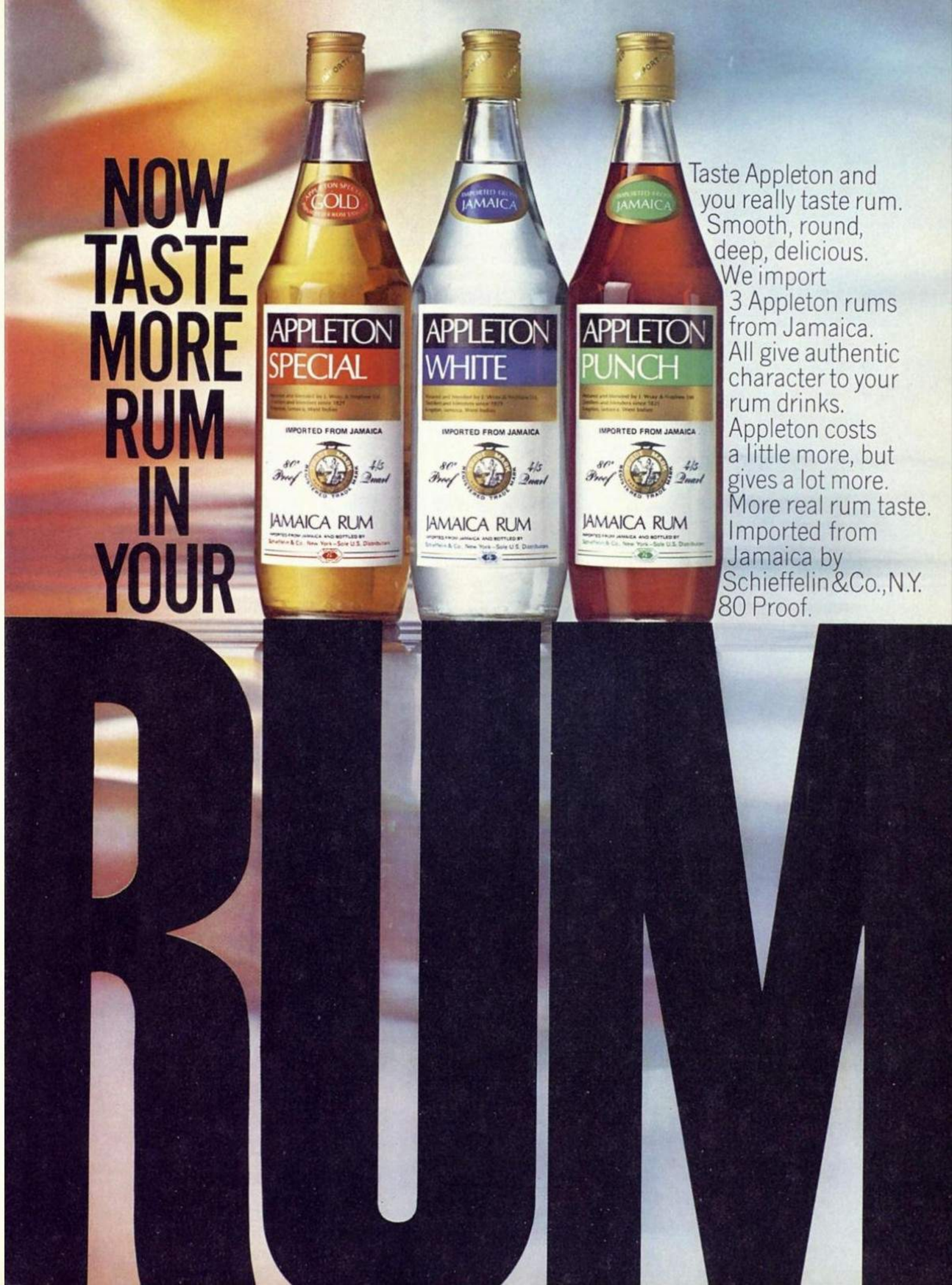
It's not partisan—it's just a matter that evolved as a habit over several administrations. There was a governmental consciousness to deal in secrecy, to exclude the American people, to mislead them with false statements and sometimes outright lies. Had the American people been told the facts from the beginning by Eisenhower, Kennedy, MacNamara, Johnson, Kissinger and Nixon, I think there would have been different decisions made in our Government.

PLAYBOY: At the Democratic Convention, you praised Johnson as a President who had vastly extended human rights. Were you simply omitting any mention of Vietnam?

CARTER: It was obviously the factor that destroyed his political career and damaged his whole life. But as far as what I said at the convention, there hasn't been another President in our history—with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln—who did so much to advance the cause of human rights.

PLAYBOY: Except for the human rights of the Vietnamese and the Americans who fought there.

CARTER: Well, I really believe that Johnson's motives were good. I think he tried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to end the war even while the fighting was going on, and he was speaking about massive rehabilitation efforts, financed by our Government, to help people. I don't think he ever had any desire for permanent entrenchment of our forces in Vietnam. I think he had a mistaken notion that he was defending democracy and that what he was doing was compatible with the desires of the South Vietnamese.

PLAYBOY: Then what about the administration that *ended* the war? Don't you have to give credit to Kissinger, the Secretary of State of a Republican President, for ending a war that a Democratic President escalated?

CARTER: I think the statistics show that more bombs were dropped in Vietnam and Cambodia under Nixon and Kissinger than under Johnson. Both administrations were at fault; but I don't think the end came about as a result of Kissinger's superior diplomacy. It was the result of several factors that built up in an inexorable way: the demonstrated strength of the Viet Cong, the tremendous pressure to withdraw that came from the American people and an aroused Congress. I think Nixon and Kissinger did the proper thing in starting a phased withdrawal, but I don't consider that to be a notable diplomatic achievement by Kissinger. As we've now learned, he promised the Vietnamese things that cannot be delivered—reparations, payments, economic advantages, and so forth. Getting out of Vietnam was very good, but whether Kissinger deserved substantial diplomatic credit for it is something I doubt.

PLAYBOY: You've said you'll pardon men who refused military service because of the Vietnam war but not necessarily those who deserted while they were in the Armed Forces. Is that right?

CARTER: That's right. I would not include them. Deserters ought to be handled on a separate-case basis. There's a difference to me. I was in the Navy for a long time. Somebody who goes into the military joins a kind of mutual partnership arrangement, you know what I mean? Your life depends on other people, their lives depend on you. So I don't intend to pardon the deserters. As far as the other categories of war resisters go, to me the ones who stayed in this country and let their opposition to the war be known publicly are more heroic than those who went and hid in Sweden. But I'm not capable of judging motives, so I'm just going to declare a blanket pardon.

PLAYBOY: When?

CARTER: The first week I'm in office.

PLAYBOY: You've avoided the word amnesty and chosen to use the word pardon, but there doesn't seem to be much difference between the two in the dictionary. Could it be because amnesty is more emotionally charged and pardon a word more people will accept?

CARTER: You know I can't deny that. But

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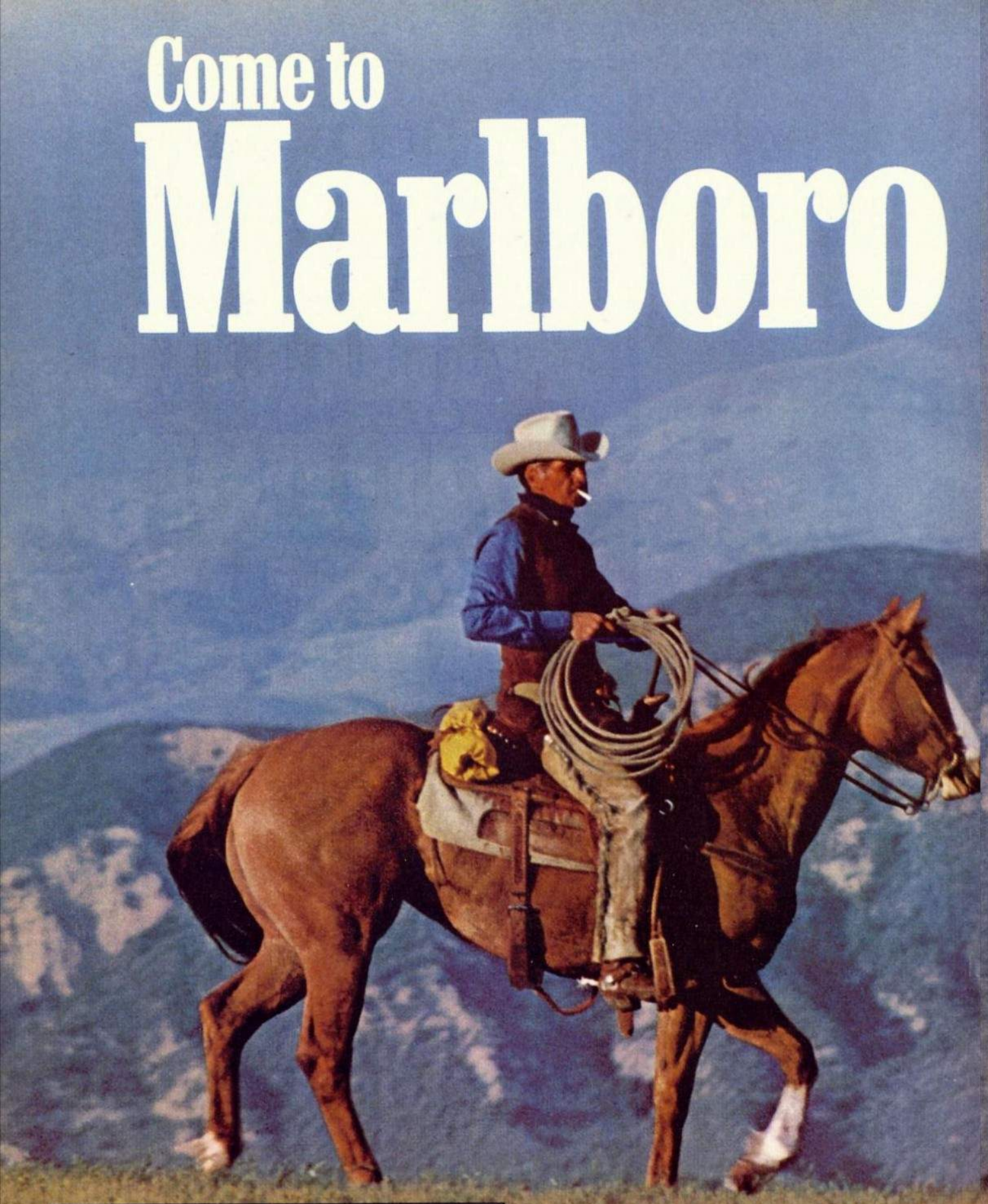

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my reason for distinguishing between the two is that I think that all of those poor, and often black, young men who went to Vietnam are more worthy of recognition than those who defected, and the word pardon includes those who simply avoided the war completely. But I just want to bring the defectors back to this country without punishment and, in doing so, I would like to have the support of the American people. I haven't been able to devise for private or public presentation a better way to do it.

PLAYBOY: Earlier this year, there was a report that as governor of Georgia, you had issued a resolution that seemed to support William Calley after his trial for the My Lai massacre and that you'd referred to him as a scapegoat. Was that a misreading of your position?

CARTER: Yes. There was no reason for me to mislead anybody on the Calley thing. I thought when I first read about him that Calley was a murderer. He was tried in Georgia and found to be a murderer. I said two things: One, that Calley was not typical of our American Servicemen and, two, that he was a scapegoat because his superiors should have been tried, too. The resolution I made as governor didn't have anything to do with Calley. The purpose of it, calling for solidarity with our boys in Vietnam, was to distinguish American Servicemen fighting an unpopular war. They weren't murderers, but they were equated, unfortunately, with a murderer in people's minds.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for this interview, we spoke with your mother, your son Chip and your sister Gloria. We asked them what single action would most disappoint them in a Carter Presidency. They all replied that it would be if you ever sent troops to intervene in a foreign war. In fact, Miss Lillian said she would picket the White House.

CARTER: They share my views completely.

PLAYBOY: What about more limited military action? Would you have handled the Mayaguez incident the same way President Ford did?

CARTER: Let me assess that in retrospect. It's obvious we didn't have adequate intelligence; we attacked an island when the Mayaguez crew was no longer there. There was a desire, I think, on the part of President Ford to extract maximum publicity from our effort, so that about 23 minutes after our crew was released, we went ahead and bombed the island airport. I hope I would have been capable of getting adequate intelligence, surrounded the island more quickly and isolated the crew so we wouldn't have had to attack the airport after the crew was released. These are some of the differences in the way I would have done it.

PLAYBOY: So it's a matter of degree; you would have intervened militarily, too.

CARTER: I would have done everything necessary to keep the crew from being taken to the mainland, yes.

PLAYBOY: Then would you summarize your position on foreign intervention?

CARTER: I would never intervene for the purpose of overthrowing a government. If enough were at stake for our national interest, I would use prestige, legitimate diplomatic leverage, trade mechanisms. But it would be the sort of effort that would not be embarrassing to this nation if revealed completely. I don't ever want to do anything as President that would be a contravention of the moral and ethical standards that I would exemplify in my own life as an individual or that would violate the principles or character of the American people.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it's fair criticism that you seem to be going back to some familiar faces—such as Paul Warnke and Cyrus Vance—for foreign-policy advice? Isn't there a danger of history's repeating itself when you seek out those who were involved in our Vietnam decisions?

CARTER: I haven't heard that criticism. If you're raising it, then I respond to the new critic. These people contribute to foreign-affairs journals, they individually explore different concepts of foreign

"I don't ever want to do anything as President that would be a contravention of the moral and ethical standards that I would exemplify in my own life as an individual."

policy. I have 15 or 20 people who work with me very closely on foreign affairs. Their views are quite divergent. The fact that they may or may not have been involved in foreign-policy decisions in the past is certainly no detriment to their ability to help me now.

PLAYBOY: In some respects, your foreign policy seems similar to that established by Kissinger, Nixon and Ford. In fact, Kissinger stated that he didn't think your differences were substantial. How, precisely, does your view differ from theirs?

CARTER: As I've said in my speeches, I feel the policy of *détente* has given up too much to the Russians and gotten too little in return. I also feel Kissinger has equated his own popularity with the so-called advantages of *détente*. As I've traveled and spoken with world leaders—Helmut Schmidt of West Germany, Yitzhak Rabin of Israel, various leaders in Japan—I've discerned a deep concern on their part that the United States has abandoned a long-standing principle: to consult mutually, to share responsibility for problems. This has been a damaging thing. In addition, I believe we should have stronger bilateral relations with developing nations.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean when you say we've given up too much to the Russians?

CARTER: One example I've mentioned often is the Helsinki agreement. I never saw any reason we should be involved in the Helsinki meetings at all. We added the stature of our presence and signature to an agreement that, in effect, ratified the take-over of eastern Europe by the Soviet Union. We got very little, if anything, in return. The Russians promised they would honor democratic principles and permit the free movement of their citizens, including those who want to emigrate. The Soviet Union has not lived up to those promises and Mr. Brezhnev was able to celebrate the major achievement of his diplomatic life.

PLAYBOY: Are you charging that Kissinger was too soft on the Russians?

CARTER: Kissinger has been in the position of being almost uniquely a spokesman for our nation. I think that is a legitimate role and a proper responsibility of the President himself. Kissinger has had a kind of Lone Ranger, secret foreign-policy attitude, which almost ensures that there cannot be adequate consultation with our allies; there cannot be a long-range commitment to unchanging principles; there cannot be a coherent evolution on foreign policy; there cannot be a bipartisan approach with support and advice from Congress. This is what I would avoid as President and is one of the major defects in the Nixon-Ford foreign policy as expressed by Kissinger.

PLAYBOY: Say, do you always do your own sewing? *(This portion of the interview also took place aboard a plane. As he answered the interviewer's questions, Carter had been sewing a rip in his jacket with a needle and thread he carried with him.)*

CARTER: Uh-huh. *(He bit off the thread with his teeth.)*

PLAYBOY: Anyway, you said earlier that your foreign policy would exemplify your moral and ethical standards. Isn't there as much danger in an overly moralistic policy as in the kind that is too pragmatic?

CARTER: I've said I don't think we should intervene militarily, but I see no reason not to express our approval, at least verbally, with those nations that develop democratically. When Kissinger says, as he did recently in a speech, that Brazil is the sort of government that is most compatible with ours—well, that's the kind of thing we want to change. Brazil is not a democratic government; it's a military dictatorship. In many instances, it's highly repressive to political prisoners. Our Government should justify the character and moral principles of the American people, and our foreign policy

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should not short-circuit that for temporary advantage. I think in every instance we've done that it's been counterproductive. When the CIA undertakes covert activities that might be justified if they were peaceful, we always suffer when they're revealed—it always seems as if we're trying to tell other people how to act. When Kissinger and Ford warned Italy she would be excluded from NATO if the Communists assumed power, that was the best way to make sure Communists *were* elected. The Italian voters resent it. A proper posture for our country in this sort of situation is to show, through demonstration, that our own Government works properly, that democracy is advantageous, and let the Italian people make their own decisions.

PLAYBOY: And what if the Communists in Italy had been elected in greater numbers than they were? What if they had actually become a key part of the Italian government?

CARTER: I think it would be a mechanism for subversion of the strength of NATO and the cohesiveness that ought to bind European countries together. The proper posture was the one taken by Helmut Schmidt, who said that German aid to Italy would be endangered.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that constitutes a form of intervention in the democratic processes of another nation?

CARTER: No, I don't. I think that when the democratic nations of the world express themselves frankly and forcefully and openly, that's a proper exertion of influence. We did the same thing in Portugal. Instead of going in through surreptitious means and trying to overthrow the government when it looked like the minority Communist Party was going to assume power, the NATO countries as a group made it clear to Portugal what it would lose in the way of friendship, trade opportunities, and so forth. And the Portuguese people, recognizing that possibility, decided that the Communists should not lead their government. Well, that was legitimate exertion of influence, in my opinion. It was done openly and it was a mere statement of fact.

PLAYBOY: You used the word subversion referring to communism. Hasn't the world changed since we used to throw words like that around? Aren't the west European Communist parties more independent of Moscow and more willing to respect democracy?

CARTER: Yes, the world's changed. In my speeches, I've made it clear that as far as Communist leaders in such countries as Italy, France and Portugal are concerned, I would not want to close the doors of communication, consultation and friendship to them. That would be an almost automatic forcing of the Communist leaders into the Soviet sphere of influence. I also think we should keep open our opportunities for the east European nations—even those that are completely Communist—to trade with us, understand us, have tourist exchange and give them an option from complete domination by the Soviet Union.

But again, I don't think you could expect West Germany to lend Poland two billion dollars—which was the figure in the case of Italy—when Poland is part of the Soviet government's satellite and supportive-nation group. So I think the best way to minimize totalitarian influence within the governments of Europe is to make sure the democratic forces perform properly. The major shift toward the Communists in Italy was in the local elections, when the Christian Democrats destroyed their reputation by graft and corruption. If we can make our own Government work, if we can avoid future Watergates and avoid the activities of the CIA that have been revealed, if we can minimize joblessness and inflation, this will be a good way to lessen the inclination of people in other countries to turn away from our form of government.

PLAYBOY: What about Chile? Would you agree that that was a case of the United States', through the CIA, intervening improperly?

"I'm just a human being like everybody else.... I have different relationships with different kinds of people: sometimes very serious, sometimes very formal, sometimes lighthearted, sometimes intense, sometimes casual."

CARTER: Yes. There's no doubt about it. Sure.

PLAYBOY: And you would stop that sort of thing?

CARTER: Absolutely. Yes, sir.

PLAYBOY: What about economic sanctions? Do you feel we should have punished the Allende government the way we did?

CARTER: That's a complicated question, because we don't know what caused the fall of the Allende government, the murder of perhaps thousands of people, the incarceration of many others. I don't have any facts as to how deeply involved we were, but my impression is that we were involved quite deeply. As I said, I wouldn't have done that if I were President. But as to whether or not we ought to have an option on the terms of our loans, repayment schedules, interest charges, the kinds of materials we sell to them—those are options I would retain depending upon the compatibility of a foreign government with our own.

PLAYBOY: To what do you attribute all those deceptions and secret maneuverings through the years? Why were they allowed to happen?

CARTER: It was a matter of people's just saying, Well, that's politics; we don't have a right to know what our Government is doing; secrecy is OK; accepting gifts is OK; excluding the American people is OK. These are the kinds of things I want to change.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you're saying Americans accepted indecency and lies in their Government all too easily. Doesn't that make your constant campaign theme, invoking the decency and honesty of the American people, somewhat naïve and ingenuous?

CARTER: I say that the American people are basically decent and honest and want a truthful Government. Obviously, I know there are people in this country, out of 214,000,000, who are murderers. There are people, maybe, who don't want a decent Government. Maybe there are people who prefer lies to truth. But I don't think it's simplistic to say that our Government hasn't measured up to the ethical and moral standards of the people of this country. We've had better governments in the past and I think our people, as I've said many times, are just as strong, courageous and intelligent as they were 200 years ago. I think we still have the same inner strength they had then.

PLAYBOY: Even though a lot of people support that feeling, many others think it makes you sound like an evangelist. And that makes it all the more confusing when they read about your hanging out with people so different from you in lifestyle and beliefs. Your publicized friendship with journalist Hunter Thompson, who makes no secret of his affinity for drugs and other craziness, is a good example.

CARTER: Well, in the first place, I'm a human being. I'm not a packaged article that you can put in a little box and say, "Here's a Southern Baptist, an ignorant Georgia peanut farmer who doesn't have the right to enjoy music, who has no flexibility in his mind, who can't understand the sensitivities of an interpersonal relationship. He's gotta be predictable. He's gotta be for Calley and for the war. He's gotta be a liar. He's gotta be a racist."

You know, that's the sort of stereotype people tend to assume, and I hope it doesn't apply to me. And I don't see any mystery about having a friendship with Hunter Thompson. I guess it's something that's part of my character and it becomes a curiosity for those who see some mystery about someone of my background being elected President. I'm just a human being like everybody else. I have different interests, different understandings of the world around me, different relationships with different kinds of

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Indianapolis — The Style Store
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Vineland — Dom Michaels

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Gate's

NEW YORK
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Cleveland — Gornik's
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Columbus — Harry's Big & Tall
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Oak Ridge — Samuel's
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Arlington — Watson's
Austin — Frank's King Size
Austin — Joske's
Austin — Merritt, Schaeffer & Brown
Beaumont — Joske's
Beaumont — The White House
Beaumont — George Wilson's
Brownsville — Joske's
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Lubbock — S & G Clothiers
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Waco — Cox's
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Wichita Falls — Fieldson's
Wichita Falls — Perkin's
Woodlands — The Man's Shop

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Salt Lake City — Dahle's Big & Tall

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Annandale — The Quality Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
Bristol — T. J. Toga & Tennis
Richmond — Franco's

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Bellingham — Gage's
Bothell — The Talisman
Fircrest — Ostlund's
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Princeton — The Stag
Weirton — Weinberg's
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people. I have a broad range of friends: sometimes very serious, sometimes very formal, sometimes lighthearted, sometimes intense, sometimes casual.

PLAYBOY: So when you find yourself at a rock concert or in some other situation that seems at odds with your rural, religious background, you never feel a sense of estrangement?

CARTER: None. No. I feel at home with 'em.

PLAYBOY: How did you get to feel this way without going through culture shock?

CARTER: I have three sons, who now range from 23 to 29, and the oldest of them were very influenced by Bob Dylan in their attitudes toward civil rights, criminal justice and the Vietnam war. This was about the period of time I was entering politics. I've been fairly close to my sons and their taste in music influenced my taste, and I was able to see the impact of Bob Dylan's attitudes on young people. And I was both gratified by and involved emotionally in those changes of attitudes.

Later, when I became governor, I was acquainted with some of the people at Capricorn Records in Macon—Otis Redding and others. It was they who began to meld the white and black music industries, and that was quite a sociological change for our region. So as I began to travel around Georgia, I made contact a few days every month or two with Capricorn Records, just to stay in touch with people in the state, and got to know all the Allman Brothers, Dicky Betts and others. Later on, I met Charlie Daniels and the Marshall Tucker Band.

Then I decided to run for President. I didn't have any money and didn't have any political base, so I had to depend substantially on the friends I already had. One of my potential sources for fund raising and for recruiting young volunteers was the group of recording stars I already knew. So we began to have concerts and I got to know them even better.

Of course, I've also been close to the country-music folks in Georgia, as well as the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. The first large contribution I got—$1000—was from Robert Shaw, the music director of the orchestra. We've been over at the Grand Ole Opry a few times and gotten to know people like Chubby Jackson and Tom T. Hall.

PLAYBOY: There's been a lot of publicity about your relationship with Dylan, whom you quoted in your acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention. How did that come about?

CARTER: A number of years ago, my second son, Chip, who was working full time in our farming business, took a week off during Christmas. He and a couple of his friends drove all the way to New York—just to see Bob Dylan. There had been a heavy snowstorm and the boys had to park several miles from Dylan's home. It was after Dylan was injured, when he was in seclusion. Apparently, Dylan came to the door with two of his kids and shook hands with Chip. By the time Chip got to the nearest phone, a couple of miles away, and called us at home, he was nearly incoherent. Rosalynn couldn't understand what Chip was talking about, so she screamed, "Jimmy, come here quick! Something's happened to Chip!"

We finally deciphered that he had shaken Dylan's hand and was just, you know, very carried away with it. So when I read that Dylan was going on tour again, I wrote him a little personal note and asked him to come visit me at the governor's mansion. I think he checked with Phil Walden of Capricorn Records and Bill Graham to find out what kind of guy *is* this, and he was assured I didn't want to use him, I was just interested in his music.

The night he came, we had a chance to talk about his music and about changing times and pent-up emotions in young people. He said he didn't have any inclination to change the world, that he wasn't crusading and that his personal feelings were apparently compatible with the yearnings of an entire generation. We also discussed Israel, which he had a strong interest in. But that's my only contact with Bob Dylan, that night.

"I've been fairly close to my sons and their taste in music influenced my taste, and I was able to see the impact of Bob Dylan's attitudes on young people."

PLAYBOY: That brings us back to the reason so many people find it hard to get a handle on you: On the one hand, your association with youth culture, civil rights and other liberal movements; and on the other, your apparent conservatism on many issues. Would you care to put it in a nutshell for us?

CARTER: I'll try. On human rights, civil rights, environmental quality, I consider myself to be very liberal. On the management of government, on openness of government, on strengthening individual liberties and local levels of government, I consider myself a conservative. And I don't see that the two attitudes are incompatible.

PLAYBOY: Then let's explore a few more issues. Not everyone is sure, for instance, what you mean by your call for tax reform. Does it mean that the burden will shift to corporations and upper-income groups and away from the middle- and lower-income groups, or are you talking merely about a simplified tax code?

CARTER: It would involve both. One change I'm calling for is simplification, and the other involves shifting the income-tax burden away from the lower-income families. But what I'm really talking about is total, comprehensive tax reform for the first time since the income tax was approved back in 1913, I think it was.

It's not possible to give you a definitive statement on tax reform any time soon. It's going to take at least a year before we can come up with a new tax structure. But there are some general provisions that would be instituted that aren't there now. The income-tax code, which now comprises 40,000 pages, will be greatly simplified. Income should be taxed only once. We should have a true progressive income tax, so that the higher the income, the higher the percentage of taxation. I see no reason why capital gains should be taxed at half the rate of income from manual labor. I would be committed to a great reduction in tax incentives, loopholes or whatever you want to call them, which are used as mechanisms to solve transient economic problems; they ought to be on a basis of annual appropriation or a time limit, rather than be built into the tax structure.

In any case, these are five or six things that would be dramatic departures from what we presently have and they should tell you what side of the issue I stand on.

PLAYBOY: Would one of those be increasing taxes for corporations, especially the overseas and domestic profits of multinational corporations?

CARTER: No, I don't think so. Obviously, there have been provisions written into the law that favor certain corporations, including those that have overseas investments; I would remove those incentives. Tax laws also benefit those who have the best lobbying efforts, those who have the most influence in Washington, and the larger the corporations are, on the average, the smaller proportion they pay in taxes. Small businesses quite often pay the flat maximum rate, 48 percent, while some larger corporations pay as little as five or six percent. That ought to be changed.

But as far as increasing over-all corporate taxes above the 50 percent level, I wouldn't favor that. We also have the circumstance of multinational corporations' depending on bribery as a mechanism for determining the outcome of a sale. I think bribery in international affairs ought to be considered a crime and punishable by imprisonment.

PLAYBOY: Would you sympathize with the anticorporate attitude that many voters feel?

CARTER: Well, I'm not particularly anticorporate, but I'd say I'm more oriented to consumer protection. One of the things I've established throughout the campaign is the need to break up the sweetheart arrangement between regulatory agencies and the industries they regulate. Another

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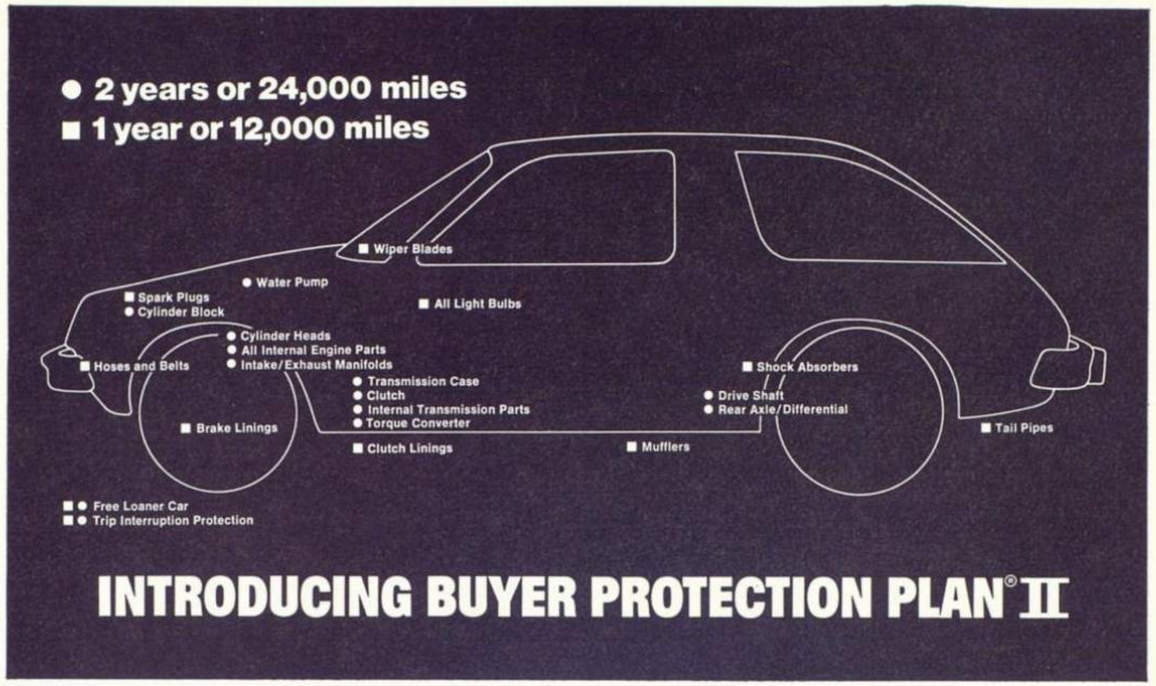

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All Light Bulbs	YES	NO	YES	NO
Hoses and Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO
Mufflers	YES	NO	NO	YES
Tail Pipes	YES	NO	NO	YES
Services Provided Free				
Free Loaner Car	YES	NO	NO	NO
Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO

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is the need for rigid and enthusiastic enforcement of the antitrust laws.

PLAYBOY: To take another issue, you favor a comprehensive Federal health-care system. Why don't you just support the Kennedy-Corman bill, which provides for precisely that?

CARTER: As a general philosophy, wherever the private sector can perform a function as effectively and efficiently as the Government, I would prefer to keep it within the private sector. So I would like the insurance aspect of the health program to be carried out by employer/employee contribution. There would be contributions from the general fund for those who are indigent. I would also have a very heavy emphasis on preventive health care, since I believe most of the major afflictions that beset people can be prevented or minimized. And I favor the use to a greater degree of nonphysicians, such as nurses, physicians' assistants, and so forth. Some of these things are in conflict with the provisions of the Kennedy-Corman bill.

PLAYBOY: Let us ask you about one last stand: abortion.

CARTER: I think abortion is wrong and I will do everything I can as President to minimize the need for abortions—within the framework of the decision of the Supreme Court, which I can't change. Georgia had a more conservative approach to abortion, which I personally favored, but the Supreme Court ruling suits me all right. I signed a Georgia law as governor that was compatible with the Supreme Court decision.

PLAYBOY: You think it's wrong, but the ruling suits you? What would we tell a woman who said her vote would depend on how you stood on abortion?

CARTER: If a woman's major purpose in life is to have unrestricted abortions, then she ought *not* to vote for me. But she wouldn't have anyone to vote for.

PLAYBOY: There seem to have been relatively few women in important staff positions in your campaign. Is that accurate?

CARTER: Women have been in charge of our entire campaign effort in Georgia and in New York State outside New York City. Also in Nebraska, Kansas, a third of the state of Florida and other areas.

PLAYBOY: But whenever we hear about a meeting of top staff members, they almost always seem to be white males. Is that a failing in your organization?

CARTER: I don't know about a failing. The three people with whom I consult regularly—in addition to my wife—are white males: Hamilton Jordan, Jody Powell and Charles Kirbo. But we *do* have a lot of women involved in the campaign. We are now setting up a policy committee to run a nationwide effort to coordinate Democratic races and 50 percent of the members of this committee will be women. But Jody has been my press secretary since 1970, and Hamilton and Kirbo were my major advisors in 1966. It's such an extremely stable staff that there's been no turnover at all in the past five or six years. But we've made a lot of progress, I think, in including women, and I think you'll see more.

PLAYBOY: You mention very frequently how much you count on your wife's advice. Isn't there a strain during the campaign, with the two of you separated so much of the time?

CARTER: Well, when I was in the Navy, I was at sea most of the time and I'd see her maybe one or two nights a week. Now, when I'm home in Plains, I see her almost every night. And if I'm elected President, I'll see her *every* night. So there is obviously a time to be together and a time to be separated. If you're apart three or four days and then meet again, it's almost—for me, it's a very exciting reunion. I'll have been away from Rosalynn for a few days and if I see her across an airport lobby, or across a street, I get just as excited as I did when I was, you know, 30 years younger.

We have a very close, very intimate sharing of our lives and we've had a tremendous magnification of our life's purposes in politics. Before 1966, she and I were both very shy. It was almost a painful thing to approach a stranger or make a speech. It's been a mutual change we've gone through, because we both felt it was worth while; so no matter what the outcome of the election, the relationship between Rosalynn and me will be very precious.

"I just look at death as not a threat. It's inevitable, and I have an assurance of eternal life.... I don't say that in a mysterious way; I recognize the possibility of assassination.... But I just don't worry."

PLAYBOY: Did you both have the usual share of troubles adjusting to marriage?

CARTER: We did at first. We've come to understand each other much better. I was by far the dominant person in the marriage at the beginning, but not anymore. She's just as strong, if not stronger than I am. She's fully equal to me in every way in our relationship, in making business decisions, and she makes most of the decisions about family affairs. And I think it was a struggle for her to achieve this degree of independence and equality in our personal relationship. So, to summarize, years ago we had a lot of quarrels—none serious, particularly—but now we don't.

PLAYBOY: A lot of marriages are foundering these days. Why is yours so successful?

CARTER: Well, I really love Rosalynn more now than I did when I married her. And I have loved no other women except her. I had gone out with all kinds of girls, sometimes fairly steadily, but I just never cared about them. Rosalynn had been a friend of my sister's and was three years younger than I, which is a tremendous chasm in the high school years. She was just one of those insignificant little girls around the house. Then, when I was 21 and home from the Navy on leave, I took her out to a movie. Nothing extraordinary happened, but the next morning I told my mother, "That's the girl I want to marry." It's the best thing that ever happened to me.

We also share a religious faith, and the two or three times in our married life when we've had a serious crisis, I think that's what sustained our marriage and helped us overcome our difficulty. Our children, too, have been a factor binding Rosalynn and me together. After the boys, Amy came along late and it's been especially delightful for me, maybe because she's a little girl.

PLAYBOY: This is a tough question to ask, but because it's been such a factor in American political life, we wonder if you've ever discussed with Rosalynn the possibility of being assassinated. And, assuming you have, how do you deal with it in your own mind?

CARTER: Well, in the first place, I'm not afraid of death. In the second place, it's the same commitment I made when I volunteered to go into the submarine force. I accepted a certain degree of danger when I made the original decision, then I didn't worry about it anymore. It wasn't something that preyed on my mind; it wasn't something I had to reassess every five minutes. There is a certain element of danger in running for President, borne out by statistics on the number of Presidents who have been attacked, but I have to say frankly that it's something I never worry about.

PLAYBOY: Your first answer was that you don't fear death. Why not?

CARTER: It's part of my religious belief. I just look at death as not a threat. It's inevitable, and I have an assurance of eternal life. There is no feeling on my part that I *have* to be President, or that I *have* to live, or that I'm immune to danger. It's just that the termination of my physical life is relatively insignificant in my concept of over-all existence. I don't say that in a mysterious way; I recognize the possibility of assassination. But I guess everybody recognizes the possibility of other forms of death—automobile accidents, airplane accidents, cancer. I just don't worry.

PLAYBOY: There's been some evidence that Johnson and Nixon both seemed to have gone a bit crazy while they were in

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the White House. Do you ever wonder if the pressures of the office might make *anyone* mentally unstable?

CARTER: I really don't have the feeling that being in the White House is what caused Nixon's or Johnson's problems. Other Presidents have served without developing mental problems—Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, for instance. As far as I've been able to discern, President Ford approaches—or avoids—the duties of the White House with equanimity and self-assurance.

I think the ability to accept oneself and to feel secure and confident, to avoid any degree of paranoia, to face reality, these factors are fairly independent of whether or not one is President. The same factors would be important if someone were chief of police, or a schoolteacher, or a magazine editor. The pressure is greater on a President, obviously, than some of the jobs I've described, but I think the ability to accommodate pressure is a personal thing.

PLAYBOY: We noticed your crack about President Ford's avoiding the duties of the White House. Do you agree with Senator Mondale's assessment, when he said shortly after the nomination that Ford isn't intelligent enough to be a good President?

CARTER: Well, if you leave Mondale out of it, I personally think that President Ford is adequately intelligent to be President.

PLAYBOY: And what about your Presidency, if you're elected—will you have a dramatic first 1000 days?

CARTER: I would hope that my Administration wouldn't be terminated at the end of 1000 days, as was the case with one administration. I'm beginning to meet with key leaders of Congress to evolve specific legislation to implement the Democratic platform commitment. If I'm elected, there will be no delay in moving aggressively on a broad front to carry out the promises I've made to the American people. I intend to stick to everything I've promised.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for all the time you've given us. Incidentally, do you have any problems with appearing in PLAYBOY? Do you think you'll be criticized?

CARTER: I don't object to that at all. I don't believe I'll be criticized.

(At the final session, which took place in the living room of Carter's home in Plains, the allotted time was up. A press aide indicated that there were other appointments for which Carter was already late, and the aide opened the front door while amenities were exchanged. As the interviewer and the PLAYBOY *editor stood at the door, recording equipment in their arms, a final, seemingly casual question was tossed off. Carter then delivered a long, softly spoken monolog that grew in intensity as he made his final points. One of the journalists signaled to Carter that they were still taping, to which Carter nodded his assent.)*

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've reassured people with this interview, people who are uneasy about your religious beliefs, who wonder if you're going to make a rigid, unbending President?

CARTER: I don't know if you've been to Sunday school here yet; some of the press has attended. I teach there about every three or four weeks. It's getting to be a real problem because we don't have room to put everybody now when I teach. I don't know if we're going to have to issue passes or what. It almost destroys the worship aspect of it. But we had a good class last Sunday. It's a good way to learn what I believe and what the Baptists believe.

One thing the Baptists believe in is complete autonomy. I don't accept any domination of my life by the Baptist Church, none. Every Baptist church is individual and autonomous. We don't accept domination of our church from the Southern Baptist Convention. The reason the Baptist Church was formed in this country was because of our belief in absolute and total separation of church and state. These basic tenets make us almost unique. We don't believe in any hierarchy in church. We don't have bishops. Any officers chosen by the church are defined as servants, not bosses. They're supposed to do the dirty work, make sure the church is clean and painted and that sort of thing. So it's a very good, democratic structure.

"I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something that God recognizes I will do and God forgives me for it."

When my sons were small, we went to church and they went, too. But when they got old enough to make their own decisions, they decided when to go and they varied in their devoutness. Amy really looks forward to going to church, because she gets to see all her cousins at Sunday school. I never knew anything except going to church. My wife and I were born and raised in innocent times. The normal thing to do was to go to church.

What Christ taught about most was pride, that one person should never think he was any better than anybody else. One of the most vivid stories Christ told in one of his parables was about two people who went into a church. One was an official of the church, a Pharisee, and he said, "Lord, I thank you that I'm not like all those other people. I keep all your commandments, I give a tenth of everything I own. I'm here to give thanks for making me more acceptable in your sight." The other guy was despised by the nation, and he went in, prostrated himself on the floor and said, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner. I'm not worthy to lift my eyes to heaven." Christ asked the disciples which of the two had justified his life. The answer was obviously the one who was humble.

The thing that's drummed into us all the time is not to be proud, not to be better than anyone else, not to look down on people but to make ourselves acceptable in God's eyes through our own actions and recognize the simple truth that we're saved by grace. It's just a free gift through faith in Christ. This gives us a mechanism by which we can relate permanently to God. I'm not speaking for other people, but it gives me a sense of peace and equanimity and assurance.

I try not to commit a deliberate sin. I recognize that I'm going to do it anyhow, because I'm human and I'm tempted. And Christ set some almost impossible standards for us. Christ said, "I tell you that anyone who looks on a woman with lust has in his heart already committed adultery."

I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something that God recognizes I will do—and I have done it—and God forgives me for it. But that doesn't mean that I condemn someone who not only looks on a woman with lust but who leaves his wife and shacks up with somebody out of wedlock.

Christ says, Don't consider yourself better than someone else because one guy screws a whole bunch of women while the other guy is loyal to his wife. The guy who's loyal to his wife ought not to be condescending or proud because of the relative degree of sinfulness. One thing that Paul Tillich said was that religion is a search for the truth about man's existence and his relationship with God and his fellow man; and that once you stop searching and think you've got it made—at that point, you lose your religion. Constant reassessment, searching in one's heart—it gives me a feeling of confidence.

I don't inject these beliefs in my answers to your secular questions.

(Carter clenched his fist and gestured sharply.)

But I don't think I would *ever* take on the same frame of mind that Nixon or Johnson did—lying, cheating and distorting the truth. Not taking into consideration my hope for my strength of character, I think that my religious beliefs alone would prevent that from happening to me. I have that confidence. I hope it's justified.

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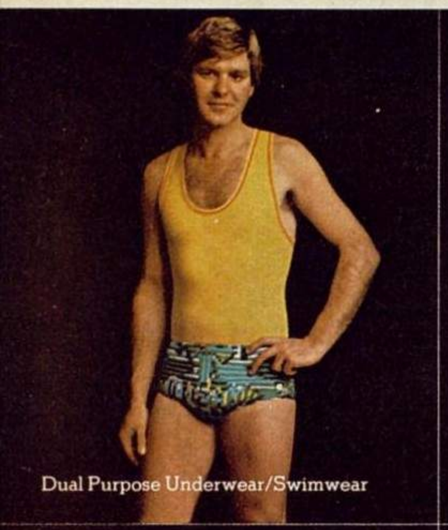
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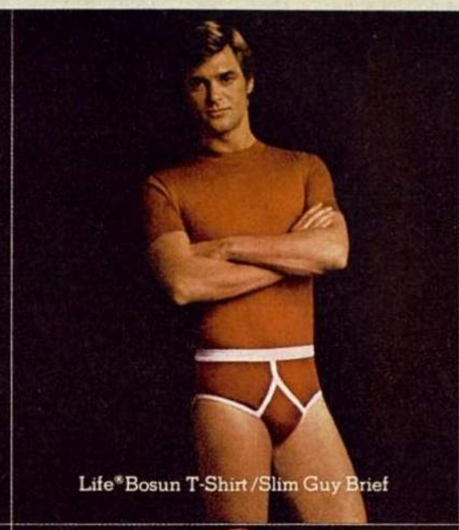
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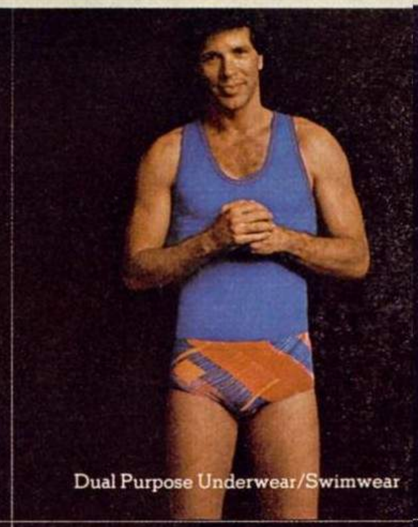
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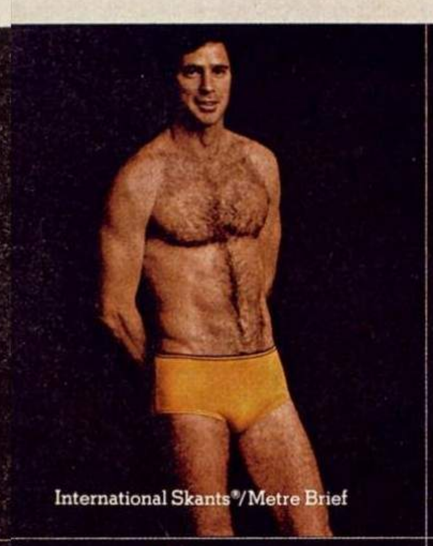
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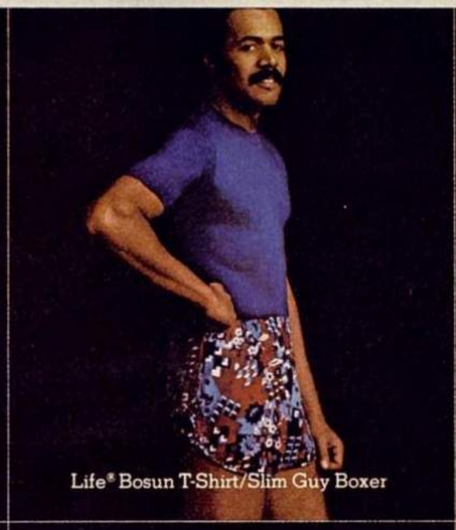
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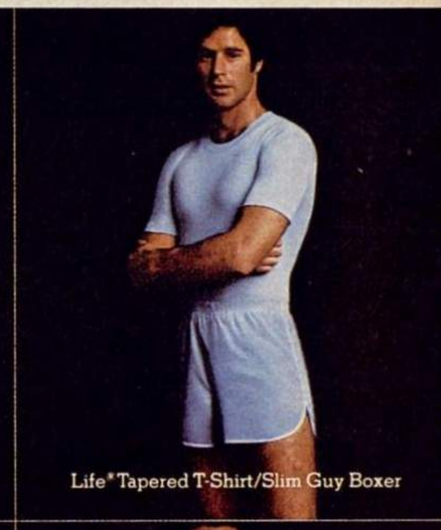
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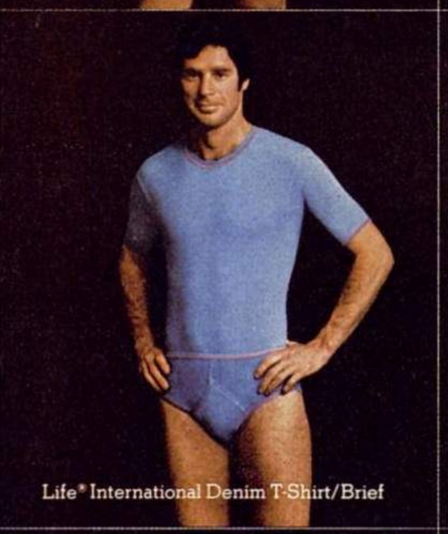
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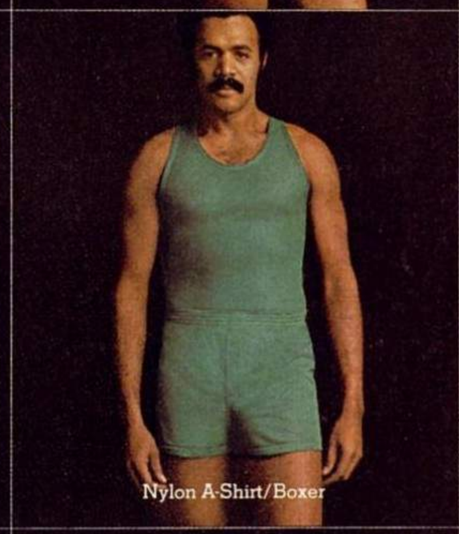
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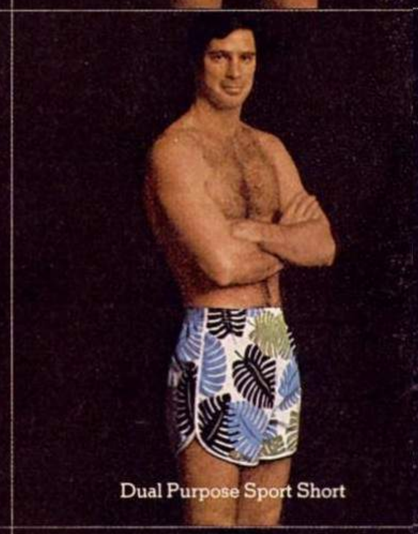
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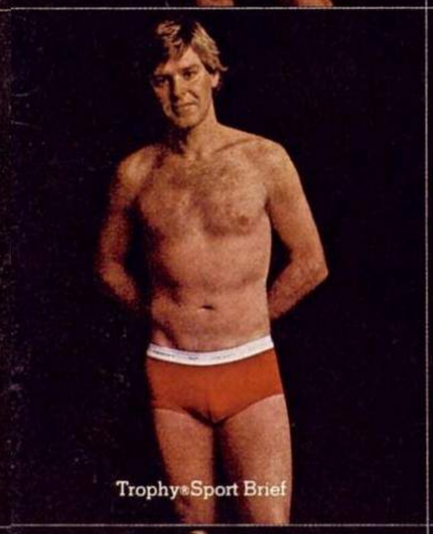
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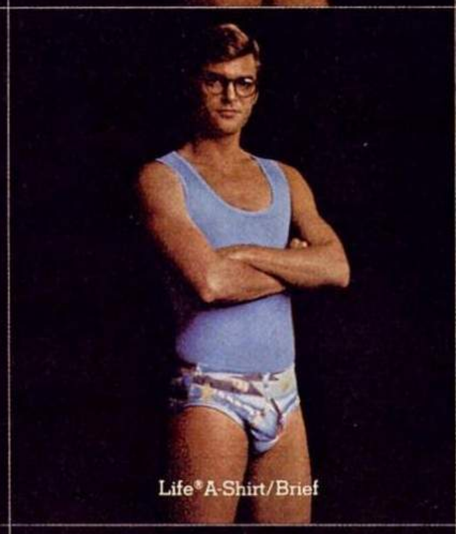
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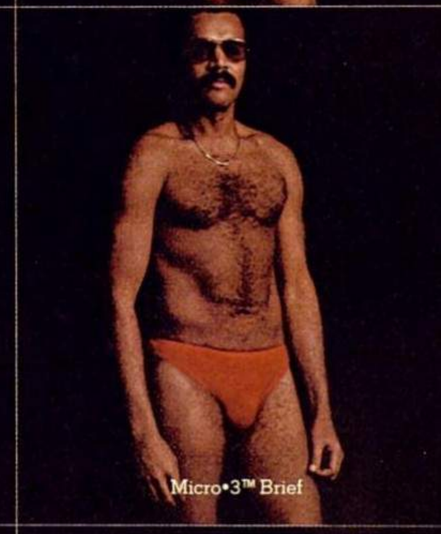
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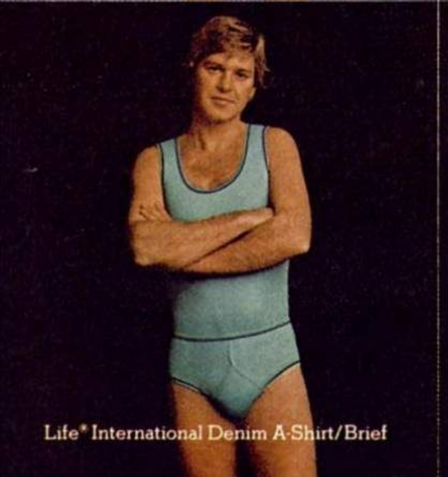
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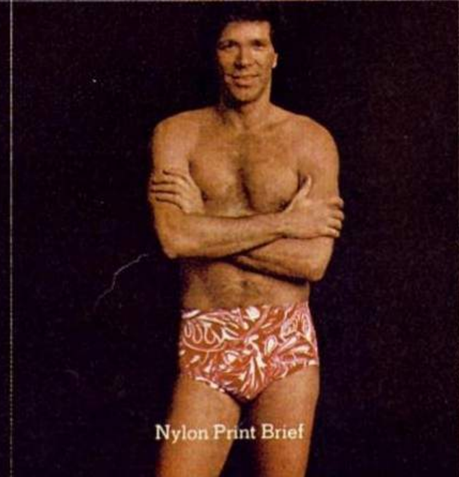
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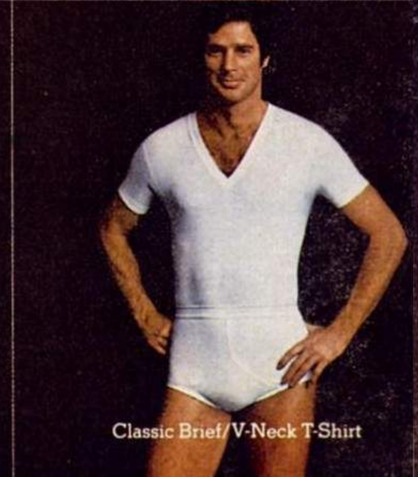
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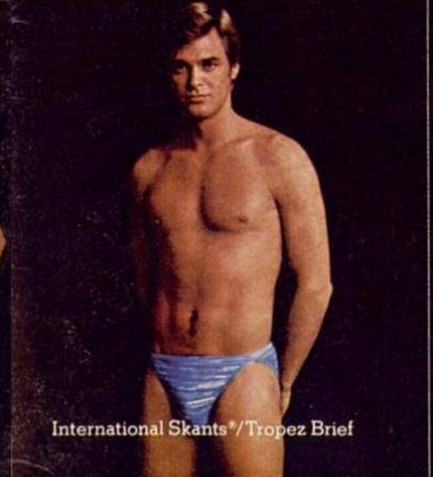
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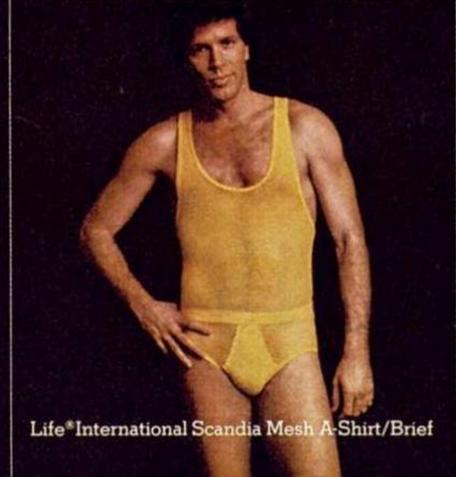
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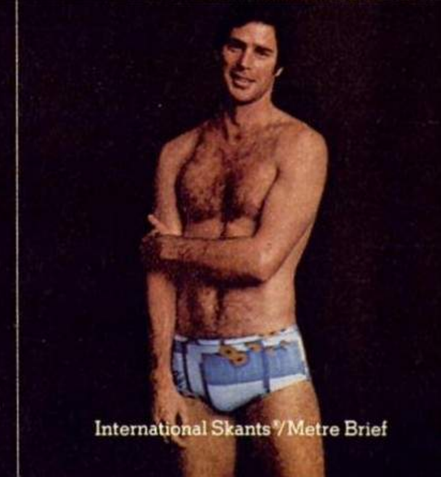
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JIMMY, WE HARDLY KNOW Y'ALL

article **By ROBERT SCHEER** *a southern odyssey: unguarded moments in the life, times and recent past of the most guarded presidential candidate in decades*

THE MAN HIMSELF is sitting, smile in place, in his studiously plain living room in front of a life-size portrait of his daughter, Amy, as though he were waiting for Norman Rockwell to appear. He is dressed in rumpled, down-home Levi shirt and pants and is telling me and my PLAYBOY editor that it would be a good thing to have a Southern Baptist as President, because it would be good for the young, the poor, blacks, women and even those citizens who might be inclined to fornicate without the blessings of marriage. And once again, one wonders if Jimmy Carter is not too good to be true.

On one level, the man is simply preposterous. On another, he seems reasonable, sincere and eminently sensible. It is difficult for me to believe that after four months of following him around the country, listening to the same speech five or six times a day, and after many hours of one-on-one conversation, I still nod in smiling agreement, like some kind of spaced-out Moonie, as another human being tells me he would never lie, would never be egotistical, doesn't fear death, would make Federal Government simple, workable, responsive to the average citizen and that, in addition to doing away with the fear of death, he would do away with the fear of taxes.

As we stumble out into the muggy heat of Plains, Georgia, a movie-set hamlet of about eight buildings and what seem like 200 photographers, all taking pictures of Jimmy's Central Casting mother, Miss Lillian, my editor tells me, "Hey, I really *like* the guy." Then, not 30 seconds later, he wonders aloud if we've been had. Which is how it always is with a James Earl Carter performance.

The ambiguity that one feels about Carter can be maddening. Is he one of the most packaged and manipulative candidates in our time or a Lincolnesque barefoot boy who swooped out of nowhere at a time when we needed him? Is he a rigid proselytizer who wants to convert the country to his own vision of small-town, Sunday-school values or just a guy who believes in his personal God and will let the rest of us believe whatever the hell we want? Is he a true populist from something called the New South or yet another creature of the Eastern establishment?

HANGING OUT WITH CARTER'S ACT

When Carter is a winner—and he seems to be as I write this—all these doubts emerge: his puritanism, his waffling on key questions, the sense that he and his campaign are an inexorable machine that have made us all cave in without really testing him. There is also at times an insufferable arrogance that seems almost patrician. But despite all that, when defeat threatened, back in the primary days, I was drawn to the man.

One night during the Oregon primary, the press people traveling with Carter were put up at a third-rate hotel and that fact seemed symbolic of what was then thought to be the coming disintegration of his campaign. The other candidates, Frank Church and Jerry Brown, were staying at better hotels. We were staying where we were because Carter had made a last-minute desperation switch in his schedule to spend an extra weekend in Oregon. He was running scared.

Brown had won handily in Maryland and Church seemed well ahead in Oregon. It looked like Carter was facing a third-place finish in this Western primary. All of which seemed to portend the resuscitation of Hubert Humphrey's political corpse. Sam Donaldson, the ABC television correspondent, sat slumped in a sofa in the seedy hotel lobby and announced to anyone who would listen, "I smell blood in the water." We asked him to elaborate. "I smell a loser," he said. "I have a very sensitive nose and James Earl Carter is a *loser*."

Donaldson is a good reporter and the judgment was so definitively stated that I mulled it over and was surprised to find myself suddenly depressed by the prospect of Carter's defeat. I say this with some objectivity, because, on the surface, the man was further from my own political beliefs than some of his more liberal opponents; but I didn't want him to leave the political stage. It was a sense that he did, in fact, represent some new, needed force that I couldn't yet define—but that somehow ought to have its day.

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The feeling grew as I spent time with Carter, his family and his aides in the months leading up to his nomination. To start with his aides, I found it increasingly difficult to think of them as possessing that cold-blooded uniformity of the Nixon gendarmes. Press secretary Jody Powell, campaign manager Hamilton Jordan, speechwriter Pat Anderson and pollster Pat Caddell just don't fit the Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell stereotypes. They *are* effective packagers, but worries about the palace guard throwing up the gates around the White House seem to fade as one stays up all night drinking with them in some redneck bar.

Maybe I'm just being suckered in by too much rural Southern exotica, but there is something raw, spontaneous and physical about the people around Carter that puts a limit on their malleability and opportunism. It causes them to fuck up in ways I find reassuring. On one such occasion, I was riding with Jody and his wife, Nan, from Plains to nearby Americus. A car behind crowded us too closely and then passed, narrowly missing us. Jody shouted, "That fucking asshole!" and took off after the car. It would have

made a fine wire-service story: Carter's press secretary, a former football player, wipes up the street with some local toughs. Nan managed to cool him down, but it was clear to me that in that moment, Jody had stopped being a politician's aide. On another occasion, Jody and Pat Anderson got into a hassle with some locals over a rented car. Again, shouts and anger while the next President of the United States cooled his heels, waiting for Pat to show up with a draft of his acceptance speech.

One of Jody's more useful functions on the campaign is to serve as proof that one can have been born in a small Southern town, be a Baptist, serve for six years as Carter's closest aide and still not be tight-assed. Add to that Anderson, who has written a novel called *The President's Mistress*, Caddell, hip and fresh out of Cambridge, Gerald Rafshoon, his media advisor and something of a carouser, Greg Schneiders, a onetime Washington restaurateur who is Carter's administrative assistant—and it becomes clear that Carter has not applied his concern with the Ten Commandments to the behavior of his staff. They are, at least some of them, as hard-drinking, fornicating, pot-smoking, freethinking a group as has been seen in higher politics.

Here's an exchange I taped with Hamilton Jordan:

Q. Given the purity this campaign has projected, I find it odd that few of you guys go to church, that you all drink and mess around and some of you even smoke dope. Isn't there a contradiction?

A. No. Jimmy's not self-righteous. He's very tolerant. If he weren't, he just wouldn't have people like me and Jody and Rafshoon around him.

Q. So when you're with him, you don't feel like you're with your Sunday-school teacher?

A. No, I don't feel that way. I'd never expect him to tell me how I should act. If people are concerned about his trying to foist his personal views on other people or that he somehow expects others to follow some rigid code he adheres to—well, that's just not him. He obviously hasn't made us change our way of living. He differentiates his personal and religious views from his actions as a political official. Look, all the same people who are so goddamned concerned about Jimmy's religion were early supporters of Martin Luther King, Jr. His forum was Southern Baptist, too, but it happened to be black. This thing of Jimmy talking about religion was a result of the press's always bringing it up, not him. If you're in Boston and you're a politician, you try to get your picture taken with Cardinal Cushing. If you're in the South, you're usually a Baptist and you go to church a lot. So?

Once, during the early stages of the campaign, a couple of his aides who were married had met two women in the hotel lobby and were taking them to their rooms. The elevator stopped at a floor below theirs, the door opened—and in walked Jimmy and Rosalynn. Not a word was exchanged. The aides stared nervously at the ceiling of the elevator as the two ladies giggled nervously and nudged each other. I was told later that Jimmy never mentioned the incident to either aide.

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So much for reassuring anecdotes. At least these are anecdotes I've plucked out myself. But a modern campaign doles out anecdotes like a priest dispenses Communion wafers. The pack of reporters covering the candidate is always in a holding pattern of desperate anticipation, each waiting to be singled out for the blessing of an exclusive anecdote. This is because, during a campaign, a candidate is rarely going to say anything clear or provocative about anything important and, as a result, "color"—which is really just the plural for anecdote—becomes all-important. When we came out of our last interview session with Carter, a U.P.I. reporter approached the assistant press secretary. The reporter was on the "body watch," which, as it was explained to me, means that the candidate might croak or fart and if the reporter's not there to record it, his ass is on the line. The newsman knew we'd been interviewing Carter and said, "Hey, what did those guys ask him? I need one crumb—anything for my lead this afternoon—because I've got nothing so far." The aide took an insignificant comment from our interview and doled it out.

So let's take the "oral sex" anecdote that Jody reserved especially for me. (Previously, I'd been given a Bob Dylan–meets–Jimmy Carter anecdote, but it slipped out and ended up being printed elsewhere.) It seems that on a trip to Washington, then-Governor Carter, Rafshoon and a state trooper guarding the governor all went to a screening of the movie *Lenny*. During the performance, the trooper kept snorting and poking Rafshoon about the language and some of the steamier scenes. Carter just sat quietly, taking it in. When they got out, Rafshoon couldn't resist asking, "Say, Governor, do they have oral sex in Plains?"

Carter, after a pause, said, "Yep, but they don't call it that."

Which is a nice thing to know about Plains. But it's safe to say that the anecdote was reserved for a writer from PLAYBOY and that Jody didn't offer it to, say, the people from *Reader's Digest* who preceded us that day. It served a purpose: to telegraph to the "typical" PLAYBOY reader that Jimmy Carter is a regular guy. He may not use hip language, but he has hip thoughts. The same purpose was served when he dropped that Dylan quote into his acceptance speech at the convention—to do for the Dylan generation what a reference to Polish people did for those 5,000,000 voters: tip them off that he was secretly one of them.

Well, compared with Ford, Carter *is* hip. And there's no doubt the people around Carter are good guys, quite the opposite from the cold technicians' image that has frequently been attached to them. I'd buy a used car from Jody or Hamilton—or from Jimmy, for that matter. After all, what he wants is for me to have a car as good and decent and as full of love as I deserve. I'm tired of cars and State Departments and CIAs that are lemons. But the trouble is that every time I feel good about the man, I can feel bad 20 minutes later when I remember that Jody wanted Wallace above all others to join Carter at the podium of the Democratic Convention and that, sure enough, there was Hamilton clapping politely for various Democratic politicians as they were called up to the podium, then clapping enthusiastically when Wallace's name was called. (From my conversations with Jody and Hamilton, I'm sure they were responding to a Southern outsider's having his day at the convention and not to Wallace's racist reputation. But it still made me nervous.)

So who is hustling whom? The problem is that one's judgments about Carter are necessarily fragmented, because we have no sense of the depth of the man, of his experience and roots. He just came to us a winner. Carter's people are good at their business, so good that they've managed to cover the hard and interesting edges of the man. What we see is the packaging. The young men surrounding Carter let an occasional nugget drop for a particular constituency, then wrap him up again quickly. The manipulation of staged media events along with color results in lopsided opinion polls that will probably carry him to the White House, but when you look closely, you end up confused. His more liberal aides, such as Peter Bourne and Mary King, will tell you that he is a closet progressive, as Roosevelt was when he first ran, and that he has withheld disclosure of his full program: Once he's in the White House—whammo! Others, such as Charles Kirbo, a more traditional politician, will confide to *his* friends that he's really a closet conservative. And so speculation about Carter the man and Carter the President really hangs on an appraisal of where his gut feelings are coming from.

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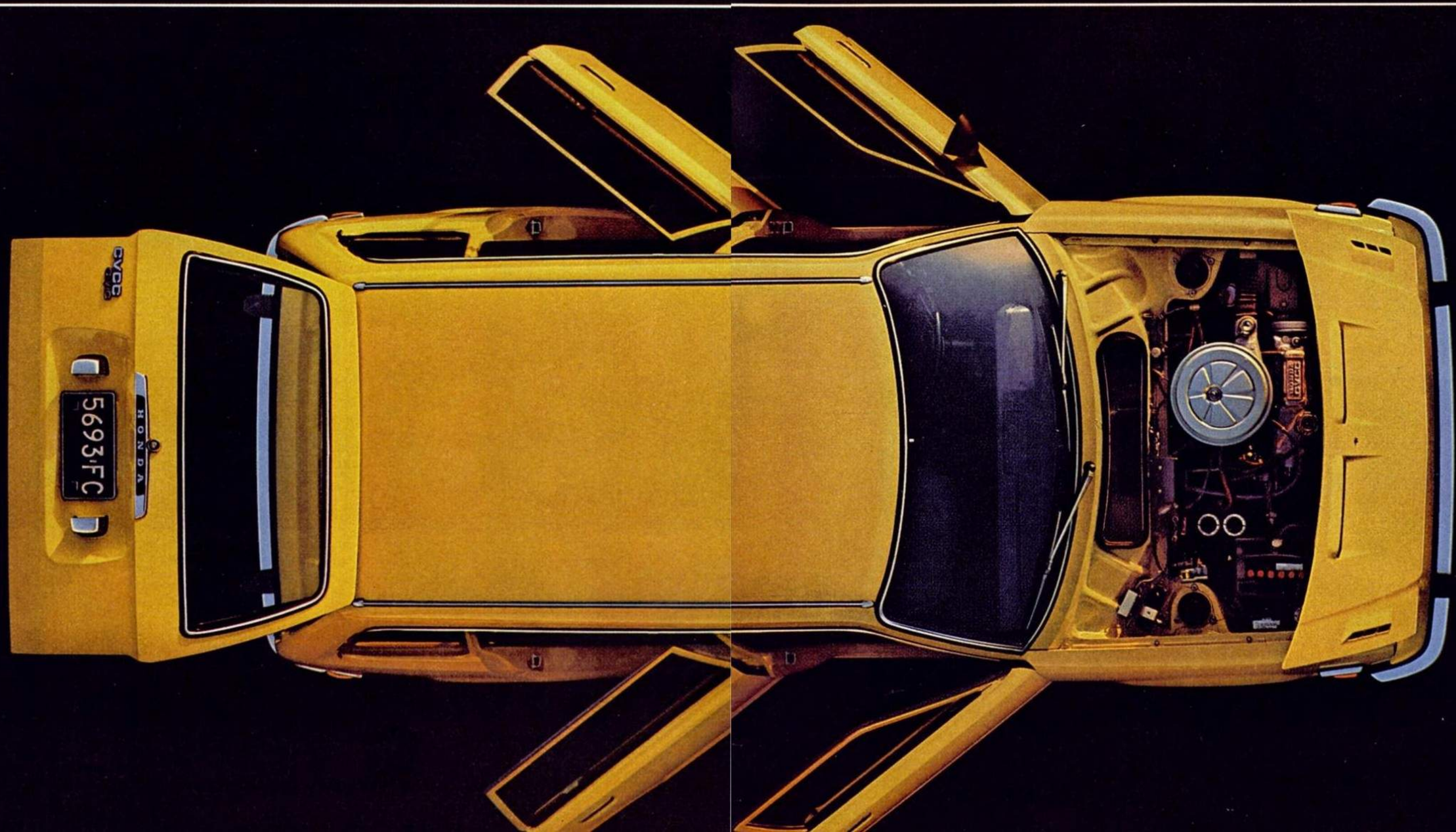

stop looking for the "real" person behind the campaigner, because they realize that if they should happen to find him, he would be boringly similar to the one they've seen all along. But I have yet to meet a reporter who feels that way about Carter. He is intriguing, baffling and perpetually confounding. Even to his family.

One afternoon, I was visiting with Carter's sister Gloria and her husband, Walter Spann, in their farmhouse about five miles down the road from Jimmy's home. Carter had remarked during the *Playboy Interview* that he felt closer to Gloria than to his evangelist sister, Ruth. The remark confused me, because Gloria is loose and outgoing—as opposed to Jimmy—and supported McGovern, drives motorcycles and doesn't seem to give much of a damn about her image. I had first met Gloria when I was over at Miss Lillian's. Carter's mother had told me that Gloria wasn't giving interviews. When Gloria walked in, I asked her if she'd make an exception. She shot me a look and said, "I'm not talking to any reporters unless they have jeans, boots and a beard." I had two of the prerequisites.

"Look," I said, "I'm only wearing this suit because I thought that's what you do when you go calling on Southern ladies."

She laughed and said, "Well, I ain't no Southern lady, but you finish here and come by and see me and Walter. I'll give you some bourbon, but no interview."

At the Spann home, as the three of us sat drinking, my reportorial instincts got the best of me and I started inquiring about Walter's political beliefs. He was even blunter than Gloria: It was none of my business, he said, whom he preferred for President or if he voted at all. He added, "I like it fine if you're over drinking with us, but I don't want to be interviewed. I'm a farmer, not a politician. Jimmy's the politician."

Later, they became more talkative and let me take notes. Gloria said that she had always known Jimmy as a vibrant, adventuresome person. She said that as a child, he was given the nickname Hot by his father and that his sisters and brother still called him that privately. Hot seemed to fit Jimmy, she said, because he felt deeply and was always in a fevered rush to do significant things with his life. (The other family nicknames she mentioned seem appropriate as well. Gloria, the family free spirit, was called Gogo. Billy, the self-conscious redneck, was Buck. And faith healer Ruth was Boopy Doop.)

Gloria said it was "bunk" that Hot, or Jimmy, should be considered cold, ruthless or unemotional. It was true that he had always taken himself seriously but that the political life had made him become more guarded. At this point, late in the boozy evening, Walter broke in and said, "You reporters aren't going to get to know Jimmy, because he's onstage. He's been onstage ever since 1966, when he ran for governor."

To which Gloria added softly but with affection: "He's been onstage longer than that."

At one point during the interview with Carter, as I was fumbling with my tape recorder, I mentioned that my talk with Gloria had led me to believe he was a more relaxed and less mechanical person than he seemed on the campaign trail. Was there going to be any time in his life for the sort of openness that Gloria described?

"Sure," he said, "I've always lived that way. Listen, we're having a fish fry Saturday afternoon and you're welcome to come. We're not inviting many people. We're going to drain my little pond and get some of the bigger fish out of there and then have a fry afterward. I think it would be a good time for you to just see a typical incident in the life of the Plains community."

Two hours after I spoke with Carter, Jody invited the entire press corps to the fish fry. The typical scene in the life of the Plains community turned into yet another media event flashed around the world by television. It was a mob scene, with reporters outnumbering locals four to one. Carter looked about as relaxed as one of the flapping fish in the drained pond.

But Carter does come from a delightfully informal family. On one earlier occasion, Gloria and Miss Lillian had invited me to go along for supper at a local diner. Gloria had carefully prepared two jars of liquid refreshment—one filled with Early Times bourbon and the other with water—so I "wouldn't get thirsty" on the way to dinner. While we were there, they playfully felt under my coat to see if I were wired for sound and became totally relaxed as they sipped on the bourbon and talked irreverently about the foibles of people in Plains.

The shame is, they get uneasy when they see how friendly and natural they come off in print. I hope Miss Lillian doesn't react to my description of her the way she responded to some of what's been published about her—and, my God, she does get a wonderful press. Here is Miss Lillian talking to me about the media:

"Frankly, I don't like women interviewers. They're pushy, though one I had was just as sweet as she could be. Some of them, they free-lance, and if what you say isn't interesting, they touch it up a bit. That one girl wrote an article and she said I had a drink in my hand and I waved it around in the air. I never had a drink with anyone who was interviewing me. Never. If I offered you a drink, I don't know whether you'd write it down or not, because I don't trust anybody. I know it's going to get worse and I'm prepared. I'm just kind of suspicious of a woman writer until I know where I stand. Most women are free-lancers, did you know that? I'm besieged by publishers and I just tell everyone that Gloria is going to write my story. She's got all my letters and everything, isn't that right, Gloria?"

But the afternoon of the fish fry, another member of the family delivered an opinion on the press that was a bit less charming. I was on the porch, chatting with Gloria and Walter. Jimmy had escaped from the other reporters and walked over to kiss Gloria on the cheek. He shook Walter's hand, too, but ignored my presence. We had recorded a number of conversations by then and it was an awkward moment for me, given the fact that he'd invited me over to see him in a "relaxed" frame of mind. But what made it even more awkward was that he began to speak about the press in unflattering terms to Gloria and Walter, as if I were not present.

"Guess it's hard for you to get away from all those reporters," Walter said. "They're like gnats swarming around."

Carter paused in his munching of a catfish and replied, "The press people are afraid I'm going to eat a fishbone and choke on it. They're afraid they won't have a picture when it happens." The tone wasn't bantering; it was more on the bitter side.

Now, it's true that the body watch doesn't want to miss anything and that that can get depressing for a candidate. But the press people hadn't climbed over any fences to get in—Carter had invited them because he wanted a folksy image of his fish fry beamed around the world. A part of Carter undoubtedly loves down-home fish fries. But another part of him wants to exploit the hell out of them.

And that's the dilemma: He uses the process and gets consumed by it. He cares for his mother, but, as the 78-year-old Miss Lillian told me, "When I came back from India [she was with the Peace Corps], Jimmy asked me to accept every single speaking engagement I could to help him get exposure." That's why he plays up Gloria, the motorcycle rider, to a bike-race audience in Oregon and sister Ruth to church folk in South Dakota. That's why his son Chip will be sent off to attend a gay function in San Francisco while Dad is addressing a meeting of black ministers (during which he pronounces homosexuality "a sin").

It is not that Carter is shallow or exploitative but rather that he and his staff have consciously decided to use—and thus to submit to—a process of campaigning that is inherently shallow and exploitative. One realizes that Carter is capable of dealing with complicated thoughts. One also senses that he is a good man who cares for his family; that he has real roots; that he is serious about

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fairly representing the American people. But it is a fact that his life in these past two years—and perhaps longer, as his sister suggests—has been one staged media event after another.

Carter would probably admit to being onstage, to being packaged, and at times—when he becomes testy and stiff-necked—he seems to be grappling with the implications of this to his personality. When I brought it up with one of his aides, I was told that that was the precise reason Carter insists on returning to Plains every weekend during the campaign, even if only for one night. But, as a result, Plains itself has become a stage prop that he has prettified for us.

OFFSTAGE

The town of Plains has by now become sticky with media hype. It's what one Manhattan friend calls cracker chic. Residents and reporters alike have entered into a conspiracy not to disillusion visitors. Among the locals, "We wouldn't do anything to hurt Jimmy's chances" is the most common refrain. What we have are caricatures. There is talkative old Miss Lillian, rocking on her porch, a lovable interview junkie; brother Billy, the redneck cracker; Rosalynn, the dutiful if uptight wife; cousin Hugh, the genial worm farmer; Jimmy's father, James Earl Carter, Sr., who died in 1953 and is rarely mentioned except to say that he had Old South (i.e., racist and reactionary) ideas.

But, of course, as is the case with Jimmy himself, the scene is more complicated than that. Fewer solid colors; more gray. Southern rural life is no simpler than urban life. And if you throw in the extreme pressure of the civil rights years, probably tougher. The folksy, innocent façade that surrounds Plains may be convenient to the Carter campaign, but it simply rewrites history.

Coincidentally, I had been through Plains 16 years ago and felt the tension beneath the surface of this placid town. In 1960, I was driving through southwest Georgia with a group of people who wanted to integrate public facilities. I have a particular memory of a gas station in Americus where I stopped so a white companion could deliberately use the "colored" rest room. An ugly confrontation ensued.

Recently, I was riding around town with Walter and Gloria and I spotted what appeared to be the same gas station. I mentioned the 1960 incident to them and Walter said, "Did you do that? Hell, they should have blown your fool head off." I like Walter and I knew he was kidding. In fact, he's one of the few people around Plains who don't feel a need to ennoble the past.

And that's the point. Carter does. Just as the campaign packaging prevents one from seeing his complexities, his tolerance and his tensions, so the whitewashing of the past prevents one from studying his real roots. His family have become town characters with stereotyped pasts, and his own past, though somewhat more closely examined, becomes a part of folklore. But to get a glimpse of the complexity of real life, there is no better case study than the crucible the Old South went through to become the New South: the civil rights struggle.

•

There are two roads at the edge of Plains that meet at nearly right angles: One goes toward an integrated farm called Koinonia and the other leads to Americus. Both places were sources of the main shock waves from civil rights that reached the Carter family.

Americus has been much discussed in the press. It was once one of the meanest towns in the South, the scene of some of the ugliest demonstrations and acts of violence during 1963 and 1964. It was in Americus that Martin Luther King, Jr., was jailed and told to sweep the floors. Until not long ago, its bulletin boards displayed a letter from King "thanking" the jailers for their hospitality. What Carter did and did not do as a moderate and a supporter of Lyndon Johnson has been raked over the coals. He did not speak out forcefully during the Sixties (and, indeed, took no position at all during the worst disturbances) but paid his dues as his family and he were taunted as "nigger lovers" during L.B.J.'s campaign. Americus is nine miles from Plains.

But Koinonia is something else. It is a raw nerve to both Jimmy and Miss Lillian. It has not been raked over the coals, because it is hardly mentioned. Koinonia was founded in 1942 by a progressive white couple named Clarence and Florence Jordan. It was a courageous attempt to show that an integrated communal farm run on Christian principles was a possibility in the Old South. It is seven miles from Plains.

When I questioned Miss Lillian about the Carters' relationship to the farm, I caught a rare flash of anger. "Why do you want to bring that up?" she snapped. "It's over with. You'd just stir up some of the wilder people around here, and then nobody knows what will happen."

The people who might stir things up around Plains are the same ones who gave Miss Lillian and Gloria a hard time back in 1964, when they worked for Johnson's election at the Americus headquarters. "Children yelled at me," Miss Lillian recalled, "and threw things at my car because Johnson was what they called an N-I-G-G-E-R L-O-V-E-R." Were they some of the same people who have turned to private schools to avoid integration? "Some of them," she admitted,

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THE GREAT WILLIE NELSON COMMANDO HOO-HA AND TEXAS BRAIN FRY

article **By LARRY L. KING**

when those good ole boys get together to have a party, they really mean business. need we say more?

PEOPLE KEPT TELLING ME the Austin, Texas, scene was the only thing happening in Jerry Ford's America other than inflation, the *CBS Evening News* and Tupperware parties. Austin was represented as the new Haight-Ashbury and the new Nashville, the only wide-open dope-and-music resort available now that students were studying again and Tom Hayden was wearing neckties and kissing babies. So I was properly startled when Dub, an old Austin friend, telephoned me in New York to invite me to a picnic. It seemed a long way to travel unless he could throw in a quilting bee or a big night of bingo over at the Elks Lodge.

"This will not be your ordinary family picnic," Dub

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX MURAWSKI

pledged. "There will be many thousands running around in varied stages of undress and craziness. There will be nonstop music, screwing in the bushes and 19-year-old good things to eat."

"There's a catch to it," I said. "Congressmen and ex-Communists are gonna make patriotic speeches from start to quit."

"Severely untrue," Dub said. "This will be an unfettered celebration of your basic freedoms. Free beer. Dope. Bonfires. Fistfights. I predict that four or five people will be killed in interesting ways."

On that assurance, I was drawn to Willie Nelson's Third Annual Independence Day Outdoor Brain Fry, Ball Break and Mixed Doubles Doping, Picking and Trashing Ejacorama.

You can look around Austin and decide that the Sixties cultural revolution arrived on the Texas & Pacific several thousand trains late. Perhaps this is because Sheriff L.B.J. effectively kept home fires doused even as Watts, Saigon and Gene McCarthy burned. Maybe it's only that Texans are as backward as their Oklahoma cousins claim. Some credit, or blame, Willie Nelson: Music, after all, is the prime reason for Austin's special ambience. The idlers and bums and dreamers—the credit-card revolutionaries, cosmic cowboys, street urchins, fake rednecks and genuine shitkickers, crazy artists and writers—cannot get drunk or high unless guitars are thumping in their ears. One weary of the realities—Grinning Jimmy, bankrupt cities, Solzhenitsyn's bullshit, the Watergate hangover—may get lost in the music and hazes of 30-odd clubs offering live bands and costumed hustlers wearing everything from fey glitter to smelly brogans. There *is* a little something happening there, though it is neither Nashville nor Haight-Ashbury. Dodge City on acid, maybe. Alamo II. Despite trouble defining it, I'll take Austin and give you Grand Rapids, Marvin Gardens and the Short Line Railroad. That was my mind-set, at least, when I flew in for Willie Nelson's Brain Fry so full of airline hospitalities that I'd captained a sing-along among recalcitrants in the first-class cabin. As with New York, I always approach Austin improbably convinced that adventures both spiritual and carnal shall seize me and shake me and make my lights shine.

Dub appeared in the airline terminal wearing an Indian blanket, a dreamer's smile and an Abe Lincoln hat. Travelers competed to ignore him as he swayed in invisible breezes near the luggage counter. "We're gonna have us several tons of fun," he prophesied, "unless we sober up or happen to get shot." Who, shot? Dub told about last year's picnic, when Billy Cooper ran such Independence Day fevers that he taught Dr. Jay D. Milner to dance. Cooper is Willie Nelson's chauffeur, famed for being found asleep in the back seat while the boss was being busted for drunk driving; Dr. Milner is Nelson's publicist, a self-described 50-year-old groupie. Dub said, "They got to fussing over 15 cents or cats or dogs or something. Anyway, Billy pulled out what he calls his 'bidness'—I think it was a .25 automatic—and placed a few warm-up shots in a spectacular pattern very near Jay's feet." Milner, a college professor before redneck rock beguiled him, remained intellectual enough to imitate Bojangles Robinson—the great Broadway tap dancer—all the way to Fort Worth and was not seen again until the Moon of the Cold Winds.

Dub told about Gino McCoslin, the slick little promoter of Willie Nelson's Brain Fry, doing business for Crackerjack Productions. Gino once ran such a rowdy club in Dallas that lawmen appeared each night with police dogs and to photograph the customers. Gino considers that his reaction was in the best traditions of civic spirit. "I didn't want to shoot their dawgs," he says, reasonably, "so I closed up."

Willie Nelson himself had known experiences with firearms. "When Willie was living in Nashville," Dub said, "one of Ray Price's fighting cocks kept molesting Willie's laying hens. Ray Price was important to Willie, being a superstar who recorded a lot of Willie's original songs. Ray didn't pay much attention to Willie's complaints about the fighting cock, so one day Willie took a shotgun and wasted the booger. Well, Ray Price had a running fit and said he'd never again record one of Willie's songs. And he hasn't. Willie says he reckons that shooting Ray's 'mean rooster' didn't cost him but about $60,000 and change." Lately, Willie had toted around a .357 magnum until a Dallas policeman talked him out of it.

Dub said, "Then there's Jerry Jeff Walker. One time he——"

I groaned. It was not necessary for Dub to inform me of Jerry Jeff Walker, a.k.a. Dr. Snowflake, a.k.a. Jacky Jack Doubletrouble, a.k.a. Scamp Walker. He is the man who got reasonably rich off writing *Mr. Bojangles*, which Richard Nixon claims as his favorite song; this gives Nixon and Walker something in common besides their having been born natural outlaws. Once I was hosting this sedate cocktail party at Princeton, see, for delicate literary types and their proper wives, when Jerry Jeff Walker—who'd been playing a club in New York—appeared very much unannounced, dressed like a buffalo hunter and looking like three months on field bivouac complicated by the blind staggers. Jacky Jack Doubletrouble proved that he was a natural showman by immediately imitating the walks and lisps of sherry-sipping academicians; he crashed about, stepping on long gowns and howling for Lone Star beer. He asked a highly placed faculty wife her relative expertise in the cocksucking discipline and generally cleared staid old Maclean House as efficiently as a drunk spade with a switchblade. He left in a snowstorm, at supersonic speeds and in a rental car charged to my American Express card. The car was found abandoned in midtown Manhattan, long on traffic tickets and short on operable parts. Jerry Jeff's explanation was that he couldn't remember being in a car that night. No, Dub need tell me but very little of Ole Scamp Walker.

But he was saying, "And after these rodeo cowboys beat Jacky Jack up—I mean stomped a *mudhole* in his ass—he lay there in a buncha broken furniture and looked up through the blood and said, 'Y'all ain't so fuckin' tough. I been beat up worse than this by motorcycle gangs.'"

•

Delicious paranoid rumors shivered through the Austin underground. In beer joints and dope dens, where locals congregate to hear redneck rock, were many dire predictions of shit storms. "They're gonna stop traffic for driver's-license inspections as a way of holding down the crowd," one heard. "Then they'll use that as an excuse to search cars for dope." "They" were understood to be grim-jawed agents of Texas law-enforcement units, reportedly half bonkers at the prospect of maybe 100,000 Independence Day outlaws invading Liberty Hill—a small community 30 miles north of Austin—for 24 hours of assorted outrages against the bucolic calm.

Liberty Hill's good burghers were said to be recalling Altamont's stabbings, Brando's town-trashing Wild Ones, all the hairy freaks and bare asses and general chaos of rock concerts or street theaters past. Willie Nelson's outdoor brain fry would simply flout the law more than the law could allow, Austin already having known its nasty dope-war shootings and having a controversial sheriff who enraged the squares by refusing to hunt down anybody who occasionally sucked personal amounts of marijuana. Liberty Hill's county commissioner threatened a halting injunction; a grand jury was rumored to have returned a sealed indictment against a big-name musical biggie said to tote around astonishing heaps of cocaine in a brown-paper bag; farmers and ranchers near the concert site were reported to be erecting barricades they would reinforce with shotguns. Austin's underground soldiers.

Then along came an outlander, full of enough chemicals and wet goods to see very small profits in diplomacy, who said, "Bullshit. None of that bad karma is likely to come down." Everybody glowered and sputtered as if it had been suggested they get haircuts and jobs. The outlander persisted: "Too much money involved. Music's become a big economic

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"You can't sue me for malpractice! I'm not even a real doctor!"

MISTY

touted as a new marilyn monroe, misty rowe would rather create a legend of her own

As showgirl, clown and resident sex symbol of television's country-and-western classic "Hee Haw," Misty livens up a washboard routine with Barbi Benton—her close friend and a former program regular now often booked for guest shots.

ANY RESEMBLANCE between Misty Rowe and Jean Harlow, Lana Turner or Marilyn Monroe can be traced to a purely intentional kind of alchemy that seldom occurs—except once in a while, in Hollywood, which has as many ravishingly beautiful blondes per square mile as any dreamworld this side of Shangri-La. But it takes more than shrewd press-agentry nowadays to turn a cute kid from Glendora, California, into a certified love goddess. To make her way through the cynical Seventies as a slightly dim but divine sex object, a girl has to be smart, talented, resilient and a hell of a lot tougher than the part she plays. Particularly when the biggest part she has played to date, offscreen and on, is that of Marilyn herself in *Goodbye, Norma Jean*—a profitable low-budget quickie that has almost nothing to recommend it except an affectingly honest, straightforward performance by Misty, who has spent

"Everything you see me wearing—or not wearing—is my own. I love lacy things, silk or satin next to my skin, stockings and garters. Most men hate panty hose—and I'm old-fashioned, too."

a good deal of time and energy recently doing promotional junkets on behalf of a film she says she'd rather forget. Her fee for remembering it, claim the disgruntled distributors, is usually in the neighborhood of $1500 a week.

"I make them pay me pretty well," adds Misty with a melting smile, "because I was very disillusioned about this movie, though I believed in it completely in the beginning. We had no lighting, poor make-up, little or no direction. Now they want me to do a *Norma Jean* sequel. I tell them they'll have to have a *much* bigger budget."

Misty is miffed, in the second place, because she insists they faked a line of her dialog at the end of the movie. Norma Jean, after being mauled and degraded by every cheap hustler in Hollywood, starts giving head to higher-ups and finally achieves the big screen test that's going to make her a *(concluded on page 212)*

Re-creating the famous nude calendar pose that made MM queen of the pinups, the star of "Goodbye, Norma Jean" tries a come-hither look against the same red-velvet backdrop used by Monroe. Slightly faded now, she notes. Color her Misty.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

TEXAS BRAIN FRY

(continued from page 102)

factor here. And Willie Nelson is the *papasita*, the grand old man, the Hemingway and the Moses and the Chet Atkins. Hell, children, don't you read the goddamn papers? Willie's become a Texas folk hero second only to Darrell Royal! Darrell and Willie play golf and pitch washers and scarf Mexican food together three times a week. Willie played in concert with the Dallas Symphony and all the moneyed culture vultures flipped. The state legislature legitimized him by proclaiming Willie Nelson Day. Willie Nelson hosted six *Lone Star Cross Country Music Specials* on television. Now, why, children, why?" They sulked over their pipes and bottles. "Why, children, because the big boys smell *money*. Ole Willie, he's becoming a *business* asset to Texas. These old thumb-bustin' sheriffs and highway patrolmen you've been worrying about, they may not quote much poetry or bore you with small talk about international finance, but, by God, they've been bred to read the signs! You think a few snuff-dipping little ole peckerwood badge wearers are gonna buck the powers? Do you young semirevolutionaries *honestly* think the sheriff fucks with the Fords up in Detroit or the Johnsons over here in Johnson City? Why, hell, how you kids expect to overthrow anything if you don't recognize the nuances of elitism?"

It's true. Not only is Willie Nelson welcome in the better homes, he has trouble getting arrested. When Texas lawmen discover him driving with his eyes unusually aglow, he hands 'em his latest album and a big country grin and goes on his way as free as Dred Scott. Probably he could beat on a tin lunch bucket with a rusty file, while calling up his hounds, and fawning music critics for *Rolling Stone*, *Picking Up the Tempo*, *The Village Voice* and others would proclaim a new native Art Form awash in social significance. The fact that Willie *may* be the best thing since Bob Wills, Hank Williams or the butter churn is slightly irrelevant. The point is, Willie holds Texas in the palm of his hand. People even talk about his running for governor: pretty good for a former door-to-door salesman of Bibles, vacuum cleaners and kitchenware.

All of which is about half funny, Willie Nelson being reputed as a member of a group of music makers loosely known as the Nashville outlaws. These are talents who never got accepted by the *Grand Ole Opry* or Nashville's glad-handing Record Row executives, because they failed to shave, wore earrings, racially intermarried, smoked other than menthols, snorted rather than dipped or wrote and sang of more than calico visions, sweet fading mothers or honky-tonk angels. They were considered "political," people making statements in the discharge of their art and by their lifestyles, all of which cut much against traditional country-and-western grains. Willie got discouraged, returned to his native Texas and saw something waiting to happen.

Eddie Wilson booked Willie into his Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin, where he gained quick acceptance among youthfuls who'd been raised on deafening doses of rock 'n' roll. As all intelligent adults know, your average rock-'n'-roll band is made up of hairy apes, rapists and transvestites, who, the moment they sing a single intelligible word or strike one pleasing chord, doom their careers. Rock was invented, and is promoted, by the hearing-aid cartel and serves no other use. Anyway. . . .

Author Edwin "Bud" Shrake, perhaps Austin's most persistent midnight cowboy, says, "I guess redneck rock or cowboy rock or progressive country—whatever you call it—got its start the night Willie Nelson blew everybody's mind at Armadillo about five years ago. Traditional country music had been around here longer than the Baptists, but it was a stepchild or even a idiot child. It was strictly for 'necks and 'kickers. There was a shame to it, sort of like having the itch. And if you had long hair and walked into a beer joint to hear live country bands, then you took the same risks as hunting tigers with a slingshot. Willie melded the dopers and the ropers."

When Armadillo was founded, in 1970, it depended on imported rock groups until Willie Nelson opened the door with his mixture of traditional country and progressive country licks. Soon Jerry Jeff Walker drifted to Austin from Florida, Billy Joe Shaver had come in for a while from Nashville, Michael Murphy arrived from North Texas State to put "cosmic cowboy" in the language, the son of an Austin professor unleashed himself as Kinky Friedman and the Texas Jewboys. Music began to hear of Austin-based people named B. W. Stevenson, Doug Sahm, Milton Carroll, Steven Fromholz, Dee Moeller. Maybe in Nashville Willie Nelson was known only as a fine songwriter—*Hello Walls*, *Crazy*, *Night Life*, dozens and dozens—who sometimes tangled the fingers of studio musicians because of his unusual phrasing and weird uses of meter. In Texas, however, up to 100,000 were expected to pay $5.50 for advance tickets or $7.50 at the gate to suffer and sigh through his latest musical brain fry. We waited.

•

Jerry Jeff Walker was onstage at the Alliance Wagon Yard, passionately mis-quoting the poet Dylan Thomas. Possibly he wanted to recall the lines "Do not go gentle into that good night./Rage, rage against the dying of the light." Walker's brain was not doing its best work, however, and he settled for repeating "Rage . . . *rage* . . . RAGE against the goddamn dark." Several dozen times. People raged *from* the goddamn dark, urging Walker to permit the show to proceed; J. J., who was born with enough chips on his shoulder to make up a two-by-four, howled his own curses, along with demands for beer, pussy and nose candy.

Dr. Snowflake was dressed in green shorts, a dingy T-shirt probably disadvantaged by inferior Brand X applications and tennis shoes; one had the impression he'd left the house on Sunday morning to pick up a quart of milk and the newspapers and simply forgot to go back. Which is pretty much what Susan Walker would claim when she tracked her husband down to remind him that he had an early flight to Nashville to oversee the mixing of his next album.

This was near the end of one of those perfect days when Jacky Jack had attacked assorted inanimate objects with swift kicks before tossing his color-television set into the swimming pool. Characteristic of his mood, he greeted me, "Hey, you pussy, you don't know enough about country music to write it on my balls. Man, you don't have no fuckin' *notion* of what we're doing down here." I murmured that possibly I might help him with his Dylan Thomas. Dr. Snowflake selected from among random spectators a young woman, whom he shoved forward: "*She* ought to be writin' the piece, not you. This gal's got answers where you don't even know any questions, you ignorant piece of pigshit." I began to suspect that perhaps I'd offended Jerry Jeff a night earlier, when he'd volunteered to be interviewed and I'd dismissed him on the grounds of not feeling like asking questions. "How the fuck's a asshole like you gonna write two paragraphs?" the good doctor now inquired. I said, well, I currently had it in mind to stomp the eternal pluperfect dogshit out of him personally and then write three pages about it. Dub and Bud Shrake moved in to lead Dr. Snowflake away before he could learn whether I fought any better than rodeo cowboys or motorcycle gangs.

Gino McCoslin, official promoter, was reputed to be "proud crazy"; this I interpreted as meaning he wouldn't do to mess with. He proved to be a bearded wiry little fellow who looked bigger and bigger once one realized that the metal stick of "bidness" in his belt appeared to be no worse than a first cousin to your

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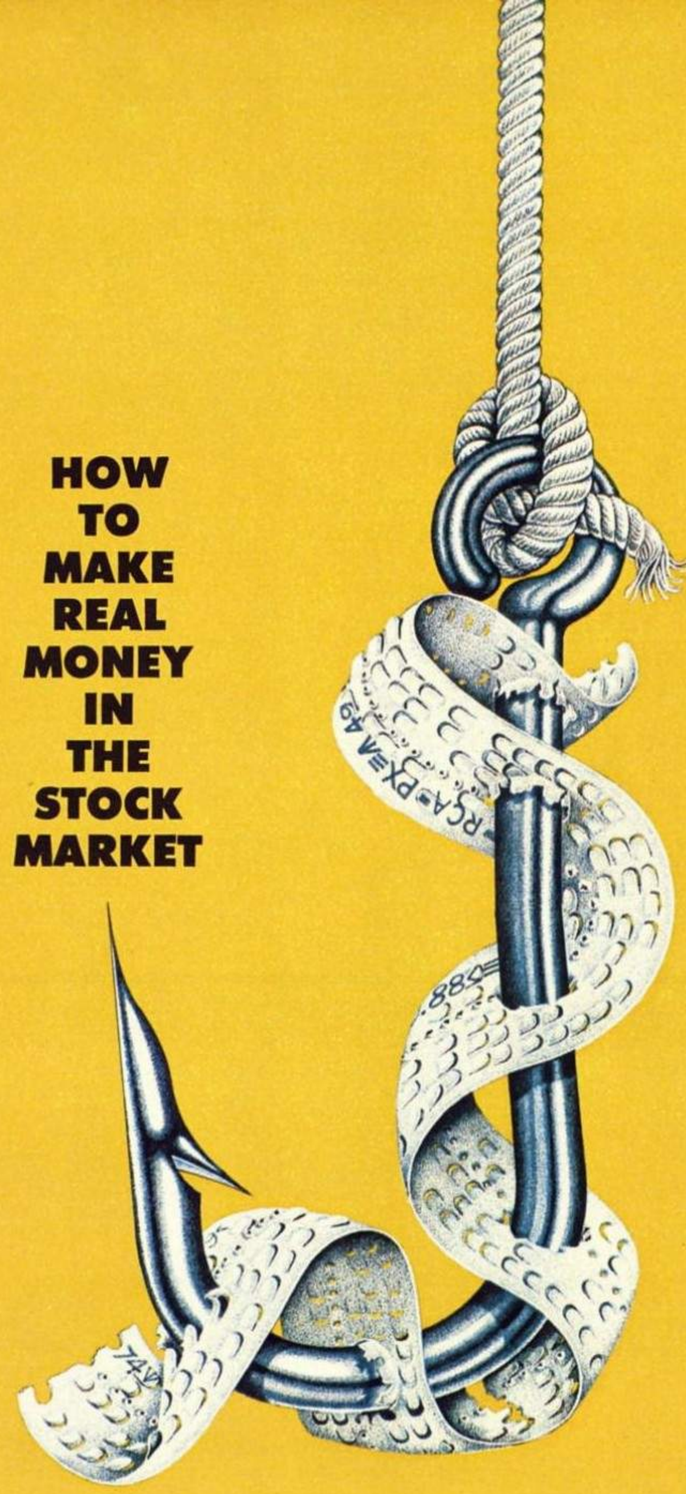
HOW TO MAKE REAL MONEY IN THE STOCK MARKET



article By JOHN B. TIPTON

there are no short cuts to success in the market, but with a little sense and patience, you can reel in the loot without getting hooked

MOST PEOPLE who buy stocks *expect* to lose money. They may hope that they will beat the market, but their approach to investing in stocks converts odds that are in their favor into a game of chance distinctly inferior to bingo. The first mistake most novice stock-market operators make is to assume that the market is rigged by a mythic group of insiders who allow the little guy to win just often enough to assure a steady supply of players to be fleeced. This illusion persists despite the disastrous record over the past six years of professional investors—those who manage millions or even billions of dollars of mutual-fund, pension-fund, insurance-company and bank assets. To whatever degree he does not subscribe to the conspiratorial theory, the average speculator attributes the remainder of his failure—or someone else's success—to luck. The attraction of these two theories, used singly or in combination, for the typical small investor is that they remove from him any onus of doing some real work and provide a convenient excuse for his ultimate—and predictable—failure.

As someone who has for years been responsible for investing tens of millions of dollars of other people's money, and, as such, has been able to command the advice of some of the best minds on Wall Street, I do not deny the advantage possessed by very large institutional investors. Their vast flow of brokerage commissions gives them access to a stream of information and ideas unquestionably superior to what the individual with limited capital can expect. All that means, however, is that I, entrusted with the management of someone else's money, can get other people to do *some* of my work for me. You, concerned only with your own money, must do that work for yourself. It is not impossible. I intend to show you why it is not

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ILLUSTRATION BY VINCE MORGAN

I was stupefied by the shimmering column of fire—what could I do to help that doomed woman? If I tried to smother those flames, surely both of us would be cremated.

Part two of a new novel

The Bric-a-Brac Man

fiction

By RUSSELL H. GREENAN

suddenly, a blazing figure appeared—a human torch, stumbling and staggering across the garishly lit room

SYNOPSIS: When Arnold Hopkins, hip-pocket antique picker, closed a lucrative deal with Wilfred Sloan, a dealer in Oriental art, he thought that, for once, he had it made. But before Hopkins could collect his money, Sloan was killed in a mysterious car crash.

Desperate for money, Hopkins then sought out Barney Slocum, who offered him a chance to burglarize several places for a sizable cut. The first two jobs went smoothly; but the third, involving the Julians' fifth-floor apartment in a building with an elaborate security system, almost put Hopkins permanently out of commission.

From these jobs, Hopkins made enough money to fulfill a lifelong dream to open his own store, if only he could get some extra cash to complete his stock. His friend Hogan Guilfoyle told him about a crazy guy, Felix Merendaro, who believed himself to be the Devil and was thus in the market for souls. Virgin ladies and altar boys were his preferences, but he would settle for less. At Merendaro's, after much discussion about original sin and free will, the Devil finally agreed to purchase Hopkins' soul for $2000.

With the money, minus Guilfoyle's ten percent commission, Hopkins opened his store, but business was painfully slow and he realized that he was headed for bankruptcy. Frantic, he again went to Guilfoyle. While he was there, by a lucky mischance, Hopkins answered the dealer's phone and a Mrs. Crabtree, who thought she was talking to Guilfoyle, asked him to come over and view her furniture for sale. Hopkins was delighted to oblige.

The antiques were magnificent and the price fair. However, Mrs. Crabtree, a frail-looking woman in her 70s, turned out to be a crafty master swindler. When Hopkins returned to collect his pieces, he discovered that

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

Tyrone, Mrs. Crabtree's bulletheaded son, had driven off with his merchandise. Only by grabbing Mrs. Crabtree's purse did he manage to recover his money.

Meanwhile, his cousin, Maurice Fitzjames—to whom he bore an uncanny resemblance—had heard about Hopkins' light-finger work and tantalized him with the prospect of breaking into the Ramsay house, which was inhabited by three veiled sisters and filled with half a million dollars' worth of art and other valuables.

By a lucky quirk of fate, the mansion was next door to Mrs. Dunlap's rooming house for well-to-do ladies on Commonwealth Avenue. Hopkins did odd jobs for Mrs. Dunlap, who, in turn, sold him furniture at low prices when one of her tenants died. Using the excuse that he had visiting relatives, he rented her vacant basement apartment. His plan was to break into the Ramsays' by knocking out part of a basement wall. After weeks of work, removing the wall brick by brick, Hopkins entered the Ramsay basement and noted that the house above was as quiet and ominous as a mausoleum.

WHEN I TOLD MAURICE, he was eager. "Tuesday? What time?" he asked.

"Around two A.M.—which is when people are in their deepest sleep," I said.

"And you're entering by a window?"

"No, I'm going to slip under the front door," I replied mordantly. "Stop pumping me for trade secrets. If you want to learn how it's done, pull a few capers yourself, Maurice."

"Not me, thanks. Still, I ought to have some idea of what's going on."

"Why?"

"I'd feel more comfortable, that's why. Hey, I hope to hell you're not carrying anything lethal. I don't want to be involved in mayhem, Arnold."

"Neither do I. Call me Wednesday afternoon."

"OK," he answered. "Good luck."

"Thanks," I said dryly, and hung up.

•

I bought six strong sailcloth laundry bags at Central Surplus Tuesday morning and it was my firm intention to fill them all with loot that night. I hoped I might even fill them more than once.

About 11 that night, I returned to my basement apartment on Commonwealth Avenue, where I settled in the maple armchair and read from a history of the Rothschild family for a couple of hours. At 1:30, I got up, changed into dark clothes and sneakers and switched the lamp off to condition my eyes to the darkness. I was edgy but only moderately so. Ten minutes later, I donned cotton gloves, crawled into the hole with my laundry bags, unfastened the plywood panel and, cool as Labrador, entered the adjoining basement.

All was gratifyingly quiet. Wan shafts of light filtered in from the alley windows, though they supplied little real illumination. Having learned something from my nasty experience at the Julians', I covered my head and face with a black-nylon-stocking mask. It was tight, however, and I had to yank the fabric a bit before I was able to breathe through my nose.

I put a bag in each hip pocket, left the remaining four in the tunnel and started groping toward the alley door. When I reached it, I threw the bolt. Then, using the one tool I was carrying, an eight-inch screwdriver, I splintered and gouged the wood around that part of the frame. The police would expect evidence of forced entry. I wanted to ensure that they weren't disappointed—otherwise, they might decide to sound the walls.

Back through the shadows I crept, located the stairs and boldly ascended them. The door opened easily. A whiff of warm, faintly scented air hit my nostrils. I looked in and perceived a pantry and a kitchen at the end of a narrow hall. In the other direction, toward the front of the house, there were two doorways covered by portieres. It was for these that I headed, moving noiselessly along a hall runner as thick as the turf on a putting green.

The first door led to a walnut-paneled dining room. From its lofty ceiling a great chandelier descended, its drops and prisms gleaming like diamonds in the gloom. Most of the furniture was Regency mahogany—venerable, dignified, Parke-Bernet-type merchandise. A magnificent sterling tea service, the salver of which alone was worth $1000, sat in the center of the long table, while on the sideboard, there were four intricately cut glass decanters in a silver tantalus, a marvelous satinwood tea caddy and a samovar that was so lovely it must originally have belonged to a Romanov.

Anxious to view everything before making my selection, I let the portieres fall and hurried to the next door. This opened onto a parlor—a huge but well-proportioned room with stately pilasters and faint-blue figured wallpaper.

My eyes darted from one prodigy to another—two bronze nudes that could have come from Pompeii or Herculaneum, a beehive clock, a whatnot packed with copper and silver lusterware, six fantastic girandoles, a carved jade casket, an 18th Century chair-back settee, a tulipwood teapoy—and much, much more.

As breath-taking as these articles were, however, it was the paintings that really caused my heartbeat to quicken. The walls were lined with them and the majority were small enough to be easily whisked away. Mentally grouping them in tens, I counted nearly 100—landscapes, classical subjects, marines, still lifes, portraits, military and hunting scenes—and, with few exceptions, they were all oils.

Smothering a desire to run about snatching works of art with both hands, I traversed the parlor and passed under a Gothic arch into a spacious vestibule. On my right lay the principal staircase; on my left, the front door. I paused, held my breath and listened intently—but no sound reached my ears.

While I was pondering a small model of what appeared to be a submarine, a peculiar flickering movement among the shadows back of the desk caught my eye. I went to investigate. The source of the flickering was a low doorway sandwiched between two sections of the shelving. Stepping through it, I found myself in a tiny chapel. An immaculate white-marble altar was wedged in one end of this sanctum, and on it there rested a pair of silver-framed photographs. The subjects of these pictures were a matronly woman and a middle-aged man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles.

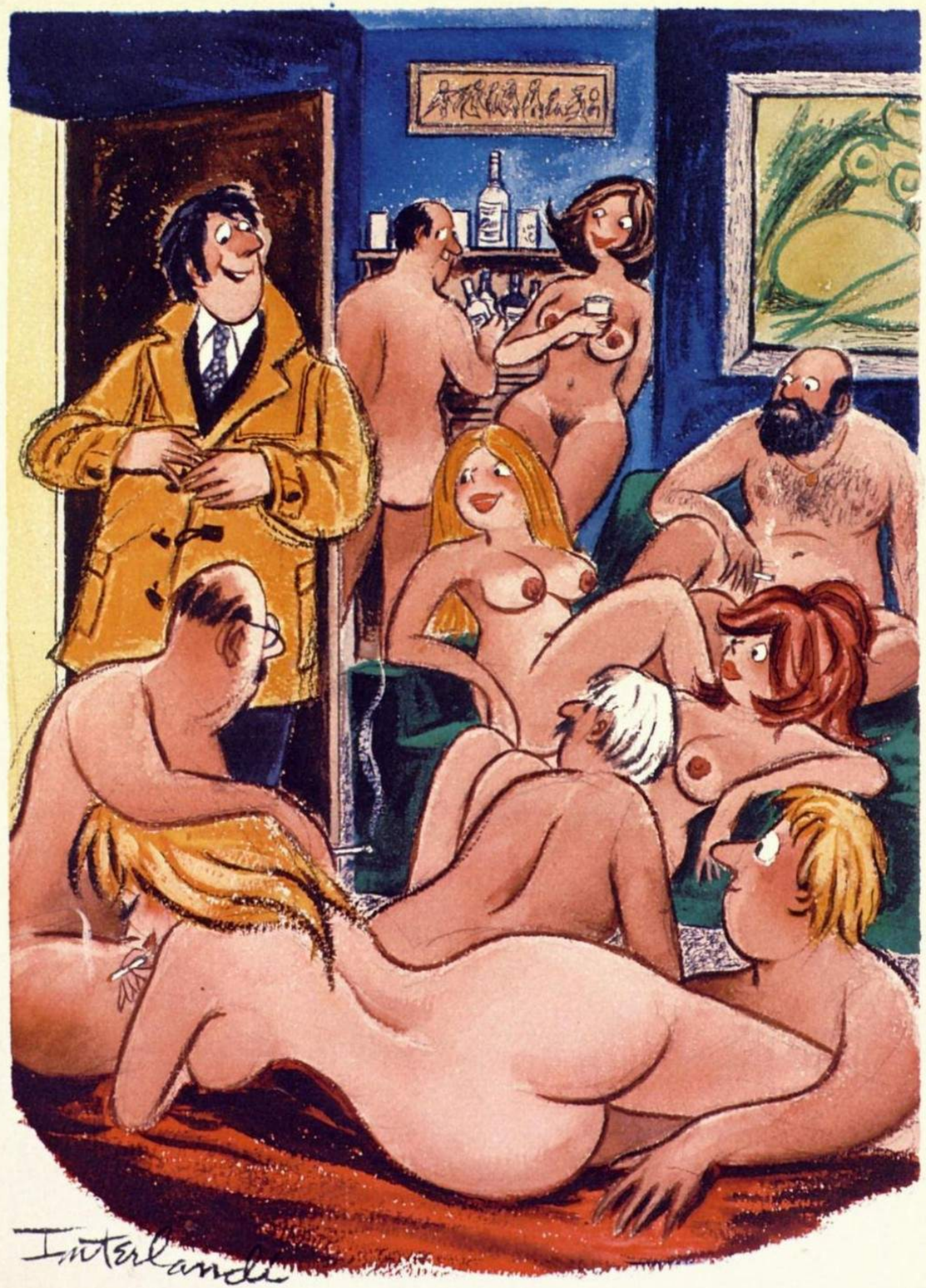
I guess if you sneak into people's homes at odd hours, you can expect to encounter a few queer sights. All the same, it was a shock to my system. Devoid of windows, low-ceilinged, stifling—the place might have been a sepulcher in a catacomb. And the old guy on the altar didn't enliven it much, either, because his expression was as grim as a Baptist preacher's in Las Vegas on New Year's Eve. I had a spooky feeling he actually sensed what I was up to.

Shaking off these silly fancies, however, I again set my mind to business. On the wall, I noted a little painting in a thick, carved frame. Depicted were a couple of women in hooded cloaks, embracing on the threshold of a house. One of them had a halo around her head. It had to be early Italian—14th or 15th Century, at least. The blues and reds were brilliant, like ceramic glazes. I fell in love with the picture instantly. Museum quality it was, beyond a doubt. I lifted it off the wall and shoved it under my jacket, murmuring to myself, "A very promising beginning."

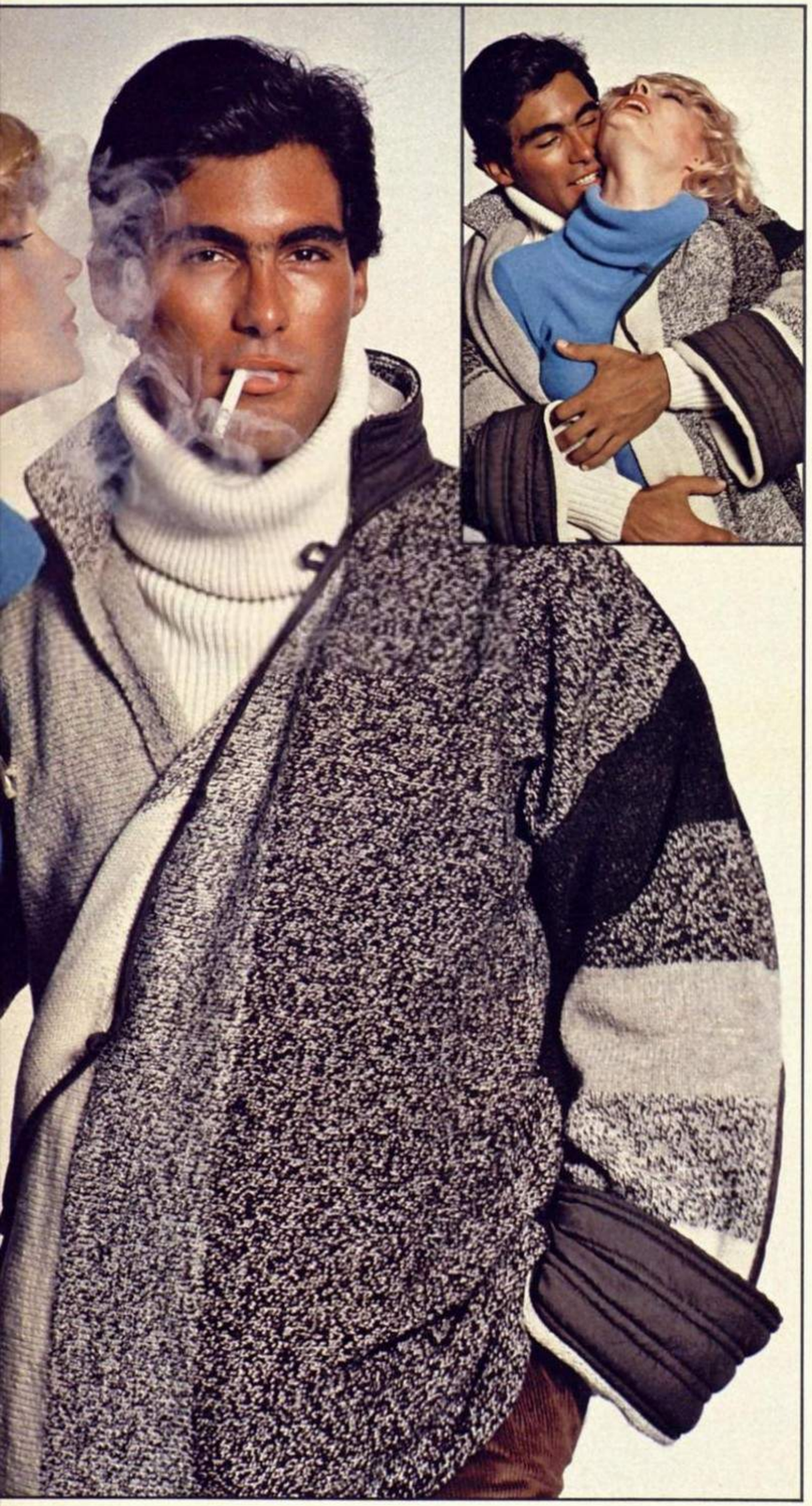
In the library, behind an atlas, there was a mulberry tiled fireplace, above whose green-marble mantel hung a dusky round mirror like a Cyclops' eye. For a moment, I contemplated my own bizarre image in this glass—then I saw something in back of me that made my stomach suddenly convulse and my blood congeal.

On entering the library, I had noticed a closed door opposite the pedestal desk and supposed it led to the next room down the hall. Now that same door was visible to me in the dusky mirror, only it wasn't closed anymore. It stood ajar some six or eight inches and protruding

(continued on page 118)



"I don't know who to thank, but one or more of you gives great head!"



attire By DAVID PLATT

THE SWING TO SWEATERS

if you think a sweater's to keep you warm, think again

Picture-taking parties can be a ball. Everything's up for grabs—everything, that is, except the handsome object of her affection, at left, a wool knit sweater jacket with toggle closures, $125, that's being worn with a bulky wool pullover, $45, both by Jon Weiser for Charivari; and corduroy slacks, by Trousers by Barry, about $50. (Her duds are by Cathy Hardwick.) Below: She'll love you in basic black—here, a wool cable-knit pullover, $115, worn over a polished-cotton striped shirt, $48, and velveteen slacks, $62, plus a fringed cable-knit scarf, $36, all by Mark of the Lion. (Her cherry-print pullover sweater is by Fiorucci.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

Below: More snap decisions, this time wearing, left, a belted sweater coat, by Carara, $90, over a striped crewneck, by Jockey, $23; polyester/cotton shirt, by Courage for Eagle, $19.50; and wool/polyester slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, about $30. Right: A bulky knit trench coat, by Tricots St. Raphael, $120; striped crewneck, by McGregor, $27.50; striped shirt, by Tre Re for George Graham, about $40; and polyester/wool slacks, by Van Gils, $55. (Her striped sweater is by Fiorucci.)

Below: Napoleon never had it so good—but then, he never wore this Shetland wool V-neck, by Huk-A-Poo for Men, $25; striped cotton shirt, by Giovannelli, $45; and denim slacks, by Gant, $37.50. (Her sweater is by Patti Cappalli for Jerry Silverman.)

Below: Talk about mug shots! Who wouldn't look sharp in, left, a bulky wool knit belted cardigan, about $85, ring-neck pullover, $21, striped shirt, $25, and wool slacks with self-belted waist, about $40, all by Pierre Cardin? Right: A wool wrap sweater, by Smuggler's Imports, $120; flannel shirt, by Robert Stock for Crossroads, about $22.50; denim jeans, by Wrangler, $17; and silk crepe de Chine scarf, by George Graham, $11. (The birdie they've been watching has on a sweater by Patti Cappalli for Jerry Silverman.)

Bric-a-Brac Man

(continued from page 112)

from the gap was a pallid hand clutching a nickel-plated revolver. Needless to say, it was pointed in my direction.

A myriad of frenzied notions enfiladed my mind, all traveling at the speed of light—yet, ultimately, one alone gained dominance over the rest: No matter what happened, I didn't want to die.

So I raised my hands and slowly turned around, saying as calmly as I was able, "Don't shoot. I surrender. Please don't shoot. I'm unarmed and I give up."

Hardly had these words left my mouth when the gun fired. Flame spurted out of its small muzzle and there was a deafening roar. I felt as if I'd been jabbed in the chest by a sharp stick or the ferrule of an umbrella—jabbed severely.

After that, events grew confused. I was on the floor, my nose an inch away from the base of the atlas. In the distance, a woman screamed. It was a prolonged, shrill, tremulous, harrowing cry. I heard doors slamming, a series of heavy footfalls and excited, muffled yelling. Nearby, clothing rustled. I began crawling along the carpet on hands and knees. Chair legs and other shadowy obstacles hindered my progress.

"Stop!" a sibilant voice commanded.

But I had no interest in stopping. Going was all I cared about—and the faster the better.

How I crossed the vestibule and the parlor, I don't remember. It wasn't until I got to my feet at the basement door that my brain resumed its normal functions. I wondered where I was wounded. The lungs? The stomach?

Down the stairs I staggered. At the bottom, I hesitated a few seconds and listened, but if there was any pursuit, my raucous panting prevented me from hearing it. I made for the game room, banging my skull on some exposed plumbing and rapping my shins on the seesaw. The hole was a welcome sight. I dove into it like a mouse fleeing a cat. Only after I had fastened the plywood panel shut and covered it with the Army blanket did I permit myself the luxury of a little hope.

Peeling off the stocking mask and the cotton gloves, I re-entered the bedroom that I had left with soaring expectations just a short while earlier. I unzipped the jacket, threw the Italian painting onto a chair and lit the lamp. When I removed my shirt and examined my chest, however, I found nothing worse than a bright-red bruise, about the size of a half dollar, just beneath my left nipple. I couldn't believe it. The skin wasn't even broken. I snatched up the jacket. There above the pocket was a tiny, ragged aperture. The bullet had hit me, yet I wasn't injured. Then I realized what must have happened and a nervous giggle bubbled from my mouth.

I stared down at the oil painting on the chair. In a corner of the frame, where the wood was thickest, a deep hole disfigured the floral carving. I took the picture in my hands and shook it violently. Onto the floor fell a misshapen chunk of lead.

"Small caliber," I whispered. "Small caliber. Lady Luck, I love you."

I turned the lamp off again and crouched in the darkness, waiting for whatever might happen next.

•

What I like least about catastrophes is their inclination to persist. All right, I'm willing to pay for my blunders—but in a single lump sum, not on the installment plan. It never happens that way, though.

The rest of that night I spent on my belly, trying to hear what the cops were saying on the other side of the plywood panel. They searched the Ramsay cellar thoroughly, and whenever they approached my hiding place, I stiffened with terror. Once, virtually in my ear, a coarse voice barked, "Son of a bitch must've run out the back door, the way he got in. Bastard's home in bed now, sleeping like a baby."

Glad as I was to hear this opinion, I was quite surprised by all the activity over there. It was a lot more than you'd expect for one lousy burglary. I had the impression a dozen men were poking around that basement—and later, two prowl cars with switched-on spotlights drove into the alley.

They would probably make inquiries in the neighborhood. If they questioned me, would my nerves hold? I asked myself. Suppose they discovered I was an antique dealer.

But it was essential to take things one at a time and not catapult to tragic conclusions. With this in mind, I stowed the painting, the mask, the laundry bags and my dark clothing in the cavity between the walls. Then I rolled the bed back to its original position, pushing it inch by inch, so as not to make a sound. The tunnel concealed again, I felt slightly more secure.

At dawn, the cars were still in the alley, but I was so exhausted by that time I hardly cared. Lying down on the bumpy mattress, I soon fell into a profound sleep.

Four hours later, I was awakened abruptly by a knock on the door. The previous night's events rushed into my consciousness and I shuddered beneath the bedclothes.

The caller was Mrs. Dunlap. In one hand she carried an empty bucket and in the other, a can of scouring powder. "Did I wake you, Mr. Hopkins? So sorry," she said, a faraway look in her eyes. "Just wanted to make sure you were all right."

Although I was happy to find it was only her, I feigned annoyance. "Certainly I'm all right," I said. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't be, Mrs. D?"

"Oh, don't you know? Haven't you heard? But I guess you haven't, have you? The Ramsays. They're strange and unsociable, which is why I'm not too surprised, really. The whole street is in an uproar. Wealthy as they are, the Ramsays, they haven't had much luck. They live next door. Odd things happen to odd people—don't you agree? Marta Ramsay was murdered last night. A man broke into the house and strangled her in her bed. He was a thief and she caught him in the act."

"Murdered?" I exclaimed, suddenly realizing what the woman had said. "Who? Where?"

"Marta Ramsay—in her second-floor bedroom, next door."

I tried to gather my wits.

Mrs. Dunlap ogled me from behind her rimless glasses. "He got away, too," she continued. "The police say he may have been wounded, though, because a gun was fired at him. I didn't hear it—did you? No, I guess you wouldn't, being down here. They searched the alley for blood, but I don't think they found any. Did you hear an automobile starting up, Mr. Hopkins? That's what they asked me."

"No, I heard nothing," I answered quickly. "My bedroom door was shut—and so was the one to the kitchen. How did it happen, Mrs. Dunlap? Did they say?"

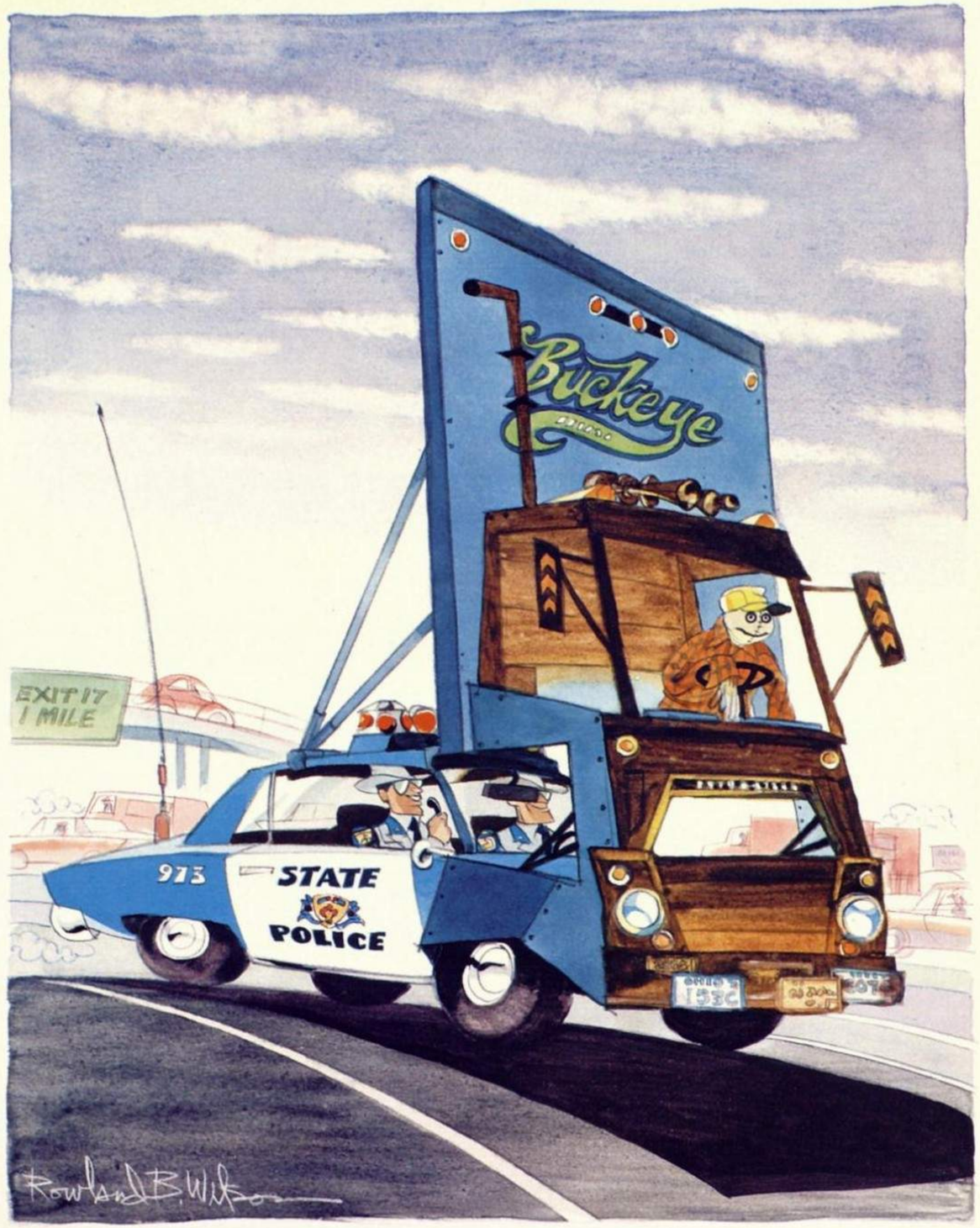
She shifted the bucket to her right hand and dropped the can of scouring powder into it with a clang. "Through the back door is how they think he got in."

I leaned against the doorjamb, because my legs were becoming flexible. "Are you positive there was a murder?" I asked. "Did they give you details? Maybe they exaggerated."

"No, no. Exaggerated? Why should they? Besides, I saw them take the body out this morning. I never thought to tell the police you were staying here, but since you didn't hear anything, it's just as well. They're rather a nuisance. Take up all your time. I hardly ever see you, Mr. Hopkins, but I did hear you drilling last week when I went to the storeroom for curtain rods. Do you think you could fix the valance over the window in the lounge of six-forty-one? It droops. And I suppose some of the ladies will want chains put on their doors now and heavier locks."

"I'll take care of that, Mrs. Dunlap," I assured her hurriedly. "I'll see to everything, but not today. I'm running a bit

(continued on page 216)



"This is Woolly Caterpillar. All you good buddies can put that old hammer down, 'cause 303 is Smokey-free from here to T-town—ten-four!"

MISSOURI BREAKER

miss november was born with a gift of blarney. the citizen's-band radio came later. the combination is delightful

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

WHEN WE ASKED Patti McGuire how she got turned on to citizen's-band radio, she replied: "I've always liked to keep the hammer down, so I learned a long time ago to latch on to a roger roller skate, because I knew you could bet your beaver that someone was on the front door beating the bushes for the bear and I wouldn't get bit on the seat of the britches. So it was inevitable that I become a ladybreaker from the Gateway City of St. Louis, Missouri." Uh, come again? "Well," she said, "I liked to speed, so I would always try to find a car with a C.B. antenna. If it was doing 90 miles an hour, I could be fairly certain that the driver was talking to someone on down the highway and that there weren't any policemen on patrol. I wouldn't get a ticket." We were wondering if we were going to have to enroll in a Berlitz course in C.B. slang to complete the interview, but Patti saw our plight and volunteered to talk in straight English. Well, almost. Being Irish, she has a basic disrespect for

"My friends say I have a split personality—half liberal, half conservative. Sometimes sad but with a sense of humor. In short, I'm a typical Irish crazy."

such things as simple facts. When she tells a story, you're not sure what's true and what's not, but it doesn't matter. Fortunately, Patti comes equipped with a built-in lie detector. If she smiles, you know she's having fun. For example, in discussing relationships, she admitted that she believed in a "reverse double" standard. She wanted to be free to explore casual affairs, but her man had to be faithful. Could she be more specific? "Well, have you ever seen the original uncut version of *King Kong*? When Kong first meets Fay Wray, he peels off her clothes, fondles her and then sniffs his fingers. Later, when he's climbing the Empire State Building, he reaches through a

"I was surprised when PLAYBOY *asked me to pose for a gatefold. But I'm impulsive. I'll do anything if it falls into my lap."*

"When I was a kid, I used to waltz into our den, flash my eight-year-old body and say, 'Guess what TV show? "Naked City"!' "

"C.B. slang takes some getting used to. A guy once asked me if I was running barefoot, 'cause I was blasting out his windows. I had no idea what he meant, so I faked it. I told him I was just sitting there bare-ass and what was he, some kind of weirdo Peeping Tom? He laughed and answered, 'Mercy sakes, no.' All he wanted to know was what kind of power source I was using on my rig. Barefoot means natural power. It gets confusing, but it's also fun. Just when you think you've got a phrase down, someone will invent a new one. I guess no C.B.er has read 'Plain Speaking'."

"I don't have a nickname yet. I'm open to suggestions. Unfortunately, no matter what you call yourself, if a trucker hears a woman, he automatically calls her Little Beaver. Ladybreakers really love that."

"I guess I'm a show-me person from Missouri. The people I met in L.A. tried to tell me that the California life was tops. It's not. For one thing, the sex is better right here in St. Louis."

window and grabs a blonde. He sniffs her and, realizing that she is not his beloved, casually tosses her some 50 stories to her death. That's my idea of a faithful lover." Miss November is equally frank about her sex life, but we noticed the same tongue-in-cheek quality, the giveaway smile. We listened with extreme attention as she described sitting stark-naked in an outdoor Jacuzzi in Los Angeles while a stream of hot water pulsated against her most sensitive regions. How did the story end? "Well, this big bullfrog came galloping across the lawn, saw the water and, not knowing any better, jumped right in. Imagine his surprise when he discovered the water was almost boiling. That was some startled

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Patti McGuire

"I like rowdy bars, good music and sex. If a guy turns me on, I will sleep with him. But I don't really fool around. I can still count my affairs on just two hands."

bullfrog." See what we mean? Apart from her irreverent attitude toward boyfriends and bullfrogs, Miss November is a fairly serious woman. A few months ago, she visited Los Angeles. She was offered several acting and modeling assignments but turned them down to return to St. Louis. She wants to complete her education (she was a poli-sci major at Southern Illinois). Eventually, she would like to become a consumer-affairs investigator, à la Nader's Raiders. She is active in local politics. Four years ago—before she was old enough to vote—she worked to send Christopher "Kit" Bond to the governor's mansion in Missouri. It's that time of year again, and Patti is planning to help out again. What will she do after the campaign? "Learn tennis or skiing. I think everyone needs at least one physical activity to be good at. Something that requires concentration and coordination. Something other than sex. A person needs variety, right?" Roger.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was during a full meeting of the corporation's officers and directors that the arrogant president and chief operating officer asked to have his secretary sent in. When she appeared, he snapped, "How can I possibly edit these minutes if I have nothing to write with? Damn it, Miss Jones, where *is* my gold pen?"

"The last time I saw it, sir," the girl answered sweetly, "it was on your night table."

We understand that some experimental botanist has developed a strain of marijuana with aphrodisiac properties that he calls *tumbleweed*.

These Frenchmen have sexual quirks," the mother counseled her daughter, who was about to marry one. "Sooner or later, they propose—you know—a change in technique, which I trust you'll resist."

The bride-to-be promised she would and, sure enough, some weeks after the wedding, her husband did suggest some sexual variety. "No, no!" protested the girl. "Mother warned me about your probably wanting to make a switch, and I said I would be firm in refusing any such thing!"

"But, darling," said her husband, "don't you want to have children?"

An art buff in London named Snow,
Accosted a fortnight ago,
Is alleged to have quipped
When a flasher unzipped,
"Your exhibit's well hung, sir. Good show!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prostitute* as a beddy buy.

I just don't know what to do about the fellow I've broken up with," confided the secretary to her sister typist. "All the time we were going together, he kept begging and pleading with me to go to bed with him, and I kept refusing, explaining that I was saving myself until I was married."

"But you've just said you've broken up with him," commented the other girl.

"Yes, I did that last month—but the sex-crazy nut has phoned me every week since, asking, 'Are you married yet?' "

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vagina* as the box a penis comes in.

We've heard a rumor that the Ku Klux Klan, in an effort to keep up with the times, is considering changing its name to the White Muslins.

You have a couple of cracked vertebrae," the intern told the high school boy after he had examined the emergency-room X rays. "What sort of accident was it?"

"You see, doc, I was kissing my girl good night on her back porch an hour ago," groaned the youth, "and damned if her old man didn't come out the door and step right in the middle of my back!"

One of our legislative correspondents has reported that the vote on a bill to legalize bisexuality could go either way.

Josephine," said the woman to her maid, "aren't you gaining a lot of weight?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl. Then she lowered her eyes and added, "The fact is I'm pregnant."

"But how did that happen?" exclaimed the woman. "Why, you don't even date."

"No," said Josephine, "but, you see, I sent away for an electric vibrator, and——"

"You don't mean to tell me you used an unspeakable thing like that on yourself?" interrupted her employer.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" protested Josephine. "The expressman who delivered the package talked me out of using it."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *coitus interruptus* as an outer-space shot.

After the tourist had been served in the Las Vegas cocktail lounge, he beckoned the waitress back and said, "Miss, would you give me a piece of ass?"

"Lord, that's got to be the most direct proposition I've ever had!" gasped the girl. Then she smiled and added, "Sure, why not? It's pretty slow here right now, so let's go!"

When the pair returned half an hour later, the man sat down at the same table and the waitress asked, "Will there be anything else?"

"Yes," replied the tourist. "Where I come from in Virginia, we like our bourbon and water real cold. So I still need a piece of ass for my drink."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"You were careless, indeed, Harry—first to have caught a cold and second to have sent your friend to tell me."

THE VATICAN SEX MANUAL

how to avoid sex before, during and after marriage: thirteen positions in which to prevent lovemaking

THERE ARE many thousands of positions in which sex cannot be enjoyed. There are hundreds more in which sex cannot even be attempted. Here are just a few of the most popular. By using these variations, you and your partner will be unable to have sex in a variety of ways, which will add zest to your abstinence. Based on old manuscripts found in the Vatican, they are equally unuseful for unmarried couples, who may try them without having to fear pregnancy, pleasure or confession.

By MONSIGNOR E. D. GRAY,*
S.J., M.A. (OXON)
*a.k.a. ERIC IDLE of
MONTY PYTHON

All on Your Own

The classic position for avoiding sex. There are two main variations, All on Your Own with Your Trousers Off and All on Your Own with the Television On. The latter is far safer. Try to avoid thinking, and there should be nothing stimulating at hand (particularly your hand).

A Lot of Clothing

The woman and the man don lots of clothing. With her left hand, she holds his right hand for about four minutes. She then lets go. This can be repeated with the other hand after 20 minutes and a cigarette.

The Missionary Position

It is more difficult to avoid sex when you are both naked in the bedroom. Remember to keep the bed between you and to pray hard. If you are young and active, this position may have to be repeated.

Finger Fun

You can have fun with your fingers, so do be careful. There are only certain areas that may be touched without fear of pleasure. This is one of them. The finger (and nothing else) should be held fully erect.

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Aural Sex

This position is often called giving head. The gentleman puts his head on the lady's Safe Zone and listens hard for any sign of passion (grunting, heavy breathing, giggles, etc.). If he hears any, he must stop.

The Congress of the Ant

This is often called the Congress of New Zealand. Nobody quite knows why. The gentleman rests his forehead on the lady's Safe Zone. His hands are now free to grip her calves. This is less fun than it looks.

The Congress of Vienna

Complex. You and 700 ambassadors try to end the Napoleonic Wars. A useful position for avoiding group sex, it is often found in conjunction with the Diet of Worms. (If you eat worms, you won't feel sexy.)

The Trade-Union Congress

The man's foot is placed firmly on the woman's Safe Zone for up to seven minutes. The woman then places her foot on the man's Safe Zone. To avoid accidental arousal, it is best to turn the head away.

The Fred Astaire

The man and the woman turn their backs on each other and crouch, bend or squat until they're "cheek to cheek." Some couples can keep their buttocks adjoining for up to an hour and still claim to be unsatisfied.

Foot Fetishism

The man lies on his face and the woman sits on his Safe Zone. She quickly touches his foot and withdraws immediately. This is the safest position in which the foot may be used without risk of pedic pleasure.

The Papal Bull

Often called oral sex: All you can do is talk. The woman goes down over the man's shoulder as he grasps her ankles. It may be tried standing up or lying down, but in all positions, it is unsatisfactory.

Ninety-Six

A beautiful position. The man rests his head on the woman's Safe Zone and arches his back. He may grip her knees for added support. There is little risk of pregnancy. In fact, there is little risk of anything.

The Chair

The couple uses a chair in pursuit of chastity. Other things may be inserted between the couple (but only *between*) to prolong the avoidance of pleasure: vegetables (be careful) and even sex manuals.

MONEY IN THE STOCK MARKET

(continued from page 109)

and how you should go about it if you, in the words of Bernie Cornfeld, "sincerely want to be rich."

The element of luck can be disposed of simply. It exists; but it exists for everyone and over a period of time will even itself out. The essential difference between the stock market and purer forms of gambling is that it is possible for everyone who buys stocks to be a winner. Between 1962 and 1968, the *average* stock traded on the New York Stock Exchange doubled. Taking a longer view, during the 15 years from the beginning of 1958 to the end of 1972, the average of all stocks traded on the big board *tripled*. Clearly, it would have taken real effort, as well as incredibly bad luck, to have lost money during either of those periods. Compare this with roulette or the ponies, where the house percentage guarantees that the entire universe of participants must, on any given day, end up losers, and where any individual player is almost certain, over a lengthy stretch of time, to wind up in the hole. What about commissions, you say? The approximate two-to-three percent cost to buy or sell small amounts of stock is of no real concern to the long-term investor—which is what I will prove you must be.

The stock market is an extremely complex mechanism that at all times reflects two simple emotions—fear and greed. The miserable results obtained by the average small investor derive from greed-motivated purchases and fear-motivated sales. Just as the average N.Y.S.E. stock doubled from 1962 to 1968, from late 1968 to the end of 1974, these stocks fell on average nearly 50 percent, with many individual issues doing far worse. What happened to someone who bought at what later proved to be very close to the top and sold at what has already proved to be the bottom is obvious. Far outweighing the element of luck in the stock market is the element of psychology. Mastery of it would lead to riches far faster than mastery of economic theory. But one need not achieve complete understanding of the pervasive human psychological aspect of the market; just learn to recognize and avoid some of the more egregious examples of the herd instinct. Once *you* learn to avoid them, you can make their inevitable appearance on the part of others work for you.

A hapless fellow I know once told me the following horror story. In 1966, his brother-in-law gave him a "tip" on a stock called Solitron Devices, then selling at 70. Knowing that this brother-in-law had never made a dime in years of stock-market speculating, he ignored the proffered advice. When, six months later, Solitron was selling at 140, and not being able to stand his brother-in-law's smug satisfaction, he bought 60 shares with $8500 that represented nearly all his liquid assets. Thrilled beyond belief by its subsequent advance in less than a year to 285, he then watched unhappily as, during 1968, it fell back to 200. Convinced by his brother-in-law that this was just a "temporary reaction" and that Solitron Devices, whose earnings were skyrocketing, was ready for another large move upward, he borrowed $5000 and bought another 25 shares. However, it never went up again, it just sank steadily. At 70, the price at which his brother-in-law had originally recommended it, he sold his 85 shares, receiving enough to repay the bank loan but having lost nearly all his original $8500 investment.

Had my friend checked a bit before buying, he would have found that Solitron Devices was a third-rate electronic-components company enjoying a temporary vogue. As a result, its price had reached levels unwarranted by even the rosiest of futures. Texas Instruments was then, as it is today, a leader in the electronics industry, strongly financed and extremely well managed. During 1967, while Solitron was going up more than threefold, somewhat sluggish Texas Instruments was advancing "only" 45 percent. In common with many technology stocks, it then proceeded to do rather badly for a number of years. However, Texas Instruments today is worth about two and a half times its late-1966 price, while Solitron Devices, after reporting losses in 1970 and for a number of years since, is now selling for one eighth of its late-1966 price.

Now, my friend made a number of mistakes far more serious than merely picking the wrong horse. He acted on a tip from a dubious source. (Almost all sources of "tips" are dubious.) He bought the stock on emotion, not facts. He put far too large a portion of his net worth into one stock. He knew far too little about the company, its prospects and—most important—what was already known by the market about those prospects and fully discounted in the price of the stock. He regards himself as unlucky. In fact, he was very lucky. Despite the commission of so many stock-market sins, he was offered absolution in the form of more than a double from his original cost. At that point, the stock was selling at 70 times its earnings, an almost unheard-of level. But instead of selling, he bought more, and with borrowed money.

Borrowing money to buy stocks—leveraging, as it's called in the trade—is not always wrong. It can be a successful technique for an aggressive investor who knows intimately the company whose stock he is buying and has carefully assessed the risks involved—criteria certainly not met by my friend. The greatest negative about borrowing—and the reason it should be done only by those practiced and knowledgeable—is that it repeals the most important law of mathematics that the investor seeking large capital gains has going for him: The most he can lose is 100 percent of his investment.

This rule may strike the potential investor as cold comfort, indeed. Obviously, no one embarks on any investment with a total wipe-out in mind. Yet the fact that stocks can—and frequently do—go up far more than 100 percent and cannot go down more than 100 percent is not merely a theoretical point. An attitude I constantly encounter in talking to a wide variety of small investors (small is defined for our purposes as anyone with less than $25,000 to invest) is an excessive concern with risk—and insufficient attention to potential reward. Many individuals with modest-sized portfolios containing the stocks of a few solid, established companies have told me, "I can't afford to take risks; this is all the money I have." Assuming that the person I am talking to has taken the ordinary precautions of having some life insurance and a reasonable emergency fund in a savings account, and assuming that he genuinely wants to build what extra money he has saved into real capital, I point out that he can't afford *not* to take risks.

Paradoxical as it may sound, someone with $100,000 is *less* able to risk his money than someone with $10,000. The $100,000 is not money, it is capital. It can safely be invested for yield and produce $8000–$9000 a year without any risk. That amount of income, when added to the investor's regular earnings, can substantially improve his standard of living, as well as give him peace of mind. If this man with $100,000 is relatively young and earning a good income, inflation and the U.S. tax laws still may make it advisable for him to aim for substantial capital growth—but he must be aware of what he is risking.

The individual with $10,000, if he assesses his situation unemotionally, will realize he does not have this choice. The annual income from that sum will produce barely enough for a decent two-week vacation. He is forced to assume the risks that are a necessary concomitant of seeking above-average, long-range growth of capital. The hope of someone with $10,000 is that someday he will have $100,000—a not impossible goal over the very long term, especially if he can add modest sums annually to his pool of investable funds. It is for this individual, with a reasonable amount of money—

(continued on page 178)

JOHNNY CARSON, WATCH YOUR ASS...

...THERE'S A REVOLUTION GOING ON

with video cassettes here and video discs just around the corner, it's only a matter of time before blockbuster films premiere in your pad

THIS YEAR AND NEXT, technology is destined to catch up with the family television set. The wasteland is going to become a wonderland, with the small screen undergoing as many combinations and permutations as the once-lowly phonograph did when research and development transformed it into today's quadraphonic marvel.

Television's possibilities will soon be unlimited, with the viewer able to do everything but beam up to the Enterprise. As of right now, you're no longer chained to the time slots dictated by the networks nor forced to choose between *All in the Family* and the Monday-night movie if they're scheduled at the same time. You can tape one while you watch the other, then watch the taped show at your leisure.

And in the very near future, if you don't like *any* of the scheduled shows, you can be your own video-disc jockey and spin the program platter of your choice—uncut, uncensored and sans commercials. But that's only for openers. When officials in the industry blue-sky it, they talk in terms of video "books" illustrated with film clips, commercials "printed" in video-disc form and bound into your favorite magazine (play the page and watch A. J. Foyt test-drive

PICTURE ABOVE (SHOWN HERE ON A ZENITH CHROMACOLOR II) AND ON PRECEDING PAGE COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Left: Sony's $1260 Model SL-7200 Betamax Videocassette Recorder measures 20½" x 16⅛" x 8⅛" and performs in a manner similar to an audio-tape recorder; you turn it on (or use the optional preset timer—$40) and record picture and sound simultaneously. Tape storage is no problem, thanks to Sony's ½" tape manufactured in a cassette format (a 60-minute cassette costs $15.95) that, of course, allows for erasure. Other features include fast forward and an optional all-channel splitter ($5) that picks up U.H.F. stations.

Right: JVC's Video Cassette Recorder, the CR-6300U, records and plays back ¾" U-type video cassettes; features include a TV tuner that allows you to record directly off the air without a receiver/monitor, a built-in timer for automatic recording, and stop-action playback for instant analysis of any shot. The price: $1960. JVC's ¾" 60-minute video cassettes go for $35 each.

Left: When North American Philips and MCA's Videodisc player hits the market soon, it will attach to the antenna of any TV; the set is then tuned to a channel not in use and you're ready to play whatever video disc you've selected via a laser-beam scanner. The set will cost about $500; video discs, which resemble LP records, are by MCA and will go for about $10 each. They'll last indefinitely, provided you treat them with care.

Right: Panasonic's entry into the market of video-cassette recorders is the Model NV-2125, a handsome unit that plays ¾" tape and can be equipped with optional remote-control selector and timer. Standard is a special auto-repeat lever that permits automatic playing or recording again and again. $1775. Sixty-minute video cassettes are $35.

Left: The SelectaVision VideoDisc system soon to be marketed by RCA will hook to the antenna terminals of any TV, just as the Philips and MCA model above. RCA's video discs will also slightly resemble LP audio records; each is especially coated and will have a 30-minute playing time per side. SelectaVision features will include easy-to-operate forward and reverse finger-tip controls for precise cuing and a pause control for stopping and restarting the program from the same point. SelectaVision sets will go for $500; video discs priced about $10 each will be available in a wide variety of subjects from pop and how-to to cultural.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Detroit's latest), and even such fascinating possibilities as a *Playboy Interview* live and perhaps the Playmate of the Month in living color (see *Think Tank*, PLAYBOY, June 1976).

Television has been hypnotized before by its own picture tube, with officials announcing as imminent developments that never quite made it to the market place. There have been any number of television and high-fidelity components that worked well when hand-crafted in the laboratory but that turned out to be lemons when they came off the assembly line (if they could be mass-produced at all).

How far off the wall are industry spokesmen this time? If you can believe Wall Street, not very. Entertainment stocks are some of the hottest on the big board and one of the major reasons is what's been happening in the video field. Insiders are well aware that your TV set is about to become the center of a home-entertainment complex as versatile and intricate as the rig of the most enthusiastic audio buff.

Nor are all the miracles due five years from now. Just coming onto the market are video-cassette tape recorders that will enable you to break the logjam of network programing and also solve the problem of inconvenient broadcast hours. Sony, Panasonic and JVC are among the major manufacturers producing cassette units that need only to be plugged in and have their output leads attached to the antenna of your TV set. Slip in a blank video cassette and you're ready to record.

Two programs on the air at the same time and you can't make up your mind which to watch? Turn on one and record the other for viewing later. There's a late-night movie you want to catch, but you're beat and you have to be at the office early in the morning? Set the timer and tape it—then watch it the following evening, when the night's programing consists of reruns and pilots that never made it off the ground.

Perhaps the most widely distributed of the recorders (now available in 24 major markets and due for national distribution by December) is Sony's Betamax, a $1260 video-cassette recorder with its own tuner. It has most of the standard features of an audio-cassette recorder—fast forward, rewind and eject—with a digital clock timer as a $40 optional accessory. Video cassettes are inserted in much the same manner as audio cassettes; operation is also similar to that of an audio machine, even to the familiar bank of piano-key switches. The cassette uses half-inch tape in an hour or half-hour format. You can build up a library of features or erase the tape and use the same cassette over and over. (Sony's cassette K-60 sells for $15.95; cassette K-30 is $11.95.)

Sony also makes a $2295 all-in-one unit, combining a 19-inch Trinitron set with a Betamax unit. One of the advantages is that the unit has provisions for attaching a camera (an additional $395) via a 15-foot umbilical cable so the owner can take home movies (in black and white only).

The JVC and Panasonic models are both precision instruments, use three-quarter-inch tape for improved picture quality and have a number of exciting features for the video freak. The JVC CR-6300U ($1960) has a built-in timer, stop-action playback capability, two audio channels for stereo record and playback, plus facilities for dubbing another sound track while playing back a previously recorded feature. The Panasonic model NV-2125 ($1775) has automatic rewind, automatic repeat mode, automatic search ability, dual sound tracks for stereo recording and an optional clock timer. Sixty-minute cassettes for these two units cost $35 each. Shorter cassettes at lower cost are also available.

If the video-cassette recorders sound suspiciously like their audio counterparts, the similarity is undoubtedly intentional. The controls are remarkably similar and the units themselves *look* like oversized audio models. Be aware, however, that while the Panasonic and JVC cassettes are compatible, the Sony half-inch-tape cassette is not compatible with either. As yet, there are few prerecorded video cassettes available, though Time-Life is marketing some, primarily for the educational field. To rectify this situation, Sony has just joined with Paramount to form a new company—Sony/Paramount Home Entertainment Center—which, by the end of 1977, hopes to be distributing nationally a variety of features, including recent flicks.

The major advantage of video cassettes over video discs is the same that audio cassettes have over phonograph records: You can record off the air and you can also erase and use the same cassette repeatedly. Another advantage is simply that video-cassette recorders are available *right now*—and video discs and their players are not.

But the market debut of video discs is close at hand and when they *do* appear, the field of communications will never be the same. And at least one of the major brands of video discs will have capabilities that *neither* tape *nor* records now have.

The major contenders for the video-disc market are SelectaVision, a development by RCA, and the Philips/MCA Videodisc System, a joint venture by MCA, the parent company of Universal Pictures, and North American Philips, which is affiliated with NV Philips, the Netherlands electronic firm that developed the audio cassette. Spokesmen for both systems claim the price of their playback units will be around $500—far under that of video-cassette recorders—and that of the discs will be around ten dollars.

But though disc and recorder in both systems will look somewhat alike and will be in the same price range, there the similarity ends. The systems operate in dramatically different ways.

Already being tested in the market on a continuous basis is SelectaVision, on which RCA claims to have spent millions of dollars in research. The unit is reportedly easy to manufacture, uses off-the-shelf parts and is "reliable"—meaning, presumably, that it will require few trips to the repair shop.

Since the players are easy to make, RCA claims that the only holdup lies in the discs themselves—and it's currently tooling up a plant to deliver 6,000,000 two-sided discs annually. When will we see both disc and player in stores? RCA has plans for regional marketing in 1977.

The SelectaVision disc and player will be comfortably familiar to everybody. The disc looks much like an ordinary phonograph record, except for the large center hole and iridescent surface. It's pressed of vinyl (and vacuum coated with a thin layer of metal), has grooves on both sides and will be read by a sapphire-and-metal stylus that will physically ride the grooves and pick off the signal, much as a needle and cartridge tracks the grooves of a phonograph record. The playing time will be 30 minutes to a side, with the disc good for more than 500 plays. The stylus has a life expectancy of 300 or more playing hours before it has to be changed.

So much for facts, figures and similarities. But there are a number of important differences between the SelectaVision system and your home record player. Rather than a needle that mechanically tracks the squiggles of an audio record's grooves, SelectaVision uses a capacitance pickup that reads a series of tiny slots in the bottom of the grooves. The grooves themselves are far narrower than those of a regular phonograph record—there are some 5555 to the inch—and the disc revolves at 450 rpm, more than ten times the familiar 33⅓.

Like phonograph records, however, the discs are susceptible to damage by handling. Fingerprints, dirt and dust will cause dropouts in the picture on the screen, though RCA claims several plays will effectively clean the disc.

The Philips/MCA Videodisc System and its Disco-Vision video discs also have a superficial similarity to the phonograph record and its player. The disc is the same size and roughly the same thickness

(concluded on page 214)

"What did you expect to find in a codpiece?"

article **By CRAIG S. KARPEL** HOW A GANG OF BANKERS AND MUGGERS DECIDED TO PULL THE PLUG ON NEW YORK CITY

A tradition, long current among Indian tribes, told of a remote period when a calm translucid lake surrounded the fair island of Manahata. Gold and silver fishes abounded in the lake; fruit and flowers were inexhaustible upon the land; and above all brooded the spirit of the sovereign god, Manitto! But suddenly an irruption of the great river laid waste the peaceful spot; the roadway opened to the sea, and amid the rush and roar of tidal waters the protecting god took flight.

—JULIA M. COLTON, *Annals of Old Manhattan, 1609–1664*

I AM SPEAKING TO YOU from the Sun Fun Hut at the resort/residential complex of Palmas del Mar, a genuine imitation Mediterranean village on the southeast coast of Puerto Rico. The trade winds are riffling balmily through the palms, I am on my third *piña colada* with double Ron del Barrilito, canned dual pianos are plinking *Cuando Calienta el Sol (Aquí en la Playa)* and right now you are asking yourself, (A) *Sun* Fun Hut? and (B) If this is an article about the death of New York City, *(continued on page 158)*

THERE ARE 8,000,000 STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY AND THIS IS THE LAST ONE

CONSTRUCTION BY TOM STAEBLER

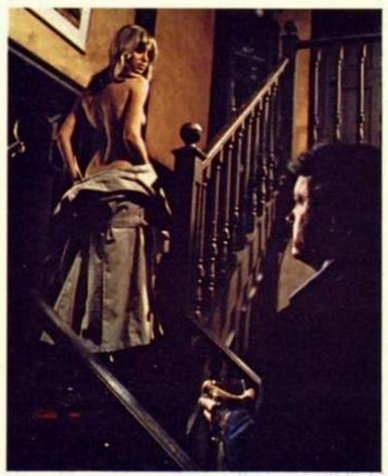
SEX IN CINEMA—1976

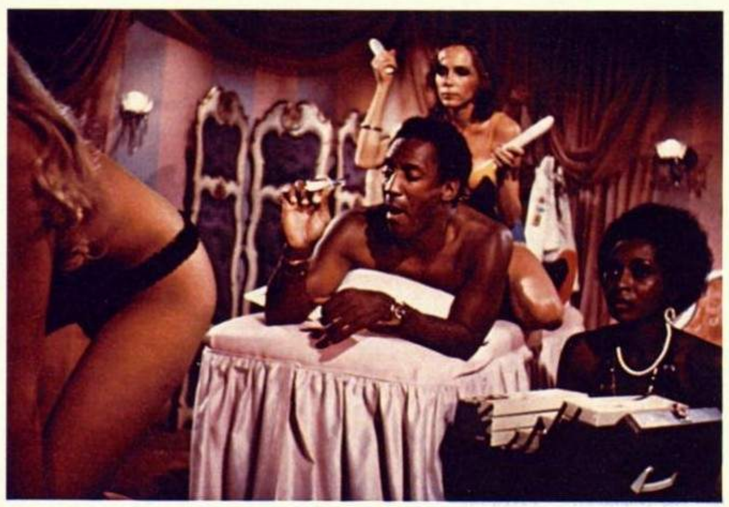
IN THE RACE FOR THE BOX-OFFICE BUCK BETWEEN THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, THE PUBLIC SEEMED TO PREFER ITS BODIES BLOODIED

article By ARTHUR KNIGHT THERE CAN BE little doubt that 1976 will go down in the annals of cinema as the year in which movie companies exploited the peculiar links between sex and violence for all they were worth. As successful prosecutions of sexually oriented fare made the forthright approach to sex that was visible only five years ago in *Carnal Knowledge* increasingly problematical, film makers sought a safer, yet commercially sound means of heating up their product. Seemingly, they found it in rape, murder and mutilation.

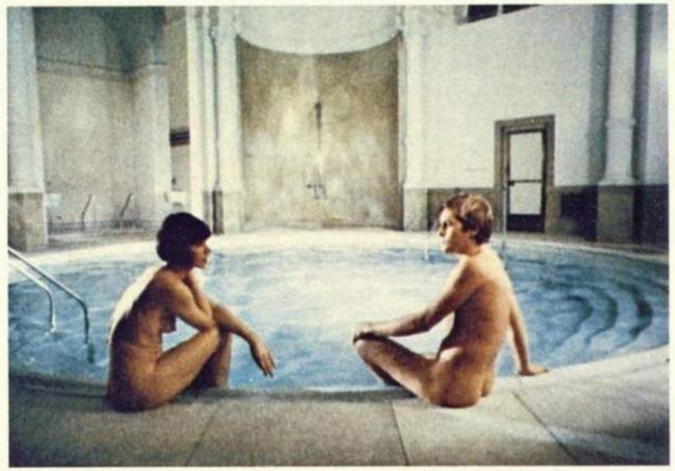
This repellent device, however, may not endure long. Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley proclaimed a crackdown, having his city council rubber-stamp (by 46 to 2) an ordinance designed to restrict violent movies to audiences 18 and over, and other cities are following suit. Not surprisingly, the language of Daley's ordinance paralleled the Supreme Court's 1973 formulation defining obscenity, however loosely.

That sex and violence are linked by more than mere linguistics was demonstrated early in the year by the release of *Snuff*, an Argentine-based sex movie that recalled the Manson murders. *Snuff* is climaxed by a sickening sequence (added Stateside) in which the female star is presumably killed oncamera, then eviscerated. At first, rumor had it that this was an actual killing, that pornography had reached its ultimate conclusion. "If they can show the sex act on the screen," argued proponents of the censorious Morality in Media organization in a fine example of muddled logic, "why not the act of murder as well?" Most of us fail to see the inevitability of a connection between homicide and intercourse. For every person who is murdered, literally millions are *(text continued on page 164)*



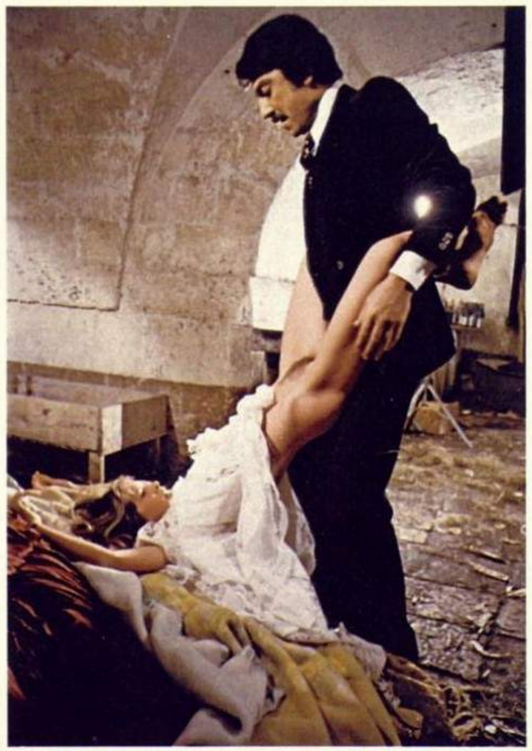


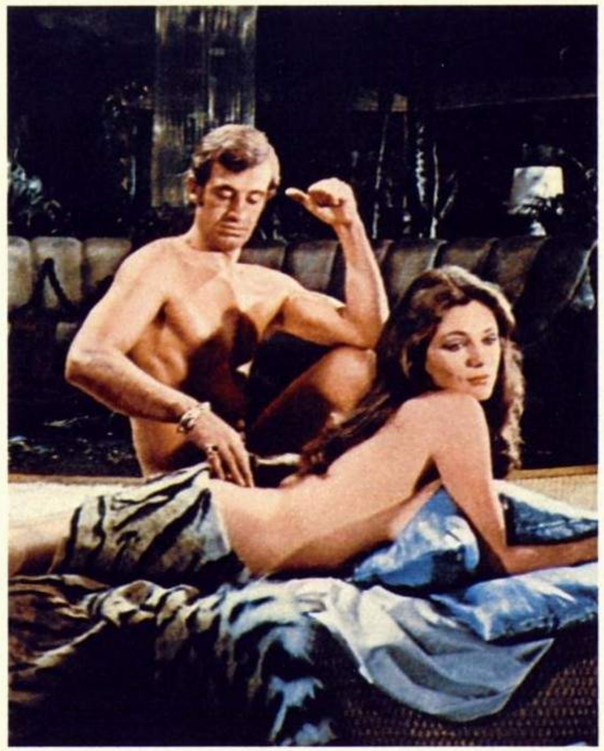
SEXPOTPOURRI: *Didn't see this shot of Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson in "Barry Lyndon" (opposite)? That's because it was cut from the film. Some that weren't: Sally Field, out of the "Flying Nun" habit, with Jeff Bridges in "Stay Hungry" (top left); Liza Minnelli, bedded with Burt Reynolds and Gene Hackman in "Lucky Lady" (top right); Sam Elliott and 1971 Playmate of the Year Sharon Clark Weber in "Lifeguard" (center left); Cliff Robertson and Susan George in "Out of Season" (center right); Oliver Reed as a bumbling half-breed in a brothel from "The Great Scout and Cathouse Thursday" (above left); and ambulance attendant Bill Cosby, aiming a shot in "Mother, Jugs & Speed" (above right).*

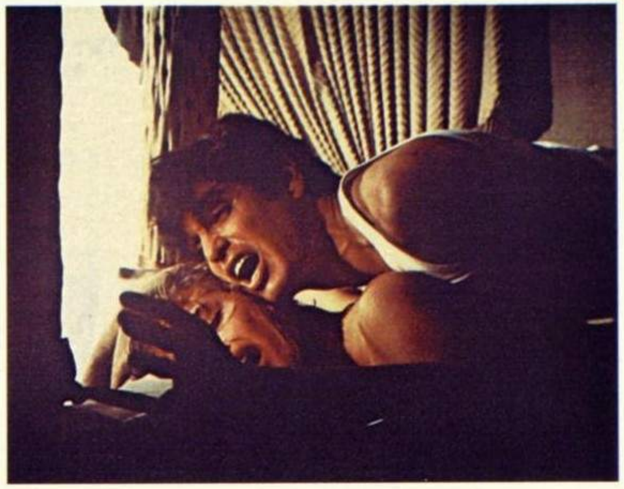


NAMES IN THE NUDE: *Some pretty famous flesh was exposed on the world's movie screens during 1976. In "End of the Game" (above left), based on the Friedrich Dürrenmatt novel "The Judge and His Hangman," Jacqueline Bisset takes up with Jon Voight, who succeeds her murdered boyfriend as a police inspector's aide. "Fighting Mad" teams Peter Fonda with Lynn Lowry (above right). Glenda Jackson, the titular "Romantic Englishwoman," meets gigolo Helmut Berger in Baden-Baden (right), with results eventually fatal to her marriage to writer Michael Caine. An even more star-crossed romance is that of the lovers in "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea," Kris Kristofferson and Sarah Miles (below). Before the chilling ending of this story, taken from a work by the late Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima, Sarah and Kris play some of the most erotic scenes to have appeared in any major-studio release within this decade.*

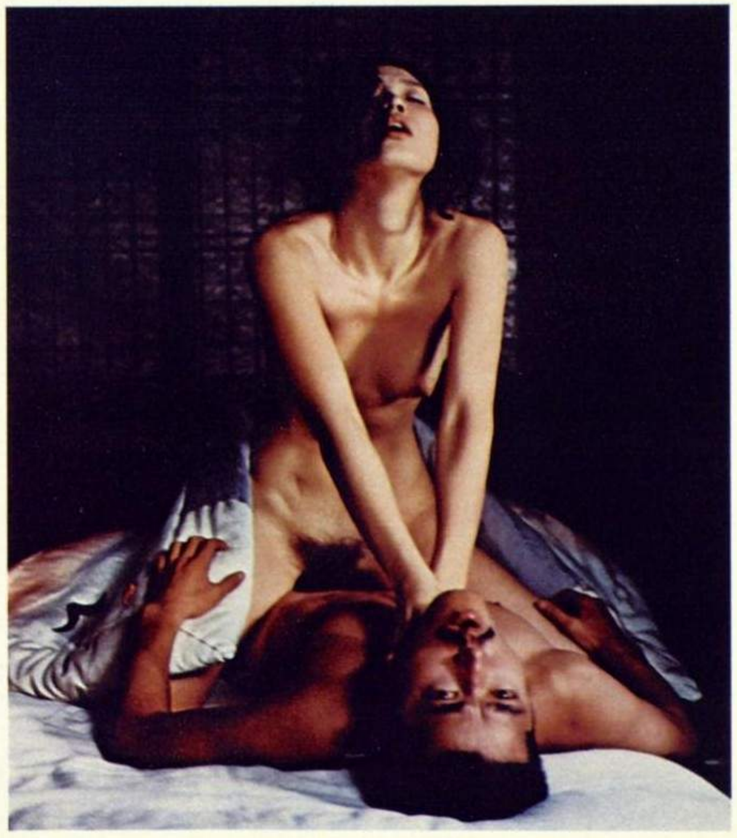
FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS: *After a period in which American films were racier than their counterparts from abroad, imported fare is again becoming more daring. Long awaited—three years in the planning—and wildly controversial is Federico Fellini's "Casanova," starring Donald Sutherland (above) as a stylishly seedy version of the famed 18th Century seducer. Another Italian picture, "La Bambina" (below left), features Teresa Ann Savoy as a wealthy but retarded nymphet and Luigi Proietti as a guy who promises to "be like a father to her." His impulses are obviously not entirely paternal. From France comes "Le Magnifique" (below right), pairing the ever-popular Jean-Paul Belmondo with (again) Jacqueline Bisset, one of the busiest actresses in showbiz this year; she has signed to play a Jacqueline Onassis type in "The Greek Tycoon."*



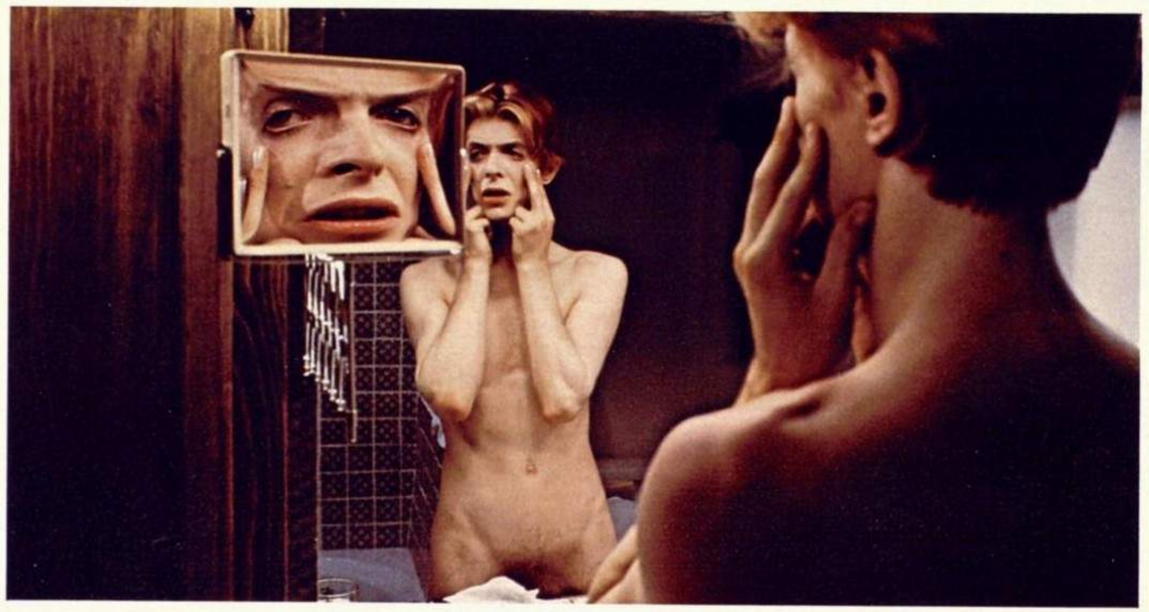




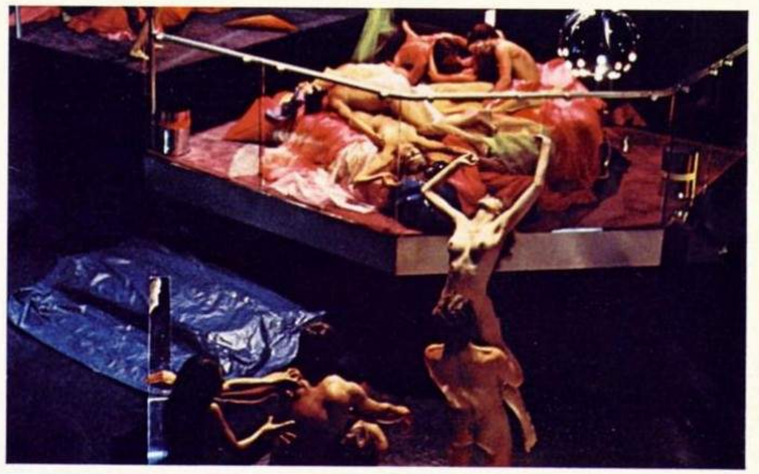
ASSAULT AND BATTERY: *Rape, murder and mutilation have become near-staple ingredients of the cinema of the mid-Seventies. In "The Driver's Seat" (above left), Elizabeth Taylor lures Maxence Mailfort into making a fatal attack. "Lipstick" (above right) deals with Margaux Hemingway's revenge on her ravisher, Chris Sarandon. The plot of "The Last Hard Men" calls for James Coburn to get back at Charlton Heston by having Morgan Paull and John Quade gang-bang his daughter, Barbara Hershey (below left). But perhaps the most disturbing trend of recent months is exemplified by the films below right and at bottom left. In the Franco-Japanese production "The Empire of the Senses," Eiko Matsuda first strangles, then castrates her lover, Tatsuya Fuji; in the Franco-Italian feature "The Last Woman," a despondent Gerard Depardieu amputates his own penis.*

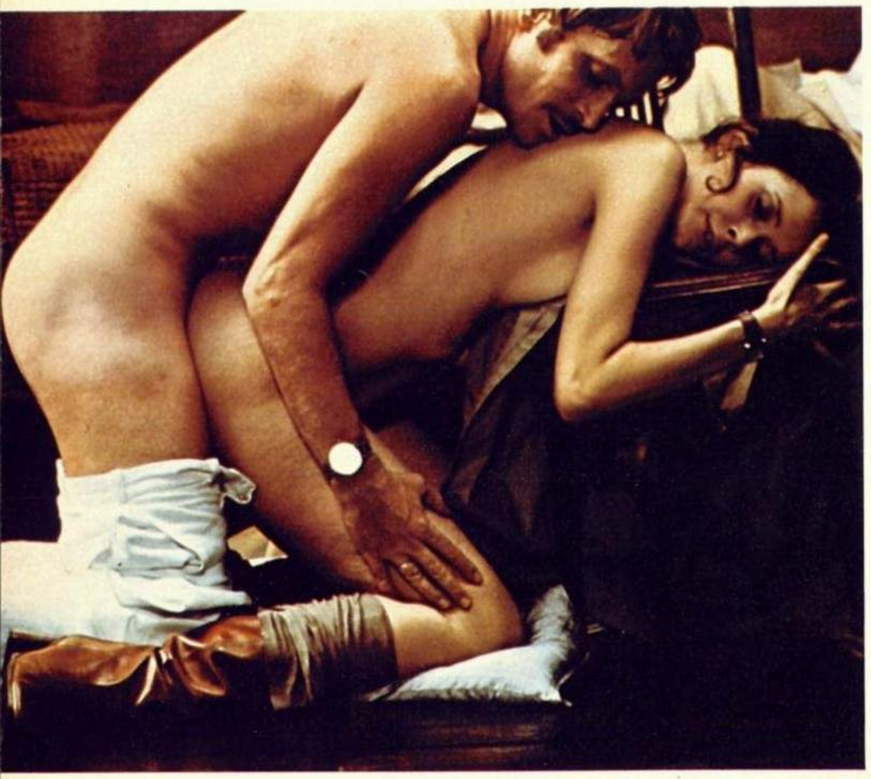


IT'S A DRAG: *You can't tell the guys from the gals without a program, or at least a movie synopsis, these days. Chris Sarandon, supermacho despoiler in "Lipstick" (opposite page), plays the transsexual bride of Al Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon" (left). And the mercurial, talented Polish film director Roman Polanski cast himself as the leading man in "The Tenant," a character so haunted by the personality of a woman suicide who formerly lived in his apartment that he dons her make-up and her clothes (right).*



HIGH ON SCI-FI: *Not since Stanley Kubrick's "2001" has there been a big-budget science-fiction success, but two futuristic films this year are but harbingers of a slew of such motion pictures waiting in the wings for '77. Glitter-rock star David Bowie (featured in September's "Playboy Interview") made an impressive film debut in the title role of "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (above). The characters in "Logan's Run," starring Michael York and Jenny Agutter, live in a domed city, a hedonistic 23rd Century civilization complete with socially sanctioned orgies (right); only problem is, nobody can live there past the age of 30. Not surprisingly, a lot of 29-year-olds, including a security guard named Logan (played by York), seek avenues of escape from paradise.*



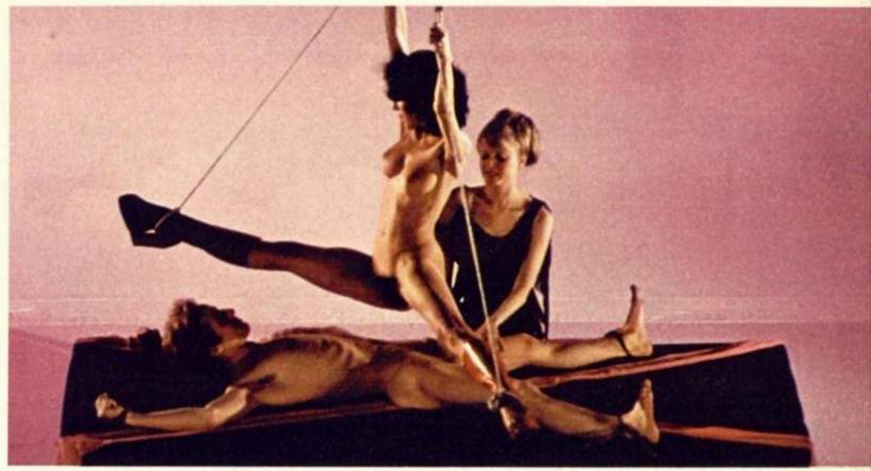


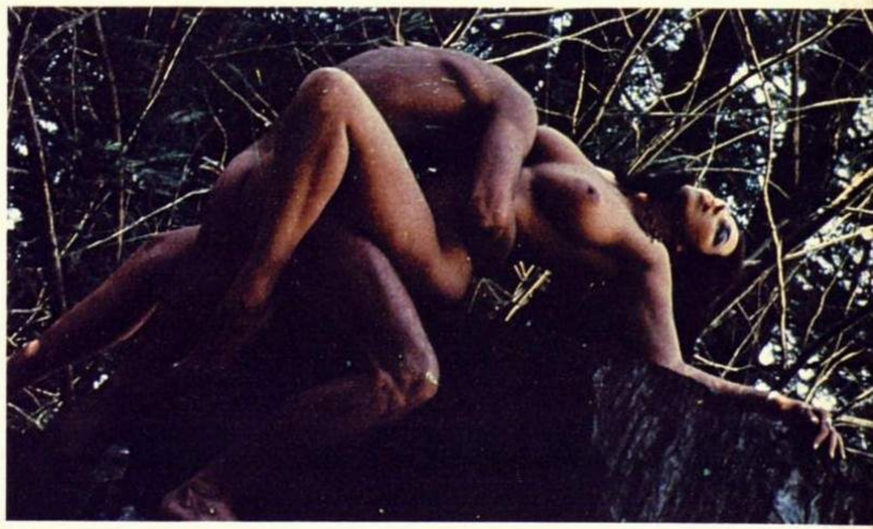
REMAKES & RIP-OFFS: *In the good old industry tradition that nothing succeeds like success, moviemakers offered an unusual number of sequels, spin-offs and reissues this year. "A Star Is Born," previously done with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor (1937), Judy Garland and James Mason (1954), resurfaced yet again with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson in the principal roles (above left). After a lengthy battle over film rights, "King Kong" reprised with Jessica Lange in the Fay Wray part (above center); Ursula Andress and Michael Sarrazin recycled the romantic derring-do of a durable adventurer in "The Loves and Times of Scaramouche" (above right). Soft-core producer Manuel S. Conde unabashedly played on the hottest box-office bonanza of 1975 with the gimmicky "Deep Jaws" (right), here featuring Gordon Herigstadt and Rhiannon Vaughan; and Sylvia Kristel starred with Umberto Orsini in "Emmanuelle—Joys of a Woman" (left), once again bouncing from mattress to mattress around the scenic spots of Southeast Asia in a follow-up to the turnstile-twirling appeal of her erotic sexploits in last year's "Emmanuelle."*

CHUCKLES: *Another old reliable Hollywood concept, that sex can be funny as well as fun, finds expression in a trio of recent movies. Tit men copping roguish feels here are Marty Feldman, noshing on Sivi Aberg in Mel Brooks's outrageously funny "Silent Movie" (above); Jack Weston, fondly fondling Rita Moreno's boobs in the screen version of a hit Broadway comedy, "The Ritz" (below right); and George Segal, gleefully grabbing San Francisco saloon songstress Goldie Hawn in "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox" (below left).*

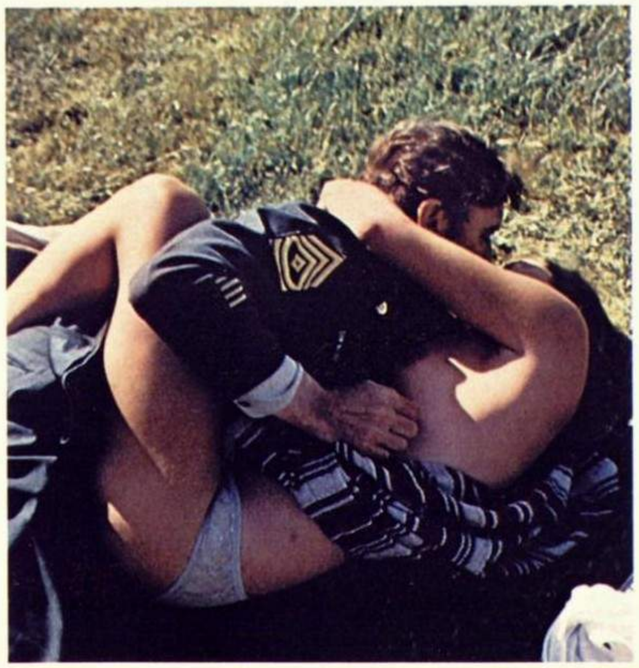
BORROWED & BLUE: *Newest rage in porno-movie production seems to be the steamy retelling of oft-told tales. Bill Osco's X-rated musical view of "Alice in Wonderland" (top left) features* PLAYBOY*'s April 1976 cover girl, Kristine De Bell, as Alice, in scenes probably not envisioned by Lewis Carroll. Director Radley Metzger's "The Opening of Misty Beethoven" (center left), made under his nom de porn, Henry Paris, owes an obvious debt to George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion"; Misty, unlike Eliza Doolittle, learns to use her mouth for purposes other than the proper speaking of the Queen's English. Seen here, from left, are Jamie Gillis as the tutorial type; Jacqueline Beudant, one of his alumnae; Constance Money as Misty and Jeffrey Hurst as the classroom, ah, guinea pig. The redoubtable (and much persecuted) Harry Reems of "Deep Throat" fame ventured abroad to star with Maria Lynn in a heated-up Swedish film treatment of Guy de Maupassant's novel "Bel Ami" (bottom left), while Beerbohn Tree engages in a 19th Century encounter grope—to the cheerfully tuneful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, of all people—with Jennifer Jordan in "The Naughty Victorians," a chock-full-of-period-decadence realization of that perennially popular English underground classic novel "A Man with a Maid" (below).*

DIRECTIONS OLD & NEW: *While some sex-film makers continue doing business at the same old stand, others are changing their styles. Boston's Richard Macleod used to make sexploitation films for the drive-in-movie crowd; now he's completed a big-budgeted ($500,000) adventure story, "The Ganja Express," which includes hard-core sequences. That's porn queen Terri Hall on the ropes over John Stone, getting some assistance from Ginger Miller in "Ganja" (top right). San Francisco's Mitchell brothers, Artie and Jim, have always made explicit movies, and their newest, "The Autobiography of a Flea" (right center, with Joanna Hilden and John Leslie), taken from a ribald French novel, is no exception. Nor has Russ ("Cherry, Harry and Raquel," "Vixen") Meyer, the acknowledged king of the skin flick, departed from his essentially soft-core approach in his new release, "Up" (with Raven Delacroix and Robert McLane enjoying a bit of alfresco romance at bottom right). But Radley Metzger, formerly known for such mainstream movies as "Camille 2000," "The Lickerish Quartet" and "Therese and Isabelle," has two triple-X films now on view: "The Opening of Misty Beethoven" (opposite page) and "The Image," with Mary Mendum being bossed around by dominatrix Marilyn Roberts (below).*

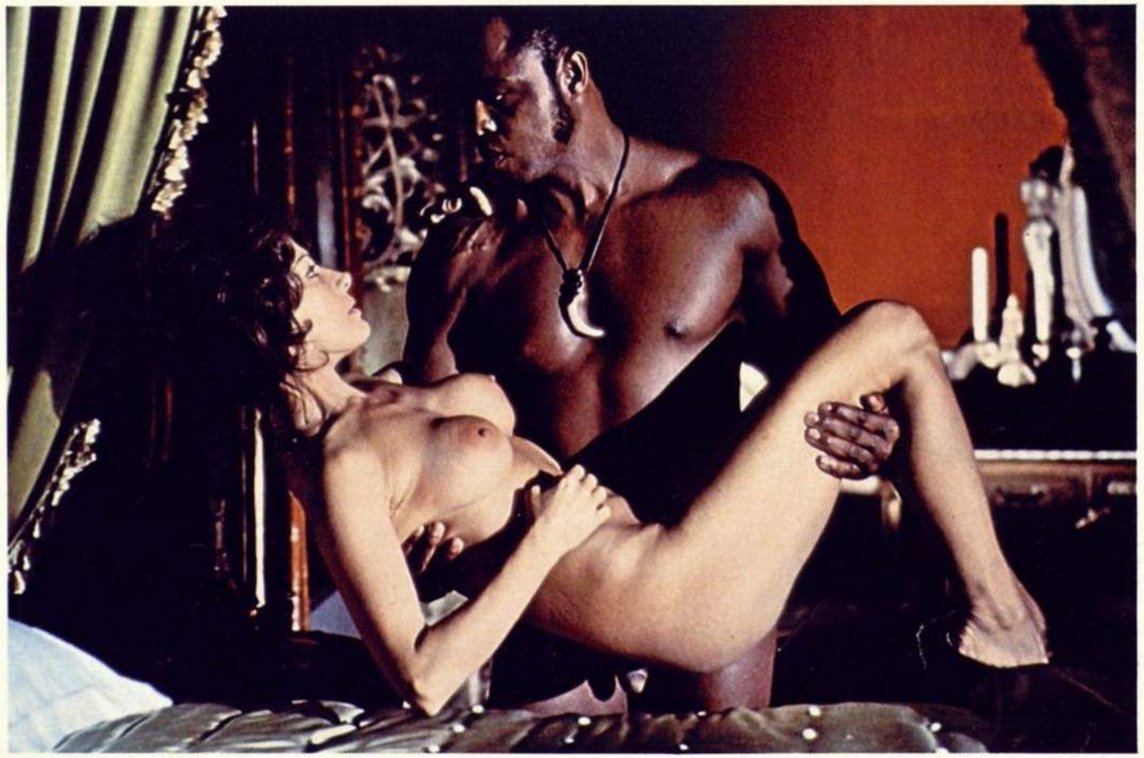


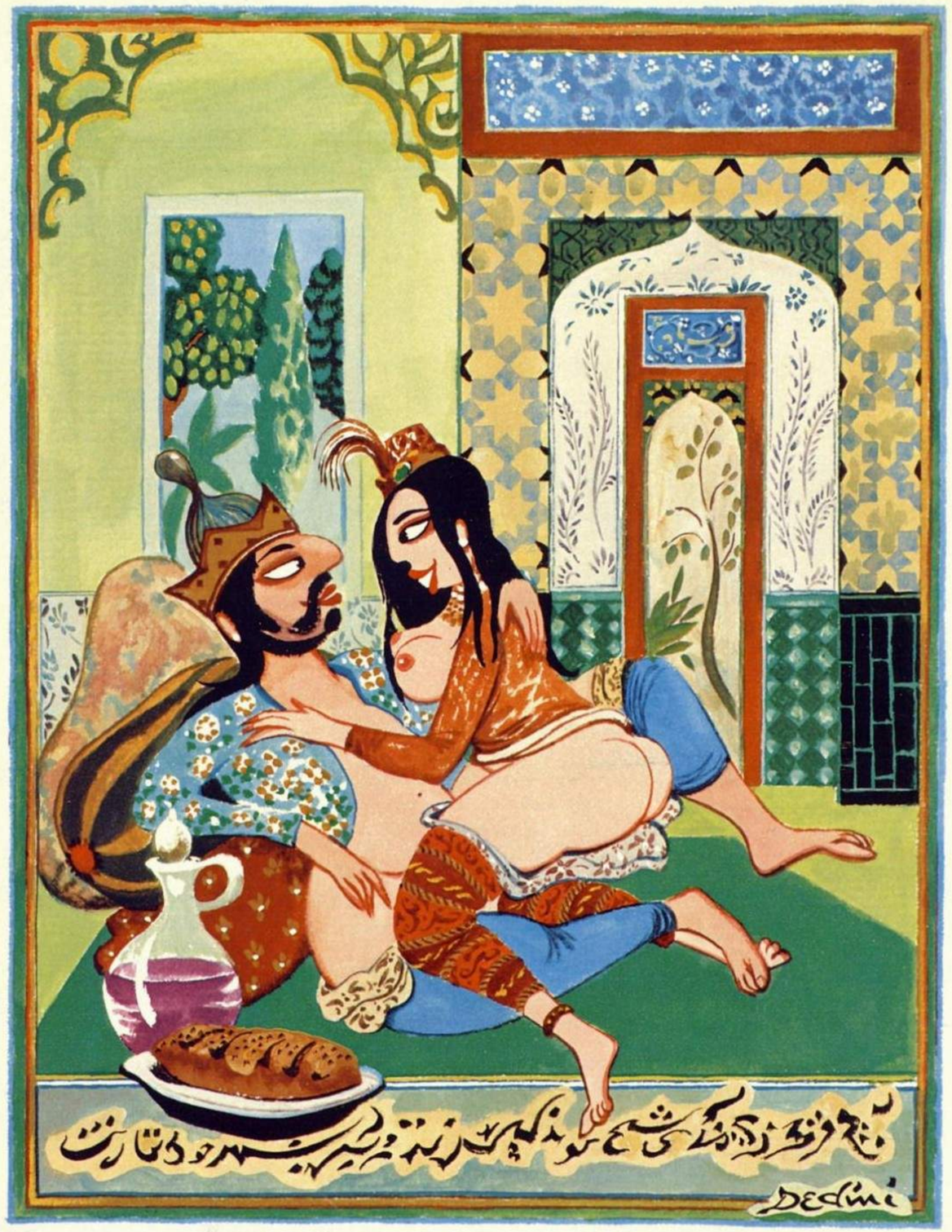


BODIES POLITIC: *Fascism, communism, antiwar protest—all appear as themes of current cinema. The most ambitious opus is Bernardo Bertolucci's "1900"—his first film since "Last Tango in Paris"—starring Dominique Sanda and Robert De Niro (left), with other stellar presences, including Burt Lancaster and Donald Sutherland. Another Italian, Lina Wertmuller, brought us two hotly debated films, both starring Giancarlo Giannini: "Seven Beauties" (above) and "Swept Away . . ." (bottom left, with Mariangela Melato). Dennis Hopper, as a disillusioned Vietnam vet in "Tracks," woos Taryn Power (bottom right), the daughter of the late Tyrone.*



AND SO TO BED: *Finally, in a year in which some of the biggest movie hits ("All the President's Men," "The Omen") had no sex whatsoever, two films stood out as more than usually daring. "Inserts" (above), a sincere, rather arty little picture, brought us Richard Dreyfuss as a moviemaker reduced to shooting porn. Here, he films Veronica Cartwright and Stephen Davies. "Drum," a sequel to "Mandingo," continued in that movie's fertile furrow of interracial sex, about to be plowed (below) by Roger ("Leadbelly") Mosley and Isela ("Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia") Vega, featured in a memorable July 1974* PLAYBOY *pictorial. Reportedly dropped as too hot by Paramount, "Drum" was subsequently picked up by United Artists.*





"The loaf of bread and jug of wine are on the house, Omar, but the 'thou' is going to cost you."

BURNER. A clap. The blowen tipped the swell a burner: The girl gave the gentleman a clap.

CAULIFLOWER. A large white wig such as is commonly worn by the dignified clergy. Also, the private parts of a woman, as in the following story: A woman who was giving evidence in a case wherein it was necessary to express those parts made use of the term cauliflower, for which the judge on the bench reproved her, saying she might as well call it an artichoke. "Not so, my lord," replied she, "for an artichoke has a bottom, but a c–nt and a cauliflower have none."

CHEEKS. "Ask cheeks near cunnyborough": The repartee of a St. Giles fair one who bids you ask her backside. In France, anyone asking the distance to the town of Mâcon would be answered by a lady of easy virtue: "*Mettez vôtre nez dans mon cul et vous serrez dans les faubourgs*" ("Put your nose in my ass and you'll be in the neighborhood").

CHOAK PEAR. Figuratively, an unanswerable objection. Also, a machine formerly used in Holland by robbers; it was of iron, shaped like a pear. This they forced into the mouths of persons from whom they intended to extort money and, on turning a key, certain interior springs thrust forth a number of points in all directions, so that it could not be taken out except by cutting the mouth or advertizing a reward for the key.

COCK ALLEY or COCK LANE. The private parts of a woman.

CUNDUM. The dried gut of a sheep worn by men in the act of coition to prevent venereal infection; said to have been invented by one Colonel Cundum. These machines were long prepared and sold by a matron named Philips at the Green Canister in Half-Moon Street. That lady, having acquired a fortune, retired from business; but, learning that the town was

CHEEKS

SWEET HEART

not well served by her successors, she, out of patriotic zeal for the public welfare, returned to her occupation.

DUCK F–CKER. The man who has care of the poultry on board a ship of war.

EVE'S CUSTOMHOUSE. Where Adam made his first entry.

FART CATCHER. A valet or footman, from his walking behind his master or mistress.

FIRE SHIP. A wench with venereal disease.

GREEN GOWN. To give a girl a green gown: to tumble her on the grass.

IRISH LEGS. Thick legs. It is said of Irish women that they have a dispensation from the Pope to wear the thick ends of their legs downward.

LAWFUL BLANKET. A wife.

LOBCOCK. A large, relaxed penis. Also, a dull, inanimate fellow.

MUFF. The private parts of a woman. To the well wearing of your muff: To the happy consummation of your marriage.

PIG. A police officer. A China Street pig: a Bow Street officer. Floor the pig and bolt: Knock down the officer and flee.

PISS POT HALL. A house at Clapton, near Hackney, built by a potter chiefly out of the profits from chamber pots in the bottom of which the portrait of Dr. Sacheverell was depicted.

PISS-PROUD. Having a false erection: That old fellow thought he had an erection, but his c–ck was only piss-proud. Said of any old fellow who marries a young wife.

QUEER PLUNGERS. Cheats who throw themselves into the water in order that they may be taken up by their accomplices, who carry them to one of the houses of the Humane Society used for the recovery of drowned persons, where they are rewarded by the society with a guinea each to relieve their supposed great necessity.

RANTUM SCANTUM. Playing at rantum scantum: making the beast with two backs.

RIDING SAINT GEORGE. The woman uppermost in the amorous congress; that is, the dragon upon Saint George. This is said to be the way to get a bishop.

TO ROGER. To bull, or lie with, a woman; from the name of Roger being frequently given to a bull.

SH–T SACK. A dastardly fellow. Also, a nonconformist. This appellation is said to have come from this story: After the Restoration, laws against the nonconformists being severe, they often met in barns frequented by beggars and vagrants. Once, one of their preachers, being suspended in a sack for want of a tub to stand on, was addressing his congregation about the terror of the Day of Judgment. A puppet-show trumpeter, hid under some straw, sounded the charge, throwing all into consternation and producing an effect at the bottom of the preacher's sack.

SWEET HEART. A term applicable to either a girl's lover or a man's mistress; derived from a sweet cake in the shape of a heart.

TIT. A horse: A pretty little tit. A smart little girl. A delicate morsel.

TOAST. A health. Also, a beautiful woman whose health is often drunk by men. The origin of this term was this: A beautiful lady bathing in a cold bath, one of her admirers, out of gallantry, drank some of the water. Whereupon, another of her lovers observed that he never drank in the morning but that he would kiss the toast, and immediately saluted the lady so.

VAULTING SCHOOL. A bawdyhouse. Also, an academy where vaulting and other manly exercises are taught.

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE NARROW SEAS. A drunken man that pisses under the table into his companions' shoes.

WINDWARD PASSAGE. One who navigates windward passage. A sodomite.

TOAST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

8,000,000 STORIES

(continued from page 142)

how come the author is addressing me from the shore of a tropical isle?

The answer to A is, if not, may my suntan fade in a day. The answer to B is that Frank Sinatra has a gag in his patter that goes, "New York—you know, the capital of Puerto Rico." Like all current New York yoks, this contains a virulent germ of truth—and it's not just that there are more Ricans in the city than there are in San Juan.

That's why I'm in Palmas del Mar, the retarded brain child of Charles Fraser, who built Sea Pines Plantation in Hilton Head, South Carolina. Fraser's concept is to take remote, naturally endowed, underpriced parcels of land, build toy cities on them, flog the apartments to executives and professionals who want to get away from cities overrun by *them* and defray the owners' costs by managing the rental of the units to vacationing families. Palmas was to be Fraser's Big Pineapple, 8000 condominiums over a ten-year period on 2800 acres with six miles of beach. The money came from the Chase Manhattan Real Estate Investment Trust (REIT), a dodge that allows New York's second biggest bank to gamble in highly speculative projects far from Flatbush without kibitzing from banking authorities. Needless to say, the Chase has no ten-year plan for turning Manhattan into an island paradise. The New York banks' long-range strategy has been to let the city deteriorate while investing heavily in instant residential complexes where the white-flight set can escape the deterioration. Here's the scenario by which New York acts out its death wish, Puerto Rican division:

First Spain is forced to hand over Puerto Rico to end the Spanish-American War, a land grab cooked up by the New York press as a circulation promotion.

Then the New York Democratic machine creates a vote-buying scheme cleverly disguised as a welfare system that suckers Puerto Rico's underclass into moving en masse to the city, thereby destroying the island's basic industry, agriculture.

New York doesn't exactly lift its lamp beside the golden door for the Puerto Ricans, preferring to pay the price in burglary losses, tough schools and stitching up head wounds in 79-year-old ladies.

Then the banks refuse to lend to people who want to build housing in New York because it's a high-risk area—i.e., too many P.R.s.

But the Chase has to do something with its depositors' money, so it lends it to a guy who wants to build 8000 sun fun huts in Puerto Rico for New Yorkers who want to get away from Puerto Ricans. He starts to build on a sugar plantation he is able to pick up cheap because all the potential cane cutters are on welfare in New York.

As any moron could have told David Rockefeller, people who dislike Puerto Ricans are not about to plunk down $105,000 for a two-bedroom hideaway in Puerto Rico. So Palmas bombs and its $70,000,000 loan from Chase's REIT goes sour. The same thing happens to so many loans in the banks' portfolios that there's talk of REIT bankruptcies—even of sending David on a long vacation.

So the banks find themselves cash short and have to cut back sharply on new loans. If they trimmed their loans to business, there would be yelps of "credit crunch" and calls for a Congressional investigation that would reveal that they were milking the cities to buy into the condominium crapshoot. Instead, they suddenly discover that the city of New York's budget isn't balanced, which is like suddenly discovering that Yasir Arafat isn't a member of B'nai B'rith. Go to Palmas del Mar, have three *piña coladas* with double Ron del Barrilito and you, too, will see that the so-called New York fiscal crisis is actually a media mask for the capital crisis in the city's—i.e., the nation's—banking system.

In other words, the reason for New York's current fiscal mess isn't that the city's finances have recently been mismanaged. The city's finances have *always* been mismanaged. The reason the poo-poo hit the propeller is that the banks would rather piss their—i.e., our—money away on pie-in-the-sky middle-of-nowhere neo-pseudo-para-cities than bail out the actual city.

Now, all cities are always falling apart. The trick is to build them up faster than they're crumbling. Years ago, the banks decided to quietly stop building New York's housing stock and pacified the city fathers by giving them an unlimited line of revolving credit, to be "invested" in municipal services that would somewhat compensate New Yorkers for the dilapidation of the city's physical plant. Now this line has been choked off. A deputation from Wall Street has assumed control of the city's finances and is cutting services—police, fire, garbage, hospitals, education—in an attempt to balance the books. No way: The reduction of services will drive more of the middle class from the city, further erode the tax base, further decrease revenues and force the city deeper into bankruptcy.

For a decade, New York has been comatose, its vital processes hopelessly impaired, hooked up to the fiscal equivalent of a positive pressure respirator: capable of delaying death indefinitely but not of restoring life. Now the plug has been pulled. The Democratic nominees for the Presidency *could* have a head start at rescuing New York. Unlike their Republican opponents, Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale are two of the 71 North American members of the Trilateral Commission, whose recommendations precipitated the city's crisis (more on that later). Still, I could throw around all the journalistic shoulds and musts I wanted, but the brutal, mortal fact of the matter is that New York City isn't going to be saved, not by the Federal Government or by Jimmy Carter or by the Tooth Fairy. New York is *farblundget*. New York is over and out. New York is up shit's creek without its water wings.

•

You dwell (said he) in the City of Destruction. . . . —JOHN BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*

In the Sixties, liberals wanted to save the world. Now they'll settle for the five boroughs of New York. Articles about saving the city have become a major category of journalism. All of them share one fallacy: They assume that New York *can* be saved.

When I began this piece, I wanted to save New York, too. After all, I'm a product of New York. I look like New York. I think like New York. I talk like New York. I grew up there. I went to college there. I fell in love there. My son was born there. My grandparents are buried there. When I was a kid, I loved New York. I don't mean I liked it a lot—I mean I wanted to fuck it in its dark, throbbing places.

I still love New York. To prove it to you—I don't live there. I met a Spaniard the other day at a charming little inn called Hacienda Gripiñas high in the mountains of Puerto Rico. I asked him how things were in Spain now. "Oh," he said, "I do not live there. I live in London. No one who truly loves Spain could bear to live there." I love New York so much that the only time I go there is to have my teeth checked. I've got a celebrity dentist from Hong Kong who's the only one in the world who charges enough for me to trust to put his hand in my mouth. But I wanted to save the city so much that even though my teeth felt great, I checked into a suite in an East Side hotel and began making forays in search of The Answer.

I went to the South Bronx with the director of the mayor's arson task force and saw square miles of the city reduced to rubble by arsonists hired by racketeers who buy buildings and torch them for the insurance. I saw that there was only one guy trying to rebuild anything there and he had to surround his buildings with a ten-foot-high chain link fence topped with concertina wire and close off the streets around them with gates manned by street gangs armed with

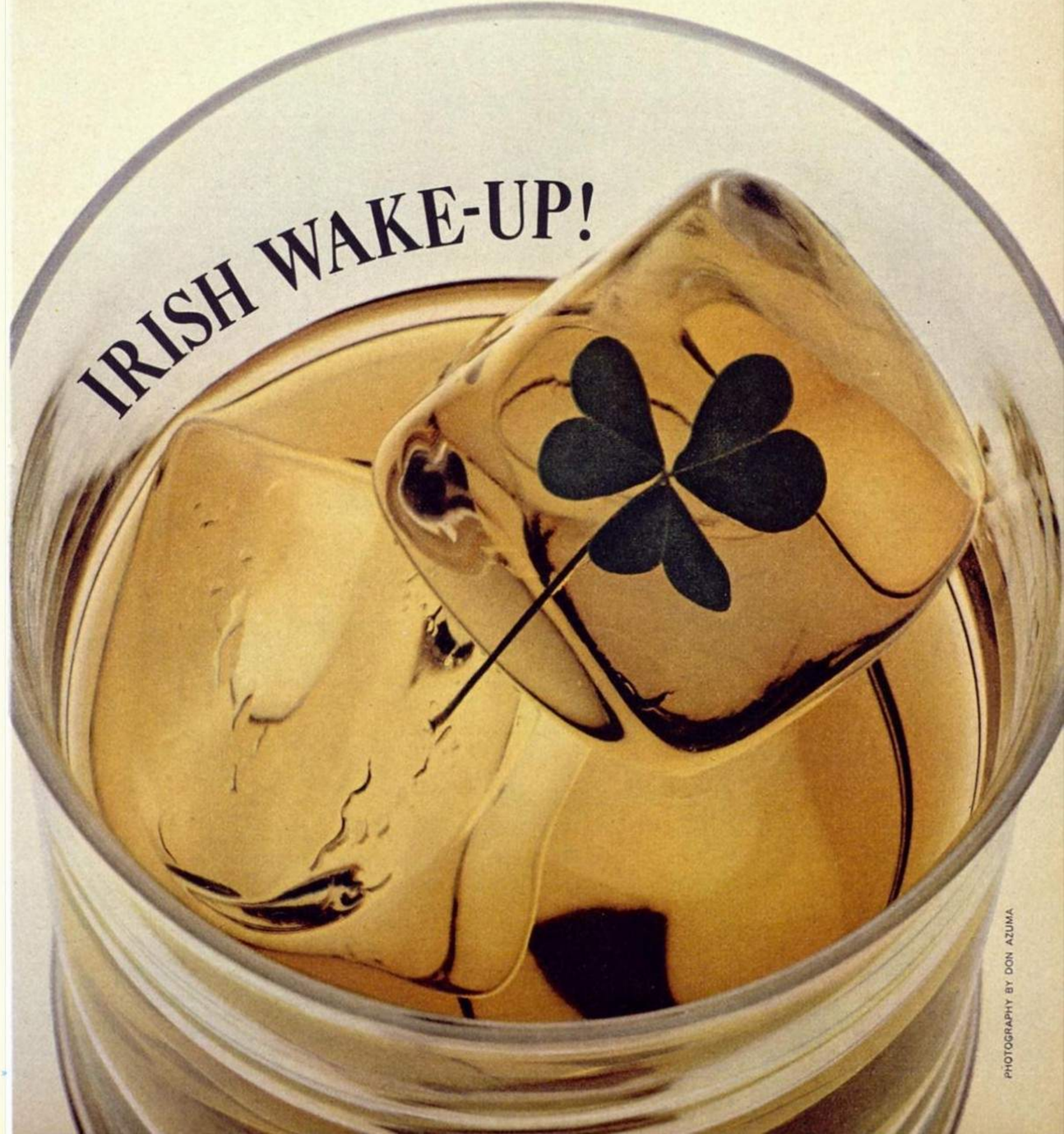
(continued on page 195)

a rugged reminder that the celts make more than one kind of whiskey

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

THE IRISH ARE COMING. Again! There aren't too many who would remember, but less than a century ago, Irish whiskey was the world's reigning spirit. Phylloxera had ravaged French vineyards, drying up the supply of brandy—literally—and Scotch was not widely known beyond Great Britain. No fewer than 400 brands of Irish whiskey were registered in the United States. Even in England, Irish was esteemed. When you asked for whiskey at a gentlemen's club, Irish was what you got, which from the Hibernian point of view was simply their manifest destiny.

After all, hadn't they invented whiskey—with a little help, perhaps, from



Saint Patrick himself? Didn't the word whiskey come from the Gaelic *uisge*? And wasn't it Irish scribes who glorified the water of life? James Joyce reflected on "the light music of whiskey falling into glasses." The beloved Thomas Moore wrote, "Never was philter found with such power to charm and bewilder, as this we are quaffing." And some ancient descanter observed that "it keepeth . . . the eies from dazeling . . . the toong from lisping . . . the mouth from maffling . . . the stomach from wambling . . . the bones from aking . . . trulie a sovereigne liquore if it be orderlie taken." *Of course* whiskey was an Irish franchise—just as the Good Lord intended.

Then something happened. And it wasn't the blight of Prohibition, a world economic slump or any such blarney that tumbled Irish whiskey from its lofty position. It was the advent of a clean, light-bodied, less assertive spirit type—*blended* Scotch. This new whisky was well suited to the modern palate and pace—an idea whose time had come. Soon the pungent, liquorous, pot-still Irish whiskey became an anachronism. The handwriting was on the wall, but it took 50 years for the stubborn Irish distillers to face facts.

When they finally decided to join the 20th Century, they went all the way. In 1966, the major producers formed a new company, Irish Distillers Ltd., whose avowed purpose was to regain Irish whiskey's eminent position in the world, with the United States market a prime target. First priority for the consortium was a restructuring of the product, and a vast new distillery complex was begun in Midleton, County Cork.

Model for the new Irish, and it's no secret, is the extremely successful blended Scotch. A couple of Irish brands have played up this similarity, presenting themselves as variations on the Scotch theme. However, there are notable differences, most obvious being the smoky, peaty aroma characteristic of Scotch—absent in Irish.

At times it appears that the I.D.L. is overzealous in its embrace of modern marketing techniques. The number of brands exported to the United States has been severely restricted. But whiskey buffs *can* take comfort in the fact that all the Irish shipped here is good; carefully selected, tailored to the American palate after extensive consumer research. Paddy's is rather full, a masculine whiskey with a residual tang of the pot—something for bourbon drinkers to investigate. Tullamore Dew is light-bodied, smooth, tempered—a whiskey that should appeal to those who lean to Canadian. Jameson offers roundness and balance and a touch of the grain in its delicate bouquet. It fills the gap between Tullamore Dew and Paddy's. Powers, with little distribution, may be the heaviest, and Dunphy's is the lightest of the Irish exports to our shores—one that neophytes might try. Also available—a 12-year-old Jameson, JJ 12, and an aged Tullamore Dew in crock—the closest thing we have to full-bodied pot-still Irish. The only whiskey distilled in Northern Ireland is Old Bushmills, from "the world's oldest licensed distillery." It is clean and medium-bodied, with just a whiff of peat—allegedly from peat-flavored water in the mash; almost a link between Irish and Scotch. The distilling industries of Northern Ireland and the Republic are now affiliated, and one can only hope it's an omen for the future.

You'll find the new Irish whiskeys pleasant sipping on the rocks and affable mixers, too. A lot of Irish whiskey is taken in coffee. The Irish-coffee capital of the world is the Buena Vista Café in San Francisco. On a good day, the Bee Vee pours 2500 cups of the Gaelic grog.

Whiskey is not the only spirit produced in Ireland. Others worth knowing are Potcheen—a clear, water-white whiskey (not a vodka and hard to find); Irish Mist, an excellent whiskey-based liqueur sweetened with heather honey; and Gallwey's Original Irish Coffee Liqueur—all available here.

Following are inviting drinks made with the highly blendable new Irish whiskeys and other Irish spirits.

BURNISHED NAIL

¾ oz. Irish whiskey
½ oz. Irish Mist
Pour over ice in rocks glass. Stir. Lemon slice optional.

HANDSHAKE

1½ ozs. Irish whiskey
½ oz. curaçao
½ oz. cream
Shake briskly with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

Everyone's heard of Irish coffee, but a tot of whiskey in tea is also popular in Ireland.

GAELIC TEA

Irish whiskey
Irish tea, or other full-bodied, fragrant black tea
Honey or jam, to taste
Lemon slice
Add about an ounce of whiskey to each cup or mug of tea. Don't pour too much—heat brings up the whiskey flavor. Add honey or jam to taste and top with lemon slice. Sip slowly.

PLOUGHBOY

1½ ozs. Irish whiskey
2 teaspoons apricot-flavored brandy
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Cherry
Shake first three ingredients with ice. Strain into cocktail glass or over fresh ice in rocks glass. Garnish with cherry.

IRISH ROSE

1½ ozs. Irish whiskey
Juice of ½ small lime
2 teaspoons grenadine, or to taste
Club soda, chilled
Shake first three ingredients with ice. Strain into sour glass and fill with soda. Stir lightly.

BLOODY MOLLY

2 ozs. Potcheen
3 ozs. tomato juice
1 oz. clam juice
½ oz. lime juice
2 dashes Worcestershire
Dash Tabasco
Pinch cayenne
Salt to taste
Celery stick
Pour Potcheen, juices and seasonings over ice in large old fashioned glass. Stir. Garnish with celery stick.

LEPRECHAUN

1½ ozs. Irish whiskey
Lime wedge
Tonic water, chilled
Pour whiskey over ice in tall glass. Squeeze in lime, add rind. Fill with tonic. Stir lightly.

MICHAEL COLLINS

1½ ozs. Irish whiskey
Juice of small lemon
1 teaspoon superfine sugar
Club soda, chilled
Lemon slice
Pour whiskey, lemon juice and sugar into tall glass. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add ice and fill with soda. Stir lightly. Garnish with lemon slice.

MYST-EIRE

Pour 2 ozs. JJ 12 or 12-year-old Tullamore Dew over crushed ice in small old fashioned glass. Sip slowly to the strains of *Galway Bay*.

IRISH AYE

1½ ozs. Irish Mist
Lemon wedge
3 ozs. club soda, chilled
Pour Irish Mist over ice in highball glass. Squeeze in lemon, add rind. Stir; add club soda.

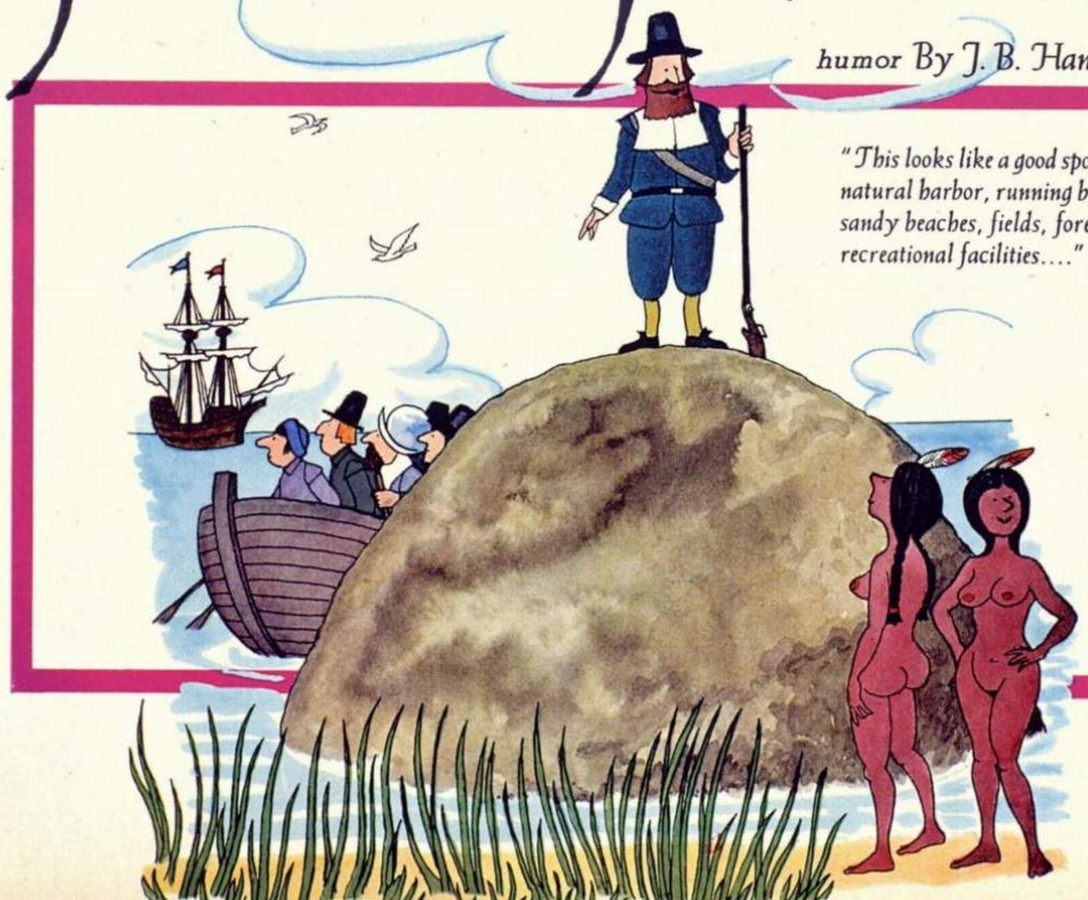
Along with whiskey, you might enjoy the charming Irish custom of saying "healths." For instance, "May you be in heaven an hour before the Devil knows you're dead." Or "Here's wishing you the health of a salmon—a strong heart and a wet mouth." And then there's always "Slainte!"—"Health and long life to you!" Amen.

"And if we should fall into temptation, Lord, and indulge in unspeakable sexual excesses in the New World, we solemnly promise You that we will feel very, very guilty afterward."

abide with me, indeed! at last, the true story of how our early settlers got their plymouth rocks off

prurient puritans

humor By J. B. Handelsman



"This looks like a good spot—natural barbor, running brook, sandy beaches, fields, forests, recreational facilities...."

"Paleface not here for religious freedom. Paleface here to screw Indians."

"Uh—oh! Paleface repressed homosexual with compulsion to carry big phallic symbol."

"And another very important thing Captain Standish particularly wanted me to tell you...."

"Don't be ridiculous, woman! Do you imagine for one moment that I'm enjoying this?"

"She insists on wearing these flimsy bodices that become transparent when wet, and so she has to be punished."

"What I have to tell you is this: You are going to be a founding father."

"It was a long, hard winter."

SEX IN CINEMA-1976

quite happily bedded. But *Snuff* seemed to play directly into the hands of the procensorship forces in America. Allan Shackleton, the film's distrfbutor, was at first more than willing to lend credence to the story that a murder had actually taken place—that a young woman had been drugged, then butchered for the benefit of the camera. A kind of whispering campaign kept the question of "snuff movies" (as if there were more than one) alive for months. When the film finally opened in New York this past February, the morbidly curious turned out in droves. Although critics unanimously panned it, and editorial writers deplored it, the picture racked up a record $66,456 in its first week. Only when the authorities let it be known that if a murder had actually been committed, everyone associated with the film could be held criminally liable did the distributors change their tune. Receipts declined accordingly.

The question of what the American moviegoer *does* want—or will tolerate—in the way of sexual explicitness has seldom been fuzzier than it is at present. And this confusion, naturally enough, is reflected in the Motion Picture Association of America's rating system. Early in the year, Robert Redford, as producer of the film *All the President's Men*, personally appealed the decision of the M.P.A.A., which had originally given the picture an R rating because of Dustin Hoffman's numerous variations on the word fuck. The rating was subsequently changed to PG—parental guidance advised. Although Jack Valenti, head of the M.P.A.A., flatly stated that "this judgment applies to this specific film only," the infiltration of four-letter words into PG- and R-rated movies can hardly be ignored. Similarly, frontal nudity is now permissible in the PG classification, with *Smile*, *Gator*, *Embryo* and *Lifeguard* as random samples. Even homosexuality, once an almost automatic guarantee of an X rating, now turns up in the PGs. What happened in Bobbie Gentry's ballad *Ode to Billy Joe* to cause Billy Joe to fling himself off the Tallahatchie Bridge, we learn in the song's 1976 film version, was that Billy Joe had had a previous homosexual relationship—rated PG. And although ratings are presumed to take into account violence as well as sex, one wonders at the PG accorded *The Return of a Man Called Horse*. Not only does *Return* reprise the pectoral-penetrating Sioux initiation rites of *A Man Called Horse* (this time with about a half dozen young braves hanging from the ropes along with Richard Harris); it includes a couple of rapes, the horrendous spectacle of an Indian slashing his own eyes with a knife and an edifying few moments in which Harris solicits information from a staked-out foe by building a small bonfire in his crotch.

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The real gripe about ratings, many feel, is that they are inconsistent. A major company, it's believed, stands a far better chance than an independent one of having a rating changed. Twentieth Century-Fox, for example—faced with the possibility of having Charlton Heston, of all people, appear in an X-rated film—was able to get the X originally applied to *The Last Hard Men* changed to an R, without cutting the film. Redford's experience with *All the President's Men* has been mentioned. And the R given to Paramount's *Survive!* seems fairly lenient. The film, which recounts the grim fate of a rugby team whose plane crashes in the Andes, presents in grisly detail the players' efforts to survive by eating the flesh of their dead comrades, down to such niceties as how to strip the meat from a corpse.

Also open to question is the R the M.P.A.A. awarded to *Drum*, a picture so relentlessly violent that Paramount declined to release it, even though it had been made as a follow-up to its successful (and also violent) *Mandingo* of the previous year. We are once more at Falconhurst, a stud farm for slaves, but now it's 20 years later—getting on toward the Civil War. Yet history has a way of repeating itself, especially in the movies. Once more, we see a bare-knuckled fight in the courtyard of a New Orleans brothel. Once more, we're offered rampant nudity and considerable miscegenation; this time, we also have the sight of the concupiscent teenaged daughter of Warren Oates (who has replaced Perry King of the original cast) unbuttoning the flies of all the sturdier male slaves—while threatening to cry "rape" if they squeal on her. There's an ugly fight between an unarmed Drum (Ken Norton) and a huge, knife-wielding black, egged on by the villainous white homosexual John Colicos, whose advances Drum has rejected. As in *Mandingo*, Norton and his pal Yaphet Kotto are stripped naked, hung by the heels and whipped for a minor infraction of Falconhurst's rules. There are repeated calls to "castrate the niggers" and in the bizarre finale—a slave revolt in which shovels and scythes are pitted against rifles and revolvers—Drum manages to avenge himself against Colicos by (apparently) crushing the man's balls and twisting off his penis.

Drum is not the only 1976 film in which a man finds himself literally dismembered in the sexual sense; castration bids fair to become a cliché in foreign films, as we shall see later on. Most major American studios, however, found a less risky, potentially profitable combination of sex and violence in rape, something they could exploit with relative impunity. Naturally, the film makers come out *against* rape, but, as Cecil B. DeMille used to observe, you can't be against sin without showing what sin is.

Perhaps the most powerful example of the rape genre is *Lipstick*, directed by Lamont Johnson (who subsequently admitted that the film's ending was excessive and overly brutal). Within the first half hour, fashion model Margaux Hemingway is raped by a mild-mannered music teacher (Chris Sarandon, who was Al Pacino's transsexual "wife" in *Dog Day Afternoon*). When the case goes to court, the defense argues that if a woman flaunts her sex for profit, she deserves whatever she gets. The court agrees, freeing Sarandon to attempt another rape, this time on Margaux's younger sister (played by her real-life younger sister, the enchanting Mariel Hemingway). Margaux intercepts at the last possible moment, shooting Chris in the crotch with a rifle. Meanwhile, however, thanks to the ugly trial publicity, she has lost friends, admirers and jobs. It's impossible not to suspect that when she blasts off at Sarandon, she's not only protecting her little sister—she's getting some of her own back.

This theme, that outraged virtue is in itself an excuse for violent action, recurs frequently in the films of 1976. In *The Last Hard Men*, James Coburn, an escaped con at the turn of the century, captures lawman Heston's nubile daughter (Barbara Hershey) in retaliation for the killing of his Indian wife. Coburn's vengeance: a gang-bang of Hershey while the father is forced to look on. Action in *Jackson County Jail* gets under way when ad executive Yvette Mimieux, her car and possessions stolen by young hitchhikers, is thrown into jail for lack of identification—and is promptly raped by her jailer. She kills the man, then goes on a crime spree with fellow inmate Tommy Lee Jones. In *Trackdown*, a low-budgeted melodrama, no sooner does young Karen Lamm arrive in Los Angeles than she is robbed and raped by a gang of *chicano* hoods, then sold to a Sunset Strip vice lord. Oddly enough, the girl decides that she really likes the luxuries that accompany a life of sin—until she's slugged and kicked to death by one of her more sadistic clients. Then her brother (Jim Mitchum, looking for all the world like father Bob) hunts down the villains remorselessly, dispatching them, singly and in bunches, to their particularly unattractive deaths.

The pattern, of course, is one set by the success of Charles Bronson's 1974 smash, *Death Wish*, which also began with rape and murder and ended with Bronson's resorting to vigilante action because the cops were unable to cope.

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SEX IN CINEMA-1976

(continued from page 164)

Such a lack of confidence in the crime-fighting abilities of our ordained forces of law and order is endemic to this entire group of films, all of which betray a profound right-wing bias. *Trackdown*, in fact, goes so far as to state that the police find their hands tied by the civil libertarians. In *Breaking Point*, starring towering Bo Svenson, the cops can't even protect a witness to a gangland killing. When the Mafia begins to brutalize his family, Svenson emerges from the Canadian hide-out provided by the police and proceeds to settle the score—by means including the apparent castration of one of the gang's more obstreperous members. *Goodbye, Norma Jean*, purporting to be the biography of Marilyn Monroe, bases her lifelong aversion to sex on an early encounter with a motorcycle cop who rapes her instead of citing her for speeding. After that, it's men, men, men (and one woman), but neither she nor they gain much satisfaction from their encounters.

Prostitution, of course, has long been a popular cinematic subject; but in 1976, it seemed to be hotter than ever. It, too, was generally tied to violence, as best epitomized in Martin Scorsese's brutal, brilliant *Taxi Driver*. Psychotic hackie Robert De Niro's lapse into madness and mayhem is triggered when the teenaged prostitute (Jodie Foster) he has befriended and wants to help decides that she really prefers life on the streets with her pimp. At first, De Niro attempts to vent his rage on the only authoritarian figure he knows, a liberal Presidential candidate. Thwarted by Secret Service bodyguards, he goes berserk, shooting down the pimp, the manager of a shabby midtown hotel that rents to prostitutes, even one of the girl's clients. Since the last was a gangster, the slaughter ironically turns De Niro into a hero, at least for the moment. Incidentally, cabby De Niro derives, it seems, nearly all his entertainment from the hard-core stag movies shown along Manhattan's raunchy Eighth Avenue. When he takes WASPy Cybill Shepherd out on a date, he escorts her to something classier—a soft-core porno house on 42nd Street—and can't understand why she's upset by the show.

In Robert Aldrich's *Hustle*, the heroine (Catherine Deneuve) is a high-priced callgirl, symbol of a society that puts a price tag on everything. During her layoffs, she consorts with police lieutenant Burt Reynolds, but the relationship is uneasy: He can't quite put her profession out of his mind, while she—much like Karen Lamm in *Trackdown*—is unwilling to forgo its pleasant perks. When Reynolds' investigation into the drug death of a teenaged girl leads to a wealthy lawyer (Eddie Albert) whose connections extend from a porno ring to city hall, his conscience briefly surfaces—only to be snuffed out in the film's abrupt and arbitrary finale. The implication is that the callgirl, at least, has been true to herself, while the cop is forced into compromises between his conscience and his career. In the low-budgeted *The Commitment*, the wife of a confirmed gambler becomes a prostitute to cover her husband's debts; in the more substantially financed *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox*, Goldie Hawn plays a San Francisco saloon singer who isn't above a little play for pay on the side.

The point is not so much that the screen today is proliferating with prosties but that—at least in the movies—prostitution seems to have lost its traditional stigma. To be sure, there were easy ladies, often goodhearted ones, onscreen before; during the Thirties, they were often played by such top stars as Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and, of course, Mae West. But in the end, most ladies of ill repute either died horribly or were ignominiously carted off to jail. No longer. In *Hustle*, Deneuve, not the more scrupulous Reynolds, is the survivor. *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox* contrives to bring Hawn and George Segal, who plays an inept gambler and an even more inept bank robber, together for what is presumably a happy ending: They have each other *and* the loot.

This change in outlook is reflected more precisely in the documentary *Mustang: The House That Joe Built*, a feature-length study of the *maison de joie* known as Mustang Bridge Ranch, a complex of trailers near Reno, Nevada, which is described in the film as the nation's largest brothel. Nevada legalized prostitution in 1970, and Joe Conforte—a squat, flamboyant, cigar-chewing impresario—has benefited enormously thereby. The film argues persuasively that treating prostitution as just another business not only minimizes the risk of gangster infiltration but carries certain health benefits as well. (What it never quite succeeds in minimizing is the fact that the girls at Mustang, on 14-hour shifts, seem to be every bit as weary and exploited as their sisters who prowl the streets in states less enlightened than Nevada.) As a first look at the inner workings of a house of prostitution, however, this film by Robert Guralnick is impressive for its "doesn't everybody?" attitude and for its lingering image of Conforte comfortably raking in the dough.

Another cultural change may be noted in the Martin Poll–Lewis John Carlino production of *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* (subject of a vivid PLAYBOY pictorial last July). Traditionally, a movie widow has mourned for her dearly departed, raised her sons to respect his memory and steadfastly renounced all fleshly joys. Not so in *The Sailor*. Basing his script on a Japanese novel by Yukio Mishima, Carlino transferred the action to an English seacoast town where the bereaved Sarah Miles

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masturbates before a photograph of her late husband—while being spied upon by her 13-year-old son. The voyeurism continues when Miles meets up—and beds down—with ship's officer Kris Kristofferson. The boy responds to their impassioned lovemaking in a fashion that is part Japanese, part Oedipal Greek. With his school cronies, who feel that a sailor should remain true to his calling, he manages to dispose of this rival for his mother's affections in a singularly dispassionate yet bloodthirsty way. "Like the act of love," ads for *Sailor* read, "this film must be experienced from beginning to end. Therefore, no one will be seated once the picture starts." I rather doubt that this stricture has been rigorously enforced by the theaters, but the acts of love depicted by Miles and Kristofferson remain the most uninhibitedly erotic this side of the porno houses, and the film itself is an enlightened attempt to broaden the experiential range of American moviegoers.

Unfortunately, too many of this year's movies, at least those distributed by the major companies, relegate sex to the dirty-joke category. Paramount's *The First Nudie Musical* is just that. Nudity alone is supposed to lure the suckers, since the movie exhibits no evidence of wit, style or inspiration. *Mother, Jugs & Speed*—with Raquel Welch as the titular Jugs—attempts to combine the bold irreverence of *M*A*S*H* with an action-oriented, *Bullitt*-style plot, and fails on both counts. *I Will, I Will . . . for Now*, directed by Norman Panama, is a sex comedy from the Fifties replete with the wrong couples in the wrong bedrooms; this time, the setting is a supposedly "with it" sex clinic. The film is an embarrassment, made more so by the stellar presences of Elliott Gould, Diane Keaton, Paul Sorvino and Victoria Principal.

Once again, it took a documentary to indicate how far we really have traveled. *Sandstone* is an X-rated (but far from pornographic) study of the lifestyle in a Southern California retreat that encourages the full and free exploration of all forms of human sexuality. Tucked away in the mountains above Malibu, Sandstone was started in 1969 by John Williamson, a former space engineer; and while its initial appeal may have been to psychologically aware and sexually jaded members of the upper middle class, by the time film makers Jonathan and Bunny Dana began this documentary, Sandstone's roster also included a number of blue-collar people. (Such class distinctions, not immediately apparent when the members have their clothes off, are revealed through oncamera interviews with prospective initiates in their own homes.) Particularly impressive is the lack of self-consciousness with which the people at Sandstone, often nude, discuss their emotional hang-ups, not to mention their lack of inhibition when the camera prowls around them in the free-form grope-and-grapple session that closes the film.

Significantly, *Sandstone* played in Memphis during the repressive porno trials described by Richard Rhodes in last month's PLAYBOY, and without any interference from the local authorities—which may mean that the distinctions between hard-core films and open, honest exploration of human sexuality and eroticism are growing a bit clearer. It's probably much too early to say, since neither the courts nor the industry's own M.P.A.A. have come up with substantive guidelines as to what actually constitutes pornography. Just possibly, however, the public is beginning to make its own definitions. Last year, Columbia undertook the distribution of the French-made, X-rated *Emmanuelle*—and did very well with it, earning a substantial $10,000,000 in the American market, where it played mainly in art houses and neighborhood theaters, avoiding the porn palaces. Following Columbia's lead, Paramount this year acquired a sequel, *Emmanuelle—Joys of a Woman*; Allied Artists took on *The Story of O* (also a French import) and United Artists gave us the British-based *Inserts*, starring Richard Dreyfuss.

Of the three films, *Inserts* is certainly the most ambitious, with Dreyfuss, fresh from his successes in *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and *Jaws*, playing an over-the-hill director, a *Wunderkind* of the Twenties reduced by drugs and alcohol to making pornos in the early Thirties. The film, written and directed by youthful John Byrum as a kind of tour de force, takes place entirely within one room of a Spanish-style Hollywood mansion soon to be razed to make way for a freeway. Dreyfuss—called simply Boy Wonder—uses its baronial living room as his sound stage, with a set consisting mainly of one large bed. On it, he is shooting a stag movie—until his star (Veronica Cartwright) O.D.s and he is forced to manufacture a substitute out of his sponsor's giddy girlfriend (Jessica Harper). She wants to know what "inserts" are and, emboldened by brandy, he demonstrates. (In film language, an insert is an extreme close-up of some specific detail in a larger scene. It also has a sexual connotation, of course, and Byrum is not one to let us forget it.) For all its sexual activity—including the director's discovery that he isn't as impotent as he had supposed once he starts shooting inserts with his producer's lady—the film remains strictly soft-core, ironically so, because the inserts that might have made it hard-core are never shown. *Inserts* was a curious career choice for Dreyfuss but, because of its low budget (about $250,000), a money-maker for United Artists.

Nor did Paramount make out badly with *Emmanuelle—Joys of a Woman*, once again starring lissome Sylvia Kristel in a continuation of her heady adventures in the Orient with her sexually liberated husband—and with just about every reasonably attractive male or female she happens to encounter there. As in the earlier film, the sexplay is virtually nonstop, the women are handsome and Robert Fraisse's color cameras strikingly depict both the Far Eastern settings and the far-out happenings taking place in front of them.

Allied Artists fared less happily with its French import *The Story of O*, based on the famous erotic novel by the pseudonymous Pauline Réage. This classic tale of a masochistic young lady who submits to chains, beatings and similar forms of self-abasement in her search for sexual fulfillment was so tentatively filmed that her torments often seemed like tickles. To make matters worse for Allied, a low-budgeted independent production, *The Journey of O*, very sexplicit, had preceded *Story* into the market place by several months—and delivered what *Story* merely promised.

For independent purveyors of adult entertainment, 1976 proved to be a particularly rough year, especially after the Memphis trials. Federal harassment took all forms, even to fining shipping companies for handling pictures that had been labeled obscene. As a result, many producers began playing it safe—or safer. One of them, Louis Sher, eschewing further involvement in the field after an earlier Memphis hearing, became a major backer of the Broadway hit *Shenandoah*—which is just about as safe as you can get. Porno veteran Bill Osco, who began his career shooting stag loops, apparently filmed his X-rated musical-comedy version of *Alice in Wonderland* (with PLAYBOY cover girl Kristine De Bell as Alice) as hard-core, then subsequently chickened out. Masks, opticals and blow-ups now conceal much of the action. Some hard-core producers sought to upgrade their pictures by beefing up the stories, as in *Expose Me Lovely* (with its obvious indebtedness to *Farewell, My Lovely*) or *Angel Above, Devil Below*, in which, with a nod to *The Exorcist*, a girl is possessed by the Devil, who persists in talking dirty through the lips of her vagina. (Another talking box, coincidentally, appears in the French-made *Pussy Talk*.)

Other sex-film makers sought to give their product class by paying the mounting fees asked by the porno superstars—Terri Hall, John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes and the like. Radley Metzger, classiest of the skin merchants, actually transported his cast for *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* to locations in Paris, Geneva and Rome, photographing in fashionable villas and handsome formal

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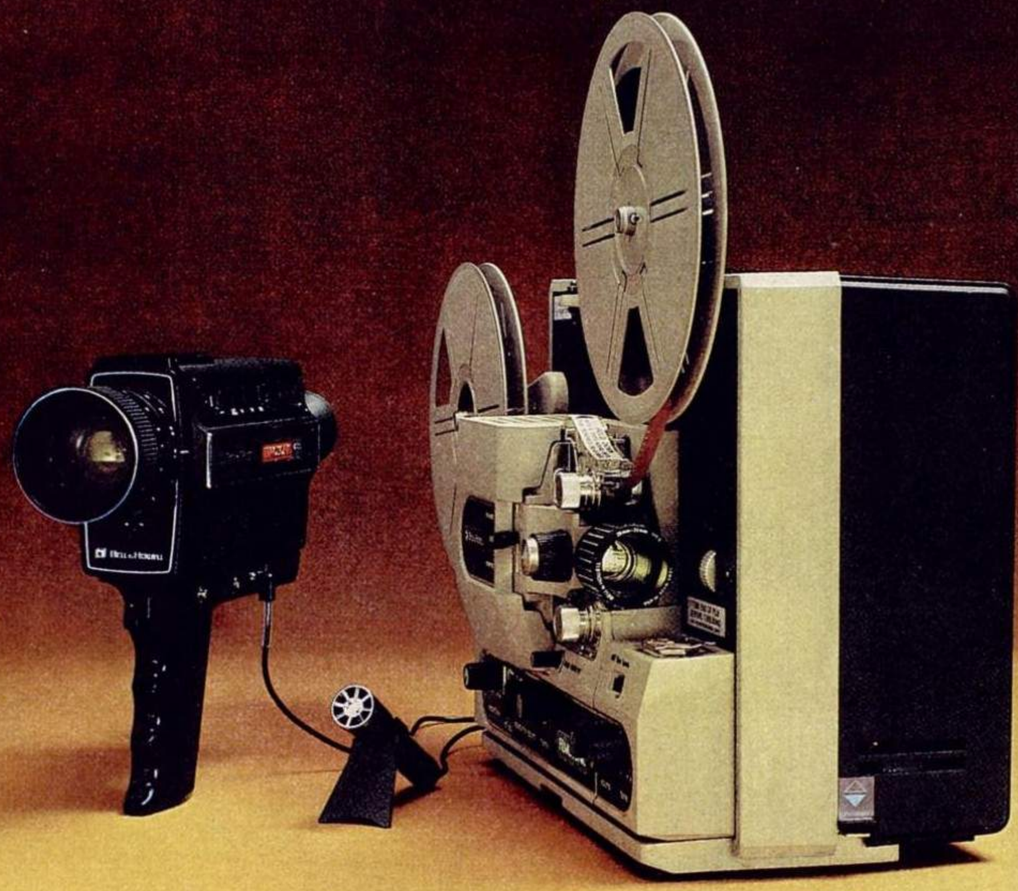

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gardens his uninhibited (and uncredited) adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*. A sex writer and researcher (Jamie Gillis) makes a bet that he can take a Parisian hooker and within a year transform her into the most talked-about and sought-after international jet setter. For a Parisian prostitute, Misty (the shapely and probably pseudonymous Constance Money) seems oddly untutored; but by the time the picture is over, of course, she has mastered every trick in the book. Just what Paris, Geneva and Rome had to do with it is a bit of a mystery, especially since the greater part of Misty's education takes place in bedrooms; but it can't be disputed that the film's handsome production values—plus a dildo scene that picks up where *Myra Breckinridge* left off—contributed to making this one of the more successful hard-core entries of 1976.

But the most obvious gambit, and the one most frequently resorted to as the year wore on, was for sex-film producers as well as major companies to play down the sex scenes and hype up the violence. In Cambist Films' *Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks*, scenes of torture, dismemberment and exceedingly bloody death (including the insertion of a high explosive into the vagina of one of the sheik's hapless ex-harem favorites) far outnumber the sex sequences. San Francisco's Alex deRenzy, a pioneer in American skin flicks, this year offered up (with a self-imposed X) *Femmes de Sade*, in which San Francisco prostitutes and their pimps wreak a lurid vengeance upon the ex-con who has been terrorizing their fellow workers. In *Farewell Scarlet*, Terri Hall (seen last year to better advantage in *The Story of Joanna*) is murdered during an orgy, with a dildo stuffed down her pretty throat. *The Naughty Victorians* reverted to that period favorite *A Man with a Maid* to recount how four outraged ladies avenge themselves upon the pedagogue who has abused and seduced them, with the help of some of his schoolboy pupils.

Perhaps the year's kinkiest release was the Mitchell Brothers' long-heralded *Sodom and Gomorrah*, an epic about those sinful sister cities of the Scriptures featuring a cast of hundreds, all looking like extras in those Biblical pageants that J. Arthur Rank used to produce for English Sunday schools, right down to the crepe beards and papier-mâché settings. There, however, the resemblance ceased. According to the Mitchells, the impotent King Bera of Sodom has decreed that buggery is the only acceptable form of intercourse in his kingdom; anything else is punishable by death—for the woman, death by impalement on a sharpened log rammed up her vagina. Even though Jim and Artie Mitchell like to insist that their movie is just campy good fun, the fun wasn't jolly enough to recoup the film's $300,000 production cost.

All of which would seem to suggest that by 1976, the bloom was well off the porno peach. While the hard-core audience for hard-core movies continues to exist, all the added frills—such as the Paris locations (again) for Metzger's *The Image* or the $60,000 that Osco reputedly sank into the musical score for *Alice in Wonderland*—merely upped the budgets, not the box office. Indeed, in the wake of the Memphis decisions, many communities that had previously adopted a live-and-let-live policy toward adult films suddenly turned to crackdowns, if not shutdowns. In California, the state supreme court, by a 4–3 ruling, extended its "public nuisance" statutes to include motion pictures, thus reversing a long-established policy. To contain such "nuisances," several cities—following the lead of Boston—have sought to limit the number of theaters in which sexually explicit movies may be shown by restricting them to a kind of red-light district. In Boston, it's known as the Combat Zone; Seattle recently adopted similar legislation. Ironically, New York City would love to do so as well—but not around Times Square (where it exists *de facto* already).

Many newspapers now follow the lead of the *Los Angeles Times*, which sequesters all X-rated movies, regardless of their nature or source, into one section of the paper and prints both copy and pictures in tones of watery gray. Among other *Times* stipulations—no open mouths, no prone positions and no quotes (not even quotes that the *Times*'s own critics might have written). The odd thing is that none of these measures really satisfies the crusaders who want to cleanse the screen of all sexual material, nor does any of them act as a deterrent to patrons. Even in those cities where both newspapers and TV stations exert a total blackout on X-rated pictures, somehow the word still gets around.

Meanwhile, across the ocean, France—which relaxed its strictures against hard-core porn in the spring of 1975 but promptly hit this emerging home industry with staggering taxes—has become the new European center for sophisticated sex movies. Of France's 4328 moviehouses,

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129 have now been licensed to show hardcore. At one point last year, as much as 40 percent of the total box-office take in France was reported to come from sex films. And while their plots and approaches are reminiscent of American movies of five or six years ago, the French girls—Brigitte Ariel, Jane Birkin, Corine Clery, Sylvia Kristel, Penelope Lamour, Brigitte Maier—are gorgeous. Small wonder that the American contingent at the Cannes Film Festival was seen with its tongues, and its checkbooks, hanging out.

The hottest item at Cannes this year was the Franco-Japanese production *The Empire of the Senses*. It's an extraordinary film. Directed by Nagisa Oshima, whose previous works have been more social than sexual, it depicts the consuming love between a serving girl (and onetime prostitute) and her oversexed employer, a restaurant owner. Although the man is married, the two perform a marriage ceremony (before a group of geishas) and proceed to live together as man and wife, performing their conjugal rites literally around the clock. Even so, the man slips off occasionally to see his wife and also has the energy to perform—at the girl's behest—with an aged geisha. But as their love games become more arduous, she takes to strangling him to spur him on to the peak of passion, first with her bare hands, then with a silken cord. And when, in one of these impassioned moments, he dies, she cuts off his penis and scrotum so that they will be eternally hers.

A postscript informs us that all of this really happened in Tokyo in 1936; but it hardly matters. The main thing is that Oshima makes it *seem* true—a Wagnerian *Liebestod* between two ordinary people whose love for each other blots out all other reality. And while the sex scenes are as frequent and explicit as in any porno I have ever seen, they have a totally different quality about them. This isn't business-as-usual sexploitation; this is sex as the ultimate expression of an overpowering love—a love that can kill to experience the ultimate ecstasy. The performances (by Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji) are perfection, and each shot has been designed as if for a print by one of the great Japanese masters of 18th Century erotic art.

The climactic castration in *L'Empire des Sens* is mercifully brief and only belatedly bloody. But it is hardly unique—witness the aforementioned ball breaking in *Drum*—and may actually be part of a disturbing trend, most notable in European movies. In *Maitresse*—directed by the avant-garde, often surreal Barbet Schroeder—petite Bulle Ogier, operating a sort of psychological massage parlor for masochistic misfits, icily nails a client's penis to a board. In *The Last Woman*, a Franco-Italian production directed by Marco Ferreri (whose previous contribution was *The Grande Bouffe*), Gerard Depardieu, a factory worker estranged from his wife and shacking up with a young beauty, becomes so desperate over the girl's constant belittling that he commits the penultimate suicidal act: He cuts off his penis with an electric carving knife.

The debasement of the male, the pricking of the *macho* principle, as it were, is probably as graphic in these films as it will ever be. In his own demonic way, however, Roman Polanski has added a few touches to the portrait in his French-made *The Tenant*. In it, Polanski himself plays the central character, a paranoid clerk who moves into the apartment of a girl who has committed suicide by leaping from its window. Gradually, he begins to assume her identity, smoking her cigarettes, wearing the make-up he finds left behind in her apartment. Frightened by sounds he hears in the walls, driven mad by his hallucinations, he finally abandons himself entirely to her identity and, wearing her clothes, leaps from the window even as she had done. Few directors are more skilled than Polanski at making fear palpable; and in this instance, it's the fear of a man so repressed that he must lose himself in the fatal guise of a woman.

But it remained for the films of Italy's Lina Wertmuller to show us how vulnerable, and yet how durable, the male really is. An avowed disciple of (and former assistant to) Federico Fellini, Wertmuller emerged with the almost simultaneous release here of *Swept Away . . .* and *Seven Beauties*—not to mention her earlier works, *The Seduction of Mimi, All Screwed Up* and *Let's Talk About Men*—as one of the world's great film makers. Even John Simon agreed.

Ardent feminists view Wertmuller's pictures as denigrating to the female performers. They point to the debasement of Mariangela Melato by a brutal Giancarlo Giannini in *Swept Away . . .* and to the recurrence of prostitution in her films (*Love and Anarchy* is almost entirely set in a Roman brothel). What they seem to resent especially is the fact that the foremost woman director of our day isn't out making "women's films"—whatever *they* may be. As so often happens when someone is building a case, these critics see what they want to see and ignore the rest. To be sure, Wertmuller seems to have a penchant for attractive, working-class males (generally played by her favorite actor, Giannini). And usually they indulge in a good deal of sexist strutting and swaggering at the outset of the picture (or in *Swept Away . . .* in the middle). But see what happens to them in the end: In the last scene of *Mimi*, Giannini, for all his *macho* efforts to keep three families going simultaneously, is humiliated and deserted by the girl he wants more than anything else. Giannini, who held total dominion over Mariangela Melato as long as they were on that desert isle in *Swept Away . . .*, returns to his drab home and his drab life and mutely picks up his drab wife's bag. More often than not in Wertmuller films, the male character is humbled and broken while the female rises triumphant. And if they are triumphant whores—so what? Wertmuller would say they were doing their own thing—and doing it well.

All of this is perhaps best summarized in Wertmuller's most recent film, *Seven Beauties*, with Giannini as a strutting Neapolitan dandy during the last years of Mussolini's power. He is, in addition, a fool—and a survivor. He kills and dismembers a man who, he insists, dishonored his sister by calling her a whore (although she really *was* a whore). When he is captured and brought to trial, his pride prevents him from copping a plea of insanity, which suggests to the judge that he really *is* insane, so he's sent to a hospital instead of a prison. At the hospital, however, he's caught raping a mentally disturbed woman and given the alternative of jail or the army. He chooses the army. Up to this point, Wertmuller has artfully emphasized the man's *macho* characteristics—his honor, his pride, his sexual prowess, his Latin charm. Then, almost remorselessly, she strips away the façade. At the earliest possible moment, Giannini and a pal go A.W.O.L., only to be picked up by a German patrol and sent to a concentration camp as deserters. In his desperation to stay alive, Giannini truckles to the officers, offers his pitiful sex to the beefy camp matron in exchange for a few scraps of food, is even willing to shoot down his friend on the given order. At the end of the film, he returns to Naples and finds that all seven of his sisters are now prostitutes; but after his own ignominious ordeal, he is in no position to protest.

If in synopsis *Seven Beauties* sounds like a grim, unremittingly neorealist tract, it's because no words can fully convey the verve and vitality of a Wertmuller movie. Dark as the plot may seem, much of it plays like a comedy, ranging from dry wit to subtle irony to flat-out pratfalls. Above all, Wertmuller has a tremendous insight into people—their strengths, their weaknesses, the things that make them human—and a rare ability to communicate those insights to her audiences. As a result, her films swirl with a sense of life and joyous celebration, even though, like a platinum blonde, they may be dark at the roots. Just possibly, Lina Wertmuller might be the healthiest thing that has happened to movies in all of 1976.

The Nixon Legacy: Part V

HOW TO WIN THE WAR ON DRUGS

Narcotics suppression is a very sexy political issue. It usually has high media visibility. . . . The Feds went into street enforcement partly in response to the obvious political mileage to be gained. —JOHN EHRLICHMAN

The history of America's war on drugs is one of political opportunism and media manipulation. Harry Anslinger—the J. Edgar Hoover of narcotics—got his first taste of glory during Prohibition and was immediately hooked. After Repeal, he wasn't going to have demon rum to kick around anymore, so he created the specter of devil weed. Reefer madness. The public read the headlines and believed. Anslinger unleashed his drug vigilantes and went about the business of saving people from themselves by putting them in jail.

Several generations of agents have followed in Anslinger's tracks. Drug enforcement is an incessant scramble for more money, more laws, more authority, more power. Heroin has replaced marijuana as public enemy number one, with cocaine a close second. The propaganda machine churns out new scare stories with great success. Nearly everyone believes that addicts are the scourge of the earth. Nearly everyone believes that we are winning the war, or would be if only we spent more money. The Government has gradually transformed drug abuse from a private and not very popular vice into an enormously profitable and rather glamorous criminal industry.

The conflict has escalated sharply in recent years. In 1960, the Government spent $3,000,000 on drug-law enforcement. In 1969, the year Richard Nixon took office, the war budget was $36,000,000. Nixon took control of the crusade and created the Drug Enforcement Administration in 1973. By 1976, the DEA budget was $155,001,000. Overall expenditures on drug-abuse problems now top one billion dollars a year. Dirty business is big business.

Nixon is gone, but the Gestapo-like agency created in his image lives on. Supporters claim that its storm-trooper tactics are necessitated by the seriousness of the problem. The end may justify the means, but not when the tactics don't work. The actual amount of drugs seized by the Feds is minuscule (less than ten percent of the total imported each year). The occasional, well-publicized busts let street dealers raise their prices and their profits. In 1976, the DEA spent close to $9,000,000 on nickel-and-dime street buys. Only five percent of that money was recovered. Few of the street arrests of addicts and pushers led to convictions. Even fewer led to the arrest of drug ringleaders. The campaign did nothing to cut off the supply of illegal drugs and it did not decrease the number of addicts.

Before the 1914 Harrison Act, heroin, morphine, cocaine and other drugs were legal and available. The addict population numbered over 215,000. Today, the Government estimates that there are between 500,000 and 600,000 addicts. (The population has doubled, so the proportion of addicts remains the same.) Now, though, they have to spend more to buy black-market drugs: Experts estimate that addicts steal close to six billion dollars a year to support their habits. Costly and unnecessary. Pure heroin is as cheap as aspirin. If the black market were abolished, a $100 bag of smack would sell for five cents. Junkies wouldn't have to mug more than one old lady a decade to support their habits.

It is time to go cold turkey on an idiotic and destructive policy. The people who run the war on drugs are caught in the same vicious circle that trapped the Vietnam hawks. By willful disregard of fact, the gung-ho cowboys in charge of enforcing narcotics laws manage to cling to myths that support their own bad decisions.

Myth: Heroin destroys the mind and body of the user. In truth, "The over-all effects of . . . heroin . . . under conditions of low price and ready availability, are, on the whole, amazingly bland," according to Edward M. Brecher, author of the Consumers Union report *Licit and Illicit Drugs*. Most doctors feel that drug-related deaths—the body counts of the narcotics business—are a direct result of the black-market scene. They point out that during Prohibition, 40 Americans out of every 1,000,000 died from drinking impure bathtub gin. (Approximately 12 out of every 1,000,000 Americans die from illegal heroin.) Genuine overdoses are rare: Most deaths occur because of unsterile needles, impure cuts or toxic mixtures (heroin and alcohol or heroin and barbiturates are lethal in combination).

Myth: Heroin is the ultimate pleasure—something so good you shouldn't even try it once. Actually, most addicts—like cigarette smokers or drinkers—have to acquire a taste for the drug. Out of four people who try heroin, only one goes on to become a regular user. Most are attracted to the scene—to outlaw thrills. If acquiring a fix were as interesting as filling out an IRS form or standing in line for a welfare check, more people would resist the temptation.

The agony has been exaggerated, as well as the ecstasy. We have been told that once someone is hooked, he stays hooked, and that withdrawal is fatal. One English doctor, with extensive experience treating addicts, claims that "abrupt withdrawal is usually no worse than a very bad flu." But the image of the man with a monkey on his back is persuasive. Most addicts are convinced that withdrawal is a fate worse than death. They take drugs not to feel good but to avoid feeling bad.

Myth: The addict is too debilitated by his habit to function normally. Again, most of the harm is a by-product of black-market dope. A study of 555 addicts on a Government maintenance program suggests that addicts are able to hold steady jobs and that there is little difference between working addicts and the general population.

After World War One, the British elected to treat heroin use as a medical rather than a criminal problem. Addicts are part of society: They are not outcasts subject to persecution. They receive their doses from government clinics—the pusher man is practically nonexistent. The result: Britain reports an addiction rate of four per 100,000. In contrast, there are 264 addicts per 100,000 in the U. S. For years, the people responsible for drug prohibition have told us that the British system won't work here. It's obvious that the American system doesn't work here. We should settle for peace with honor: The British system might not end drug abuse but it would end smuggling, street crime, burglaries, murders and police corruption related to addiction.

We do not condone the use of heroin, or of any other drug. We merely ask that the problem be put into perspective. According to Brecher, at the turn of the century, drug abuse was viewed as "*immoral*—a vice akin to dancing, smoking, theatergoing, gambling or sexual promiscuity." We've learned to coexist with most of these vices. We've learned enough to know the real dangers of each. If we subjected drugs to regulation rather than prohibition, we would be able to construct a true picture of the pleasures and the consequences of use. And, based on the truth, we could rebuild a war-torn country.

This is the fifth in a series of editorials.

(continued from page 61)

kinds of scientific evidence to demonstrate the universality of this correlation. He quotes experiments on laboratory animals in which pleasure inhibited violence and violence inhibited pleasure. He examines anthropological evidence from 400 different societies, which clearly shows that pleasure-oriented societies are "characterized by low theft, low infant physical pain, low religious activity and negligible or absent killing, mutilating or torturing of the enemy," whereas societies with heavy restriction on pleasure have "a high rate of crime and violence." He cites still other studies that show that "parents who abused their children were invariably deprived of physical affection themselves during childhood and that their adult sex life was extremely poor. . . . Women who abused their children had never experienced orgasm." There were some violent societies in which children were given a lot of affection and touching; but in almost all cases, these turned out to be societies that, through a premarital chastity taboo, deprived adolescents and young adults of normal sexual outlet.

Prescott explicitly charges that Judaeo-Christian sex taboos encourage violence in our society and even notes how attitudes toward women expressed in the Old Testament have contributed to our present problem. He concludes with a grim reminder: "The world . . . has limited time to correct the conditions that propel us to violent confrontations." We have everything to lose if Prescott's message isn't heeded and everything to gain if it is.

Michael Adams
Colorado Springs, Colorado

JIMMY AND HIS FRIENDS

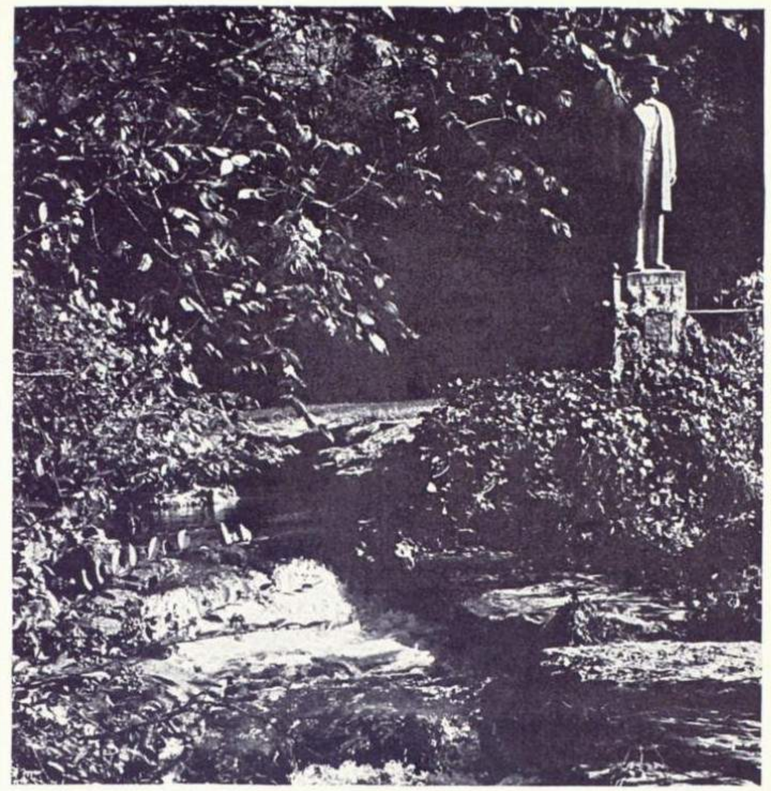
Jimmy Carter may fall short of total wisdom, but he has a sense of political decency. Of all the things politicians have been saying this year, the most pointedly right is his answer to the question "Would you consider pardoning the Watergate defendants?"

Carter said, "I don't think it would be appropriate for me to say anything on the subject of Watergate pardons." Then he added, "During my first week in office, I would issue a pardon to all Vietnam defectors."

Amen. The Watergaters are crooks who got caught trying to sabotage the nation itself. The hell with them. The boys who got into trouble with the military, on the other hand, are in many cases our best. They never committed, threatened or contemplated wrong against anybody. Look at it from any sane point of view: they are victims of a colossal crime, not its perpetrators.

Charles Stahlberg
Sandstone, Minnesota

What a tacky bunch of candidates the political process has thrown up this



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"Playboy Forum" Casebook

THE OZARK CONNECTION

For selling about a third of an ounce of marijuana to a state undercover agent, Jerry Mitchell, 19, was sentenced to 12 years in the Missouri state penitentiary. Had his case not come to the attention of a legal reform group, he would be in prison already, instead of in college, while his case is appealed. He may end up in prison yet; contrary to the belief of many young people, pot offenses are not yet on a par with underage beer drinking, especially in the rural parts of the country.

MITCHELL *and* STEPANIAN

West Plains, Missouri, is a pleasant, friendly farming community of about 10,000 near the Ozark tourist area in the south central part of the state. It's the seat of Howell County and the birthplace of country singer Porter Wagoner, for whom the main street is named. Compared with most places, it doesn't have much of a drug problem, but the townspeople are worried that this is changing. More and more city people are settling in the area, and over the past two or three years, the local youngsters have discovered long hair, rock music and marijuana, which grows wild from the days when it was cultivated for hemp fiber. Rarely a month goes by without an arrest for either possessing or growing pot. It was Mitchell's extraordinary bad luck to be the first Howell County youth ever to be caught selling it.

Mitchell has lived in West Plains since he was four. In 1975, he graduated from the local high school with good grades and a good record, and last fall, he entered Southwest Missouri State University in Springfield to study political science and philosophy. These interests and his longish hair make him about the closest thing West Plains has to a "hippie." He was busted in the usual fashion: A neighborhood friend, who had become an informant, introduced Mitchell to one of the state's roving undercover agents. Mitchell first was charged with supplying the agent with a pound of locally picked marijuana, but the charge was dropped when he agreed to plead guilty to selling one third of an ounce for five dollars.

At the time, a guilty plea seemed like the sensible thing. Both of Mitchell's parents are blind and living on a pension and Social Security; their home and property were posted to meet his $15,000 bond; he had borrowed $1500 from his grandmother to pay his initial legal fees but he could not raise the additional $500 his attorney demanded in advance to represent him at sentencing. He hoped that his lack of a criminal record, the nonprofit nature of the sale and his otherwise good reputation would earn him less than the maximum sentence, and it did. He got 12 years; under Missouri law, he could have gotten life.

If 12 years seems like something less than leniency, it's because Circuit Judge Winston Buford—and he probably represents the community's general attitude—considers drug selling as serious as murder. The local paper quoted him as saying, "Most crimes are one on one, one person robbing, killing or assaulting another. . . . A pusher has the means to poison the whole community, particularly the young people of the community. . . . It is only by the hard work of undercover agents that people such as yourself are brought to our attention." When Mitchell wept, promised he would never get into trouble again and asked the court to consider probation for the sake of his parents, who have no other children, the judge said he should have thought of his parents before getting into drugs.

Judge Buford is no ignorant Ozark hillbilly; he is intelligent, articulate, thoughtful and quite aware that scientists have found no evident dangers in marijuana smoking. But he does consider its use symptomatic of a dangerous national trend toward drug abuse, and he apparently believes that harsh criminal penalties deter young people from using drugs—a dubious proposition in light of the rest of the country's experience. Yet this attitude seems to prevail in Howell County and it's quite possible that a jury would have recommended an even longer sentence.

When Mitchell told his story to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, national director Keith Stroup volunteered his services as an attorney and also retained Michael Stepanian, a prominent San Francisco lawyer with experience in drug cases. Both flew to Missouri to represent Mitchell at a hearing for reduction of sentence and to plan an appeal, in which they will be assisted by the Playboy Foundation. The hearing, which PLAYBOY attended, followed lengthy negotiations in the judge's chambers and was more like Mitchell's public confession of guilt and contrition than like a legal proceeding. Judge Buford, deciding he could now see a "ray of hope" for the defendant, reduced his sentence accordingly—to seven years.

Until last year, the Missouri drug law provided five years to death for anyone convicted of even sharing a joint of marijuana with a minor. In its penalties, it still makes no distinction between selling marijuana or heroin, providing five years to life in prison for the sale of any amount of either substance to anyone. The statute's shotgun quality permits NORML to challenge it on at least two constitutional grounds. By simple common sense, any law that provides a minimum of five years and permits a life sentence for a joint of marijuana should be in violation of the Eighth Amendment's ban on cruel and unusual punishment. Unfortunately, common sense plays no great role in matters of law, and courts have traditionally held that no penalty short of mutilation or burning at the stake is cruel if legislators vote it into law. The 14th Amendment provides a second and better ground for argument. Its equal-protection clause has been interpreted to require some rational connection between the seriousness of a crime and the severity of its punishment, and the supreme courts of both Illinois and Michigan have held that it's legally improper to treat marijuana offenses the same as those involving heroin, barbiturates or other drugs known to be addictive or dangerous.

Herein lies the legal significance of the Mitchell case. By making no proper distinction among different drugs, many state laws permit the courts to treat a stash-sharing pot smoker as though he were the French Connection.

The difficulty NORML's appeal faces is that courts, especially state courts, are reluctant to "usurp the authority of the legislature" in matters of statutory law. But where a legislature refuses to reform or repeal a law inspired by unwarranted fear and based on misinformation, the courts are the only recourse.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM COX—WEST PLAINS DAILY QUILL

election year! I find particularly disheartening the positions taken by Ford and Carter on abortion. Mad Ronald, of course, has always opposed abortion, just as he opposes anything else that strikes him as subversively 20th Century, and I presume his views will remain influential. OK, so worn-out Ford, when he fears being zapped by Reagan and is eager to close the conservatism gap, tells a throng of Roman Catholics that he is concerned "about the increased irreverence for life." This is code, but the Catholics get the message: Jerry is agin abortion, and they give him a standing ovation. The Republicans get *that* message, and a week later the G.O.P. adds an antiabortion plank to its platform. Ford gets the nomination.

Just before the Republican Convention, here is the born-again Baptist giving the Catholic press a dose of peanut oil, virtually repudiating the abortion plank of the Democratic platform: "I think abortion is wrong and that government ought not ever do anything to encourage abortion." Various Catholic cardinals across the land have been chopping away at the Democratic plank opposing a constitutional amendment to prohibit abortion, and Carter has a visitation from the Holy Spirit and discovers that he thinks as the Romans do.

If only the proposal of Representative Louis "Woody" Jenkins for a NONE OF THE ABOVE line on the voting machines (*The Playboy Forum*, August) were a reality this November. As a woman who has had an abortion, I feel too strongly about this issue to vote for either of these men. What you hear coming from inside the voting booth is the sound of one person, gagging.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

For more of Jimmy Carter's views on practically everything, see "The Playboy Interview," page 63.

COLD-BLOODED KILLING

The Supreme Court ruling allowing the death penalty has saddened me no end. We seem to think that by executing the criminals on America's death rows, we are ridding ourselves of a problem. I am not suggesting that these people should be freed, but we must be able to come up with a better remedy than locking them up for an indefinite time or killing them in a colder, more methodical manner than most murderers could ever devise.

Timothy A. Jones
Concord, California

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MONEY IN THE STOCK MARKET

(continued from page 136)

anywhere from $5000 to $50,000, with the reasonable hope of being able over the years to put additional money into the market and with what is frequently dismissed as the unreasonable goal of rapid capital gains—that this article is written.

•

Most standard investment advice has no relevance to the person described above. The typical writer of a syndicated investment-advice column is a Depression-scarred old man who feels it his sworn duty to warn the neophyte investor of the risks and potential pitfalls of the stock market. The usual suggestion offered is to "stick to quality." By this, the writer means either the solid, old-line industrial companies known as blue chips or what *he* calls growth stocks. Neither is suitable for someone who wants to see a relatively small amount of money become a much larger sum.

A young man I know once asked me my opinion of the stocks he owned. I knew he was unmarried and earning a very good salary. I was thus surprised to see that his portfolio consisted of General Motors, DuPont and A.T.&T. I asked him why he had chosen those stocks. He answered he had been advised to stick to quality and that all three paid good dividends. I pointed out that—despite their excellent quality—DuPont and General Motors both were now selling for two thirds their 1965 prices and that A.T.&T. was still today, after a sharp recent advance, below its 1965 level. As for the dividends, they constituted incremental income for him and he was giving 40 percent of them back to the Government in taxes. I went on to say that 20 years ago, the U. S. economy was undergoing a major and rapid expansion and that one then could simply "buy America." For the past three years, real economic growth, after the adjustment for inflation, has been nonexistent and is likely to be modest at best for the foreseeable future. Common sense should tell you that it is difficult, edging on impossible, for the very largest companies in America to have a substantially different long-term rate of growth from that of the over-all economy. Thus, the investor who is in search of outsized profits from his investments must seek out companies that will show rates of growth in sales and earnings far above those of the general economy.

Since we said earlier that what are termed growth stocks are also generally inappropriate choices, this last statement may seem somewhat contradictory. If the definition of a growth stock is one whose earnings, and therefore, by implication, its price, increase rapidly, then, obviously, growth stocks are what everyone wants to buy. There are numerous companies whose *past* records of steady, above-average growth and strong position in their industries have caused them to be called growth stocks. If it were a simple matter of buying the stocks of such companies and waiting for the profits to roll in, then you wouldn't have to bother reading this article nor would I bother writing it. Clearly, it's not that easy. What everyone who buys stocks, whether with $2000 of his own money or $200,000,000 of someone else's money, must always remember is that in the stock market, you are buying the future. The past is known and is there for everyone to see. What is crucial, and difficult, is to determine what the future of a given company will be and, importantly, how that future will differ from the expectations already built into the price of the stock.

The danger of extrapolating the past into the future can be seen from the fact that among stocks with fabulous 20-year records are Avon Products, Delta Airlines, Tampax and Xerox—all stocks that are accorded the status of growth stocks by those who drive with both eyes squarely on the rearview mirror. As it happens, those four stocks have appreciated to prices anywhere from 25 to 45 times their 1953 level. But they achieved virtually all of their quantum gains *before* 1966; over the past ten years, three have risen only slightly and one—Xerox—is actually substantially down. There are literally hundreds of stocks that appreciated manyfold during the Fifties and the early Sixties, only to have declined, some by sizable margins, over the past ten years.

So far, I have been assuming that someone who buys stocks, or is considering buying them, is in search of capital gains. There are, of course, other reasons why one buys stocks, or any other form of investment. Stocks, bonds, real estate, gold, silver, art, antiques, stamps, coins—all offer in various combinations just four essential attractions: growth, income, security and liquidity. The first, growth, is *never* present without risk. Wall Street professionals try to assess the "risk/reward ratio" before buying any stock. In its simplest form, a highly speculative stock, one that may appear to have the potential of advancing tenfold, also offers the possibility, in the event of bankruptcy, of a total loss. But if, after careful examination, you can convince yourself that a rise to ten times the current price over a five-or-ten-year period is possible, then that risk is well worth taking, as a ten-to-one ratio is considered unusually favorable. On the other hand, a stock such as A.T.&T., which clearly has a far lower potential risk, also—it can safely be said—has no chance of selling at ten times its current price ten years hence, even under the most optimistic possible assumptions. It is, thus, quite possible that A.T.&T., with less *total* risk than a far more speculative stock, has actually a less favorable risk/reward ratio.

As for income, almost all stocks with a potentially high rate of growth will *appear* to be inferior income vehicles. Companies grow by reinvesting their earnings. To the extent that they pay them out in dividends, those earnings are not available for reinvestment in the future growth of the company. Thus, most stocks that I would select for capital-gains purposes pay little or no dividends. Yet dividends should not be ignored, for ultimately it is the ability of a company to generate a high level of earnings out of which future dividends can be paid that will make its price rise.

Crown Cork & Seal, an excellent company with a high past rate of growth, has never paid a dividend on its common stock. Yet its stock has risen over 40fold since 1953. Its level of earnings convinces the market that it has the present ability to pay dividends if it chooses. As long as it finds opportunity for rapid growth in its business, then it is best advised to continue plowing those earnings back into the company rather than pay them out to its shareholders. An argument could be made that when Crown Cork *does* begin to pay dividends, it will have indicated to the world that it no longer finds its opportunities for future growth equal to what it has found in the past.

An investor who was smart enough—or lucky enough—to buy IBM in 1953, when it was a far smaller and less seasoned company than today, accepted a dividend yield that was little more than a one percent annual return. Yet now, thanks to the company's phenomenal growth in earnings and dividends, that investor is receiving a 129 percent annual return on his original investment. If that same investor had bought American Can in 1953, because it then had a dividend yield of five percent—much better than IBM—he would today be receiving a yield of only seven percent on his *original cost* and own a stock selling now almost unchanged from its price of over 20 years ago.

As for choosing investments for security, that's fine for those with large amounts of capital to protect, but it is a luxury that must be foregone by someone who wants to build a modest sum into real capital.

The fourth factor an investment can offer is liquidity. Stated simply, this means, "How quickly and easily can I sell?" Here is one major advantage the individual has over the large institutional investor. Small amounts of virtually all stocks can be bought or sold almost instantly, with little or no sacrifice in price. If your mind or your circumstances change at five P.M., you can be out by ten A.M. the following day.

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Except for the unusual periods, such as the first six months of 1975, when the market was reacting from the deep disaster of 1973–1974, it is not likely that stocks in general will experience the kind of broad price rise that marked the great post–World War Two bull market. The achievement of superior performance will likely require far greater selectivity than was necessary from 1949 to 1972, when the *average* stock traded on the New York Stock Exchange increased sevenfold. Which brings us to the subject of mutual funds. The primary purpose of buying a mutual fund is to secure far greater diversity than otherwise would be practicable with a limited amount of money. An investment in a mutual fund is spread over 50, 100 or even 200 different stocks. Standard investment advice nearly always counsels diversification as a conservative approach. It is the opposite of what I am suggesting. (A very intelligent—and successful—investor I know once summed up his philosophy for me: "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch the basket very closely.") If you take all the money you have set aside for investing and buy three stocks, it requires only one spectacular success for results far better than that of the over-all market. Conversely, if your money, via a mutual fund, is spread over

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5 Turntables BIC

a very large number of companies, it is difficult for the fund's performance over the long run to exceed substantially the appreciation rate for the average of all stocks.

There are, of course, a number of funds that try to identify and invest solely in young, exciting growth companies in the early stages of their development. Some of them have had extremely good records, or at least they did until the past few years, when virtually all stocks were going down. Indeed, the simplicity of picking one fund as your sole investment vehicle, with all future decisions then in the hands of its management, has appeal. But by taking this tack, you miss the chance to gain the knowledge that is the valuable product of teaching yourself to discover and analyze companies. And you miss the fun.

Another alternative to common stocks, and one that in recent years has had great appeal for smaller investors, is any of a variety of fixed-income securities. These include corporate bonds, tax-exempt municipal bonds, Treasury bonds and notes, and savings accounts and certificates. Their current popularity has a simple explanation: Yields had by 1974 risen to record levels and have remained relatively high. At the same time, the stock market has proved an inhospitable place for most investors during the past four or five years. The high interest rates available today are a direct reflection of the high rate of inflation that, despite some improvement, remains the primary problem facing our economy. One can today buy completely safe "Triple-A" corporate bonds with a current yield of nearly nine percent. In 1974, the rise in the Consumer Price Index was over 12 percent. Thus, an investment yielding nine percent meant that its owner that year *lost* three percent in the purchasing power of his money, even before paying taxes on the interest. The rate of inflation, which came down to about seven percent for the year 1975, would have to decline further and remain at this lower level for a number of years to make a purchase of any long-term, fixed-income security look good.

Let's assume that I have convinced you that any investor with a relatively modest amount of money—who is seeking someday to have a far less modest amount of money—must buy common stocks, particularly those of young, growing companies of the type that has been the source of outsized rewards in the past. Now you must choose a broker. Having dealt over the years with only the very best brokers on Wall Street, the kind who handle multi-million-dollar institutional accounts, I have nonetheless developed a deep cynicism about the breed. Still more vast is my cynicism about the typical customers' man who handles small individual accounts at a branch office of any of the major brokerage firms.

You will develop a more proper attitude toward a broker if you start by thinking of him as a salesman, which he is. He might have become a used-car salesman or a life-insurance salesman, but, instead, he is a stock salesman. By some strange quirk of American social history, stockbrokers are accorded a high degree of social status and earning power. It is completely unwarranted by what they actually do, and don't be taken in by this or by the plush offices most maintain. The normal training course for a stockbroker runs from 90 days to six months. Such a course is obviously no substitute for a Ph.D. in economics, a degree in accountancy and advanced training in psychology—all of which would be necessary to allow anyone to speak with the certainty I have heard many brokers express.

There are, of course, many good stockbrokers. They have become so by virtue of years of experience with the vagaries of the stock market. Unfortunately, such are not likely to be available to you. It stands to reason that those who really know what they are doing will attract and hold as customers institutions or individuals with very large accounts, particularly those oriented toward trading. A broker makes his money from customers who buy *and sell* stocks, who trade. You will make money in the market if you buy stocks and *hold* them as long as they continue to do well. If you do what is best for you, you will soon come to be regarded by your broker as a nuisance. Don't let it bother you.

The worst mistake people make when walking into a brokerage office is to allow themselves to be talked into something totally unsuited to their needs. As soon as you tell the smiling young broker you've been assigned that you are in search of rapid capital gains, his eyes will light up. Even a fairly small amount of money, if he can persuade you to become an active buyer and seller with it, can produce a quite handsome flow of commissions for him. Resist his blandishments. To be a successful trader, you must be right about the stocks you select *and* about the market. To be a successful long-term investor, you need only be right in your stock selection, and not even every time. One spectacular winner can more than offset a few soso performers.

Armed with the proper attitude toward stock salesmen, you will avoid the trap of letting your broker pick your stocks for you. It always amazes me that the same person who will read *Consumer Reports* and check the prices at four stores before investing $250 in an air conditioner will take the word of some broker he has just met as to the correct disposition of his life's savings. Brokers, in addition to carrying out the mechanical function of handling orders to buy or sell stocks, provide something they call research. There are two things to remember about this research: It is a selling tool and it is generally wrong.

Most brokerage firms that deal with individual investors spew forth a stream of reports recommending purchase of a variety of stocks, these reports usually being no more than three or four pages long. Perhaps I am being unfair, but I have been greatly impressed by some ancient brokerage studies I have unearthed: the 1929 report suggesting a switch out of General Motors and into Moon Motors; the 1937 study that counseled against investment in Eastman Kodak because "photography is a luxury item and will, of course, never attain a mass market"; the 1956 write-up on Haloid Corporation (the predecessor of Xerox) that drew negative conclusions about the company's chances of ever implementing its ambitious plans; or, to bring it more up to date, the 1968 studies—and they were numerous—recommending Penn Central at 70 or 80 as "an asset play."

The above reports, by no means chosen at random, are examples of analytical thinking that completely missed the boat. The analysts who write these reports are, with rare exceptions, not analysts but *reporters*. They visit the management of companies and almost invariably produce "research" that presents the company's viewpoint. Aside from the obvious fact that this builds in a bias toward the optimistic, it also forces the analyst/reporter to deal with the near-term outlook, as that is all even the head of a company can discuss with any certainty. The stocks most firms choose to recommend are those in which there is already a high degree of interest. These companies, generally the largest and best known, are the very ones least likely to present a significant opportunity to purchase an unrecognized future superstar.

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How, then, does one go about finding those "unrecognized future superstars"? First, you should formulate your owa broad view of the type of economy we are likely to experience over the next five or ten years. Will inflation subside from its current level, remain at today's historically high level or become still more virulent? Will consumer spending grow at the rapid rate of the Sixties? Will the Government continue to expand its role in determining the direction of the economy via regulation and tax legislation? Will the domestic market present the best opportunity for growth, or will foreign markets, as in the Sixties, show superior rates of expansion? If you can reach just a few extremely general conclusions about such questions, then you will have narrowed down your field of

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Suppose you had asked yourself those questions ten years ago. Had you anticipated the extreme inflationary bias of the past decade, you would have known enough to avoid companies that are heavily dependent on purchased raw materials or whose labor costs are a large percentage of their total expenses. Since both of these facts are particularly true of automobile companies, you would have shunned altogether the four U. S. car manufacturers, whose stocks today on average are well below their prices of ten years ago, without any adjustment for inflation. (Remember, the ravages of inflation must be calculated when comparing a past price with today's: If you bought a stock at 20 in 1966, it would have to be selling at 37 today just to maintain the same purchasing power that $20 had in 1966.) This same conclusion about inflation that ruled out automobile stocks might have led you to seek an investment vehicle from among the drug stocks, as a constant flow of new products, an unusual degree of pricing freedom and the highest profit margins of any industry make them relatively impervious to inflation. Or you might have chosen a forest-products company, as their ownership of their basic raw material, timber, gives them a built-in hedge against inflation. Had you done so, you would have been rewarded. The stocks of the leading companies in the drug industry have on average doubled in price, while those of the major forest-products companies have increased threefold over the past ten years, with many individual companies doing far better.

A list of the best-performing companies over the past decade would indicate how an understanding of certain broad trends within the economy will lead you to the more promising sectors for investment. Nearly every stock that has appreciated fivefold or more since 1966 could be placed in one of four basic categories: companies that sell directly to consumers, companies in the medical and health field, technology companies and those directly or indirectly involved in the production of energy. My own view is that only the last of these sectors presents truly attractive opportunities for the next ten years. The average consumer is now struggling to keep abreast of inflation, and the huge expansion in discretionary income for such things as second homes, expensive leisure-time activities, etc., will not be present. The increasing likelihood of some form of Government health insurance suggests that the medical/drug field—and its very high profit margins—will come under much tougher Government scrutiny. And the stock-market magic that was attached during the Sixties and early Seventies to anything connected with new technology has, I believe, worn off. However, the announced commitment of the Government to expand our domestic energy industry, be it oil, gas, coal or nuclear fuel, makes this area one of immense promise.

Assuming that you share my conviction that energy remains a promising area of investment, *don't* rush out and buy simply anything to do with its production. The six "international oils," so called because of their vast global oil activities, proved a relatively poor investment over the past ten years. Their average price has risen only slightly, which means that the purchaser of these stocks has lost over one third of his investment's value after deducting the effects of inflation, although the dividends he has received have to a great extent offset his loss of purchasing power. On the other hand, the perspicacious individual who foresaw a decade ago the phenomenal growth in demand for oil-well drilling services and related equipment on average would have increased his capital *eight times* had he invested in the six companies that are today the leaders in this area.

Does this mean that those companies whose stock prices rose eightfold since 1966 are still the most promising sector among energy investments? Perhaps; but both common sense and mathematics make it unlikely that the next ten years will prove equally enriching for the owners of these stocks. These stocks have been "discovered." You, in your search for investment performance out of the ordinary, must discover your own stocks. It's far easier said than done, though by no means impossible. You have two basic choices: Decide what field you think has unusual promise and then learn everything possible about it; or stick to something you already know well—most likely an area related to your work, hobby or specialized field of interest.

The first road is tougher but reasonably self-explanatory. The source of the original idea can be as accidental as a newspaper or magazine article or an offhand remark by a friend who is knowledgeable about a particular field; or it can be the outgrowth of a dedicated search for that sector of the economy with the most dazzling potential. A very savvy friend of mine manages over $100,000,000 and, for that reason, has access to the best "research" available on Wall Street. He considers the daily newspaper, of which he reads eight from all over the world, his best source of investment ideas. One day in 1965, he read an article in a Chicago paper that told of increasing Government concern about industry-caused air pollution. (Yes, that was a new idea 11 years ago.) He immediately sought the names of leading companies that manufactured air-pollution equipment. The first was easy, as he came across a company called American Air Filter. He then simply telephoned that company and asked who were its most prominent competitors, which yielded two names: Buffalo Forge and Joy Manufacturing. A very quick review of the public financial data on all three revealed that they were sound, adequately financed companies, so he took sizable positions in each. By 1972, when air-pollution control had become a magic phrase on Wall Street, he had sold all three positions for more than triple his original investment.

Stock-market success is not, however, solely the result of picking the right industry. The right company can be in the wrong industry. Here is where your own personal knowledge comes in. Someone I know whose hobby is making things in his well-equipped basement shop became convinced that Black & Decker made a superior product. Today, in addition to the satisfaction he derives from his pastime, he has made an 800 percent profit on his purchase of Black & Decker stock a dozen years ago. During this same period, other companies in this industry have been lackluster performers. The single best-performing major stock of the past 20 or so years has been Masco Corp. One dollar invested in 1953 in this manufacturer of plumbing fixtures, particularly single-handle water faucets, is worth $325 today. How many professional plumbers, contractors and amateur handy men might have capitalized on their knowledge of this company's specialty to have made the investment of a lifetime? (By comparison, the largest company in the plumbing-supply business, American Standard, is today selling at its price of 20 years ago.) A further example of the potential usefulness of hobbies: Had those collectors of commemorative plates and medals issued by Franklin Mint bought instead its stock when it first went public in 1968, they would today have a 900 percent profit on their investment. The space left on their wall by the absence of Washington kneeling to pray at Valley Forge in bas-relief silver could now be filled by those lovely, valuable stock certificates.

Perhaps the most classic form the quest for gargantuan stock-market profits takes is what Wall Street calls "the search for the new Xerox." A word of caution. For every Xerox or Polaroid that comes along with a new product that revolutionizes its industry or creates a new market, there are literally hundreds of would-be corporate revolutionizers whose ships sink with all investment hands aboard. Beware of patents. Polaroid assigns its patents a balance-sheet valuation of one dollar, admittedly an understatement. But it is its marketing, financial and manufacturing know-how that has made it a great enterprise, not the Government-granted protection implied by a patent.

Yet the search continues, abetted not by

"There's really no hurry. It'll take at least fifteen minutes to round up all the members of his gun club."

the probability of success but by the lotterylike payoffs to the occasional winner. At a recent lunch with the managing partners of two respected Wall Street firms, I asked each to name his favorite stock to put away and hold for ten years. One supplied the name of a company whose future is based on a patented process that would "revolutionize surgical procedure in every hospital in America." The other man's choice was a small company with still more ambitious plans: to develop and license a patented scientific breakthrough, the offspring of its scientist-founder, that would allow the synthesis of far more complex molecules than heretofore possible, with wide application throughout the chemical industry. (Sorry, no names.) Will both of them, or even either one, make it? The history of similar ventures offers little comfort, and I myself would not buy either stock without the most exhaustive inquiry into the technological and business pitfalls that abound. But I just may make that inquiry. I'd hate to find myself, 15 years from now, ordering my second vodka martini in the club car on the 5:27 to Westport and boring my fellow commuters with the story of how I passed up the greatest investment idea since Xerox.

A revolutionary idea need not be a new product. It can be a new marketing technique or just a better way of doing something that a lot of other companies do less well. McDonald's didn't invent the hamburger, it wasn't the first to franchise fast-food restaurants nor the first to create a low-priced, limited-menu operation. However, one needed only to take a couple of kids to McDonald's to know that those guys were doing it a lot better than anyone else. It still would have taken some foresight to buy the stock in 1965, its first year as a public company. (Had you done so, your investment would have appreciated more than 25fold since then.) Even a late-comer who bought the stock in 1970—by which time they were well onto their six-billionth Big Mac, while a host of competitors offering hamburgers, roast-beef sandwiches, pizza and fish and chips were already falling by the wayside—would have since quintupled his money. But this kind of company puts a terrible premium on the investor's being right: New wrinkles in marketing are notoriously easy to imitate. The stockholders of Levitz Furniture found this out during 1972–1974, when warehouse furniture retailers sprang up on every vacant lot, and the stock of this erstwhile highflier fell from 60 to one and a half.

All of the above advice will only get you to the starting gate. Dozens of extremely good books have been written on how to run the race, with the possible approaches far from exhausted. If your goal is creating genuine capital from a modest sum of money, if you are willing to endure the risks this goal necessarily involves and if you will do the essential preliminary spadework before you buy a single share, then there are some brief guidelines I can offer, mainly the product of my own—and others'—mistakes. (Sadly, mistakes are more instructive than successes.) First, analyze companies, *not* the market. If you're in for the long pull—and you should be—periods of market weakness, even two-year ones such as 1973–1974, should be seen as unusually attractive opportunities to buy stocks of companies you believe in when everyone else is convinced the world is coming to an end. Find out everything you can about the company. Write the corporate secretary and ask for the past few years' annual reports; look at the earlier ones to see if the company lived up to its targets for the ensuing year, generally set forth in the president's letter. Also, ask for a very valuable document called a Form 10-K. Every public company must file one with the Securities and Exchange Commission, and it contains a lot of information often kept out of the annual report—information that may not put the company in the best light. You can even ask your broker for any information or research reports he may have on a company that intrigues you—but use him just for information, not advice.

After you have bought a stock, judge its future performance by how well it lives up to your expectations of its growth in sales and earnings and to the goals spelled out by its management. Although Wall Street firmly believes that a good stock is one whose price goes up (and a bad one, one whose price declines), this should not be your rule. Someone who bought Archer-Daniels-Midland, the largest soybean-processing company in America, at its high in 1969 would have paid $68 for one share. Six months later, that share was trading at 43. Not a well-timed purchase, but today—after numerous stock splits—Archer-Daniels is selling at nearly five times its 1969 *high*. Now the guy who was clever enough to buy it at its 1969 low may be somewhat happier with his eightfold gain. But I am sure both buyers, regardless of whether they got in at the 1969 high or the low, are a lot happier than the fellow who panicked and sold out at what proved to be the bottom of a sharp upward climb. This does not mean all stocks should be held forever once purchased, just that the stock market over the short term can fluctuate widely, based on its psychology of the moment, and you should sell a stock only when its fundamental performance diverges noticeably from what your original research led you to expect.

The hardest rule to follow, but clearly an essential precept if you ever wish to multiply your investment in a single stock manyfold, is, *Ignore the double*. The guy who never tires of telling you how he owns Xerox at a cost of one dollar per share, after adjustment for multiple stock splits, owns it today only because he didn't sell it when it reached two dollars. The second smartest thing he ever did was to buy Xerox; the first smartest was not to sell it for two—or three or four. One last actual case history: A friend of mine came to me in 1963, seeking advice on how to invest $10,000 he had saved. He said he didn't expect to have any immediate need for the money and wanted to take a chance on seeing it grow into real capital. I gave him a list of half a dozen stocks and told him why I thought all had elements of great long-term interest. We settled on three of them and divided the money equally among those three. Today, 13 years later, two of the stocks have advanced modestly, less than the subsequent rate of inflation. The other third of his $10,000 went into 150 shares of Baxter Labs, then selling at 22½. By 1973, after various stock splits, he had 1200 shares of Baxter Labs with a market value of $66,000. All because he didn't sell when it doubled, or even tripled. His total portfolio, counting the two laggards, was worth $74,000. Baxter, when my friend bought it, was a rather small company with sales of less than $50,000,000, earnings of less than $3,000,000, and was already selling at a rich relationship to its earnings. It was—in a word—speculative. By 1973, it had grown to sales of $356,000,000, earnings of over $27,000,000, and was now considered a growth stock by those who probably would have rejected it ten years earlier as too risky.

When my friend called me up in 1973, after being out of touch for years, I was delighted to learn he still owned all three stocks—especially Baxter Labs. He asked what he should do and I told him it was his decision. His good sense in holding on despite numerous opportunities to sell at a handsome profit had been far more crucial to his ultimate success than my original good fortune in lighting on Baxter as one of a number of possible vehicles. He decided to sell 15 percent of his Baxter stock, take a one-year sabbatical from his teaching post and go around the world with his wife. (The point of investing is, after all, to enable you to acquire the financial freedom to do things that would not otherwise be possible—not just pile up paper profits.)

I believe the stock market to be *ultimately* rational. Surprisingly, this is a view not universally shared on Wall Street. But if you take an *initially* rational approach to it, ignore its interim gyrations and have the guts to stick with your choices until you are proved right—or wrong—you may come to share my view of the stock market. The process isn't painful and the end results can be downright delightful.

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JIMMY, WE HARDLY KNOW Y'ALL

(continued from page 98)

"but they're not the nicest people in town."

Why Not the Best? is the title of Carter's autobiography. And the concept of the nicest, or best, people is the key to understanding Jimmy Carter, for it comes out of a patrician rural tradition of responsibility to which he is heir. The white elite who survived the civil rights strife without losing their power either by overtly siding with the blacks or by taking racist stands formed the core of the New South that Carter personifies. It is moderate and pragmatic and, above all, patrician.

The Carters, after all, were patricians. Part of Jimmy's packaging includes reminiscences about his childhood in a home without electricity. Well, in the days before rural electrification, nobody much had it. But Earl, as Jimmy's father was known, owned 4000 acres, employed servants and died with money in the bank. And to be patrician toward a radical experiment such as Koinonia meant to keep it at a proper distance without really siding against it.

Another personal coincidence: The period I spent nosing around Plains wasn't the first time I'd heard about Koinonia. I remember that when I left the gas station in Americus, I stopped to ask directions for the farm. I had read about it and stopped at a corner to naïvely ask a group of white men how to get to Koinonia. One of them sneered at me. "Why you want to go there, boy?" I chose to discontinue the dialog. For the next few hours, there were many false starts up red-clay roads with flashlights shining on our California license plates and enormous dogs barking. I was about as scared as I've ever been and, to this day, I can't fathom the courage of blacks in Americus who decided to take a stand. Or the whites and blacks who dared to live together at Koinonia. That was the night I met Florence and Clarence Jordan, the founders of the farm.

Sixteen years later, on the Carter campaign, I met Hamilton Jordan and asked him if he were related to the Clarence Jordan I'd met years ago. Hamilton told me Clarence, who died in 1969, was his uncle and "one of the two people in my life I have respected most," the other being Carter. Hamilton and I discussed Koinonia and his uncle for quite some time.

Hamilton has his roots in this southwest Georgia clay and reached adulthood during the worst of the racial turmoil. He recalls that he was a segregationist until "after Kennedy," but he was always awed by the idealism of his uncle Clarence. He visited Koinonia as a kid and remembers: "Clarence had a tragic life, but he was a great, great man—a straight shooter, at peace with himself."

Hamilton, like Jimmy, played the proper, white-sheep role in his family. A crusader like Clarence was therefore a "loser," but one who was a challenge to the rest of the family. As Miss Lillian admitted, "Clarence was 20 years ahead of his time."

Clarence Jordan was a Baptist minister with a Ph.D. who, quite literally, practiced what he preached. The Christianity and brotherly love about which he spoke so eloquently from the pulpit included blacks, and it didn't take the townspeople of Plains long to figure that out. In 1942, he formed a small community of farmers and workers, black and white, in what was essentially a commune. The Klan paid its first visit that year. By the Fifties, the powerful White Citizens' Council had moved on to boycotts, bombings and shootings. The farm became famous in the middle Fifties when an Atlanta newspaper printed a cartoon showing the Koinonia barn with a lightning rod on its roof.

How did Carter, back from the Navy after his father's death in 1953, respond to the farm?

"I went there several times in the Fifties and Sixties," he told me. "They couldn't get anyone else to shell seed for them, and I did. I went down there a couple of times to talk to Clarence Jordan . . . I knew Clarence Jordan when we were going through the years of integration."

I checked his recollection with that of Clarence's widow, Florence, who still lives on the Koinonia farm.

"It's not that I want to throw a monkey wrench into his campaign," she told me, "because most of us will probably vote for him. But it does seem kind of bad when a reporter calls here on the basis of Jimmy's having said he used to visit here and knew us. I have to say I'm sorry, but I don't even know the man. I've never met him, and we've been living down the road for 34 years. People came here from all over the world, but he hasn't come seven miles."

In that same conversation, she told me that there were people who had been friendly to the Koinonia folks but that most of them had been forced to leave the area because of the social pressure. No one else in the county offered support. "They would lose their business or lose their friends," she said sadly, "and that was more important than their Christian beliefs. That was true of most people in the county and [Jimmy] was no different."

I went back to Carter and pinned him down on what stand he *had* taken when he heard about the shootings and bombings at Koinonia.

"I didn't shoot at them or throw

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bombs," he replied, in what I believe was a sarcastic tone.

"I know," I said, "but did you speak out against it?"

"There was a general deploring of violence," he replied, "and the grand jury investigated it and I think everybody was embarrassed by it. It was done—if it was done—by a fringe element. This was a time, I'd say, of very radical elements on both sides."

If Florence wasn't lying to me about Jimmy's visits to Koinonia, then Jimmy was. Since the shootings are vastly documented, his hedge—"if it was done"—is chickenshit. And his answer to my question about whether he'd spoken out—"There was a general deploring"—indicates his embarrassment at any but the most heroic image of his past. And, to top it off, the grand-jury investigation Carter referred to as a presumably impartial force is known to have been a McCarthy-type witch-hunt directed *against* Koinonia.

When I considered Carter's promises never to lie, his sanitized version of events in his past and his stubborn refusal to admit to imperfection, the implications of this exchange angered me—which comes easily and self-righteously to a Northerner. But it almost caused me to overlook what I was seeking out: complexity. I stumbled across another unknown incident involving an early member of Koinonia, and it softened the impact for me.

It was Gloria who told me to look up Jack Singletary. Singletary came from a patrician family like Carter's in another part of Georgia. He attended the Naval Academy at the same time Carter did (though they did not know each other there) and served in the Navy. But when the postwar draft came along, Singletary refused to register on religious grounds. He had already joined Koinonia when he was sent to Federal prison; upon his release, he went back to the farm. After a couple of years, he moved to his own farm nearby, without giving up Koinonia's progressive ideas. He became, in Gloria's words, "the white nigger of Plains."

Chatting with this remarkable Georgian, who I thought would have little good to say about a man who did not support him through Koinonia's terrible years, I was surprised to find that his memories of Carter were positive:

"Jimmy came home from the Navy and I ran into him on the street and he and Rosalynn invited me to their apartment, which had never been done. That was in '53 or '54. He told me that night that he shared my views in regard to the race question. He told me about the incident when he was an officer on a ship and the crew was on shore leave and was invited to an official function. A black sailor wasn't invited, so the whole

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crew didn't go. He was proud. He wanted me to know this."

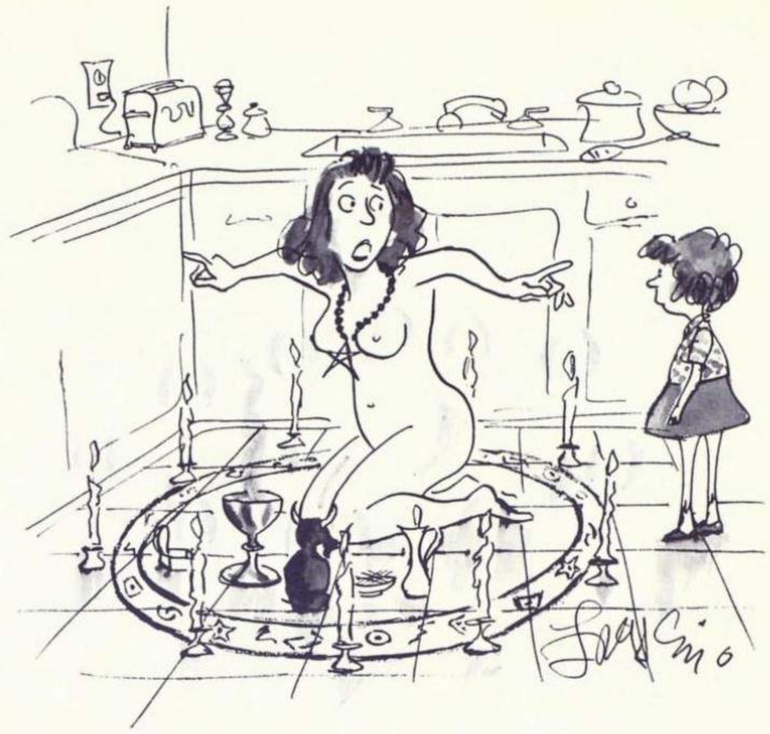
Singletary related the story of the boycott against his family. The White Citizens' Council in Sumter County decided that no merchant should sell goods to any member of Koinonia, and that included Singletary.

"There was a little store down here—Mrs. Howell's store—and they circulated stuff that me and Koinonia were buying our groceries from her. So the sheriff and the Georgia Bureau of Investigation agent went to see Mrs. Howell. They told her that if she didn't quit selling to us, something was going to happen to her. But the only contact I was having with Mrs. Howell was that my oldest child was dying with leukemia and we didn't have a telephone. Mrs. Howell's store had the nearest telephone. We had taken our son to Sloan-Kettering in New York for treatment and we were keeping in touch with them by telephone about his medicine. I'd go down and use Mrs. Howell's telephone and I'd pay her telephone bill. Well, she told me that they had come to threaten her and that she was going to have to stop letting me use the telephone."

Singletary took his case to the local merchants' group, of which Carter was a member. The group decided to bend the boycott in Singletary's case, though it remained in force against the residents of Koinonia. They were good people, the merchants, and they weren't going to do something so inhumane as to deny help to a leukemic boy. It wasn't a great moment for Jimmy Carter, but it told the powerful White Citizens' Council where he and some of the best people stood.

There is even more to the Koinonia story that reflects on the Carter family and that invalidates the simple stereotypes we've been allowed to see. For instance, Singletary told me about a follow-up that changed my mind about Rosalynn, who doesn't get much credit for having taken courageous stands.

"Our little boy finally died of leukemia. It was when the boycott was on and we had our friends from Koinonia come over for the funeral. Rosalynn came the next morning and brought a ham. We invited her to stay and she did; we had a very informal Quaker-type service and put the body into a little box that Koinonia had made. We took it down to a little playground there where he had played and buried him without any remarks. Rosalynn left here, I'm told, really just all upset and went to Plains to see the Baptist preacher and bawled him out. He said he reckoned he'd be run out of town if he did it, but she made him come so we finally had a graveside service. Now, that's a little insight into the kind of person she is and I'm sure that Jimmy was with her."



"Not now, sweetheart. Mommy is casting a spell on Robert Redford."

When I told Rosalynn that I had been talking to Singletary, she said quietly, "Yes, that's right—they were heroic people. It took people from the outside to shake us up into seeing what was right. I have a lot of respect for those people." I don't care what I read about Rosalynn in the *Ladies' Home Journal* from now on; I'm prepared to admire her without being cynical.

•

As I began collecting other bits of evidence, many of them favorable to the Carters, from sources that seemed impartial, I realized how superficially the press—with the connivance of the Carter campaign—had characterized these human beings. Earl Carter, for instance, turns out not to have been the hidebound racist he is made out to be. It was he, in fact, who first befriended Singletary, inviting him (on one occasion with a black friend) into the back of the store for a soda pop when such an act took courage. "Mr. Earl," as Singletary called him, also went into partnership with him to combine clover when no other farmers would even share equipment with Singletary. When Earl was dying in 1953 of cancer, Singletary was one of the two non–family members Earl asked to his bedside.

Billy Carter, the incorrigible cracker who still uses the word nigger when he's drinking with his old buddies at the gas station, took an unpopular stand against the church people in speaking out against the antiquated liquor laws. That much may not be surprising, but it was also he who financed a 1966 lawsuit against segregated private schools.

On the other hand, there is cousin Hugh, whom news people love to quote for bits of quaint philosophy. Hugh was the one who fought against the very desegregation initiative his cousins supported; he was also head of the board of deacons in the Baptist Church and in 1962 voted to keep blacks out of the church that Jimmy tried to integrate. And it wasn't just blacks he was opposed to. His board of deacons unanimously voted against admitting the Singletarys as church members, merely for associating with blacks. Singletary told me that the board had warned his family they weren't even welcome to visit the church. Needless to say, Jimmy and Rosalynn opposed Hugh's position on this and Jimmy stood up in church the following Sunday to plead unsuccessfully for the admission of the Singletarys.

Nor is Miss Lillian the Central Casting figure she likes to play. For instance, we've heard a lot about the fact that she entered the Peace Corps at the age of 68, but usually in the context of an old lady going

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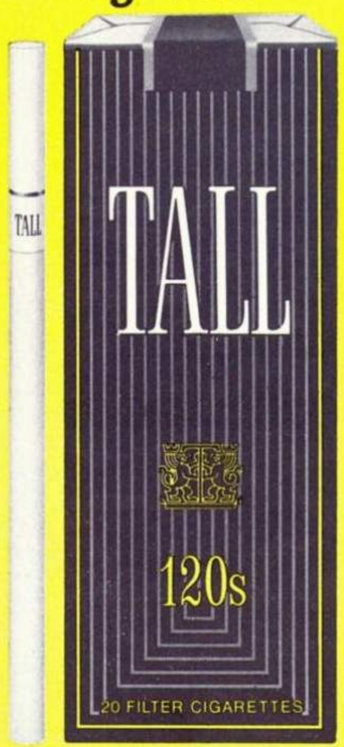

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off on a lark. In one of our conversations, she revealed some of that condescending but well-intentioned patrician spirit that now marks Jimmy (I have condensed a much longer monolog):

"I went to India, which is a dark country with a warm climate, because I felt the South had been so awful to blacks that I wanted to go where I could help people who had nothing. . . . I did a lot of family-planning work and had to explain to those poor people why it was necessary for them. . . . If a man had more than three children, he had to have a vasectomy, which was fair. It was the only way to handle it, because those people are ignorant and the only outlet they have is sex. . . . I listened to one of the women at the clinic explain to one of the men why he needed a vasectomy; I had seen some of the men almost lose their minds. You know, they could not believe that if they had the operation they would still be men, so I would see a lot of scenes of broken men. . . . I would see some of the attendants holding men down on the tables for their operation and I said, I can do better than that, so I must tell you what I did: I would stand at the man's head; he hadn't had a shot or anything, he had to stand it without anesthesia. I stood at his head and I got a pan of cold water and I would talk in a low, soothing voice and put rags on his head, and I would say, 'That's all right—I had a few words of Hindi that I could say to keep him calm. . . . It hurts, you have to cut the thing in two and, oh, that hurts. So that's what I did with the vasectomies."

•

My focus on the Carters' patrician spirit and on Koinonia and on civil rights isn't to raise the specter of intolerance or closet racism. It's pretty clear that Carter and most of his family were never racists—and were, on the whole, as courageous as any of the "best" families. But I do raise it to say that Carter and his family can't be capsulized as easily as they want to make us think. Despite Carter's acts of courage, he didn't *always* act courageously. He was caught in a terrible time and he was only human—which means he often didn't do the right thing. *But Jimmy Carter won't admit it.* The real heroes of the era were less than ten miles up the road in either direction from his home all his life, taking the most terrible punishment, and he won't admit that he shunned them like nearly everyone else. Like all of us.

Carter is addicted to the theory that we progress by stressing our virtues rather than by dwelling on failures; this is the major theme of his campaign speeches. There's undoubtedly some merit to this approach, but it seems to me that it excludes serious learning from past error.

•

The mythologizing of the past leads naturally to the prettification of present-day Plains. Right here, in brother Billy's fire-prone gas station and cousin Hugh's antique store, when the talking and drinking get going, one still finds considerable contempt for "niggers." I was with Billy when he pointed out a hulking, mean-looking local and explained, "He's a John Bircher—used to be in the White Citizens' Council. John Birch is real big around here. They've taken over from the Council and the Klan."

Plains and Americus are no better or worse than many other places, but hanging out in these towns makes you wonder where Jimmy gets off extolling the virtues of small-town living, as he often does. It merely leaves the rest of us feeling guilty, hankering for some sort of idyllic golden age that never existed. "Why not the best?" is a reasonable question if it is made clear that the best doesn't exist, that it's something we can only aspire to. And it is this self-righteous, sanctimonious, smily side of Jimmy Carter that gets to me, because it miseducates us about the real problems we face in trying to become the best. Carter frequently promises that he will never lie to us, but his power-of-positive-thinking stance is itself a lie. We are not all "full of love." We don't "all want the same things." His version of the good life, filled with churches and sermons, would bore a lot of people—including those in his home town.

I remember one afternoon in a small town in Oregon during the primary campaign when there was a convention of barbershop quartets. I didn't mind it until several of the quartets approached Carter and serenaded him with a syrupy rendition of *Dixie*. Carter began to speak about how the scene was exactly the same in Plains, where people sit around on the grass and listen to music, and said that that was what the good life was really like. It was such a cloying performance all around that I began muttering incoherently about the need for a little perversity in everybody's life. I asked one of the singers whether he believed in all this small-town goodness that he represented, fully expecting to be punched out. His answer restored my faith in America much more than anything Carter said that day. "Hey, man," he said in a pleasing tenor voice, "this is *camp*!"

Kids are being busted right now in Plains for hard drugs. Carter's nephew is a hard-drug user and homosexual who is serving time in a California jail for armed robbery. Rosalynn told me that her friend's 16-year-old son is serving time in prison on a marijuana charge. In August, a 28-year-old puritan named Randy Howard was elected Sumter County sheriff on the basis of his record as a one-man narc squad, hassling half the younger population. Howard claims that organized crime has moved into the area with drugs, pornography and gambling. He says

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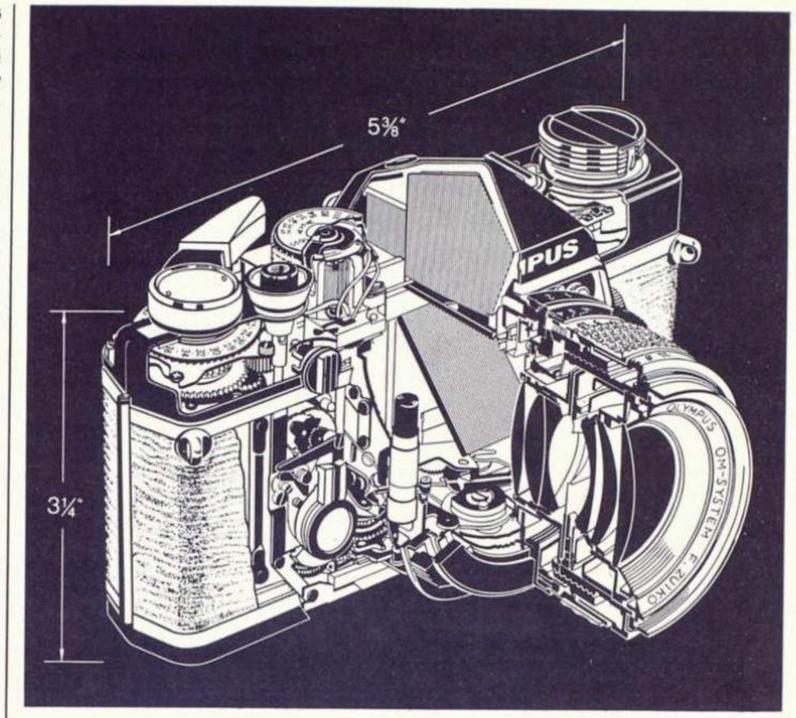

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alcoholism remains the number-one problem in the area.

The hypocrisy about booze is extreme. One hot night, when Carter and Walter Mondale were scheduled to speak at the Plains railroad depot, I went over to brother Billy's gas station to get a six-pack and then went back to the rally, only to be told by Buford Reese, a local Carter man, "Friend, would you put that away on behalf of the community?" We in the press giggled. But later I felt sorry for Buford and for Howard (who had told me that he never touches alcohol and doesn't think people need anything more than Coca-Cola), because their sincerity cannot possibly withstand their daily experiences with the reality of life in Sumter County. Hell, the next President's brother sells beer late into the night and his mother has been known, as are many older Southern ladies, to pick up a half-pint of harder stuff. (It always had to be bought in half-pint bottles or the liquor-store people, and therefore everyone else, might get the wrong idea.) But who *needs* this guilt?

Evidently, it serves a purpose. The way Jody Powell explains it, life in these towns is so intimate and passions so close to the surface that certain fictions must be maintained as social restraints. There are just certain things that the "best people" ought not to be seen doing or everything else will fall apart. Although everyone knows that the contradictions are there, it is important to conceal them. And it is this principle that Jimmy Carter has made the mainstay of his drive for the Presidency. In the wake of Watergate and the myriad other revelations about the seamy side of Government, Carter has proceeded to conduct himself as one of the best people who will not lie, cheat, screw around, gamble or in any other way reflect a disheveled and chaotic spirit. Carter decided, as he states in his autobiography, to carry on "in the tradition of the best people," and that's just what he's been doing. His daddy had done the same and his momma took over after his daddy's death. They consciously attempted to publicly embody a high standard of morality as a playing out of their historic role as one of the leading families. It is therefore understandable that Jimmy has now extended that principle to national politics. What has startled everyone is that because of the particular disarray of American Government, at this moment, that old style fulfills a national need.

The limit of this stance is that it is based on paternalism. It assumes that the best people are the source of cultural and moral wisdom. And although they have an obligation to help educate the rest of us, we don't stand much of a chance of getting educated. Hence, they will have to lead, cajole and manipulate us sinners into being better than we are. That is why Jimmy appears fuzzy on the issues: He can't tell us too much or we might prevent his gaining power to do the right thing.

WILL CARTER KICK ASS?

If, after the inauguration, you find a Cy Vance as Secretary of State and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of National Security, then I would say we failed. And I'd quit. But that's not going to happen. You're going to see new faces, new ideas. The Government is going to be run by people you have never heard of.

—HAMILTON JORDAN

By the time I'd finished my Southern odyssey, it seemed to me that despite all the contradictions I'd found, most of the fears of Carter's liberal critics appeared unwarranted. A Carter Presidency will probably be strong on civil liberties and civil rights. Blacks and women will probably be amply sprinkled throughout the higher levels of his Administration (though it hasn't yet happened in his campaign staff) and freethinkers won't be thrown into jail. On the contrary: Just as Nixon, secure in his right flank, was able to open relations with China, Carter's Bible base will probably permit him to extend our basic freedoms. If his current staff becomes the palace guard, it might even be fun.

But, having looked at Carter as a Southern patrician, what about his constant campaign cries against "political and economic elites," against "big shots"? Aren't successful Southern politicians part of the political elite? And when they're backed by large Southern-based corporations, aren't they part of the economic elite? Carter has a particularly close relationship with Coca-Cola board chairman J. Paul Austin, who organized fund-raising and businessmen's groups for him. There was even some trouble when the press reported that Carter had taken a couple of trips abroad that were paid for by Coke. And while it's true that Coke is based in Atlanta and Pepsi is in Purchase, New York, both are huge, multinational corporations with similar positions on foreign policy.

What got me thinking about all this was a campaign stop in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Carter was delivering his speech and I was chatting with Pat Anderson, his speechwriter, at the windswept airport. There was also a contingent of beauty contestants brought up onto the podium. I'd just interviewed Miss Poultry—honest to God—out of a fear that I'd go crazy if I had to listen to Carter's speech one more time.

Q. "Miss Poultry, I wonder if you could tell us your position on foreign policy?"

A. I'm sorry, we're not allowed to have positions. It's against the rules.

I turned to Anderson to ask him *his* position on foreign policy; I figured I'd have better luck with him, since he'd been jotting down notes for Carter's upcoming speech before the Foreign Policy Association in New York. Anderson waved me aside and said, "Later. I have to check this speech out with Brzezinski."

Check it out with Brzezinski? That was when I flashed back to the fact that the first time I'd ever really heard of Jimmy Carter wasn't over beers in some redneck bar with the likes of Jody Powell or Hamilton Jordan but in Mount Desert, Maine, with none other than Zbigniew Brzezinski.

It was the summer of 1975 and I was researching an article on the Rockefellers, who vacation on the coast of Maine. I'd met Zbig and his wife and they'd asked me over to their 27-room house just down the road from David Rockefeller's place. I found that Zbig had been sponsored by David Rockefeller in much the same way that Henry Kissinger had been sponsored by Nelson Rockefeller. ("With one important distinction," Zbig cautioned. "Henry worked for Nelson as an employee and I work with David as an associate.")

It was back then that Brzezinski told me that he favored a former governor of Georgia as the Democratic candidate. I was surprised. Why a Georgian peanut farmer who was supposed to be a grassroots populist should have earned the enthusiasm of an establishment intellectual like Brzezinski was a mystery to me.

Well, it turned out that Brzezinski and Carter had a relationship going back to 1972, when David Rockefeller asked the then–Governor of Georgia to join the new international-elite organization that he was forming called the Trilateral Commission. Carter told me he was never to miss a meeting of the Trilateral Commission during the next three years and that he received his basic foreign-policy education under its auspices. It is also clear that during this period, Carter was able to impress David Rockefeller, who is part of the group that runs things in this country. Carter had already decided to run for the Presidency, remember. Rafshoon, his media specialist, told me during the campaign that Carter's selection to the Trilateral Commission was "one of the most fortunate accidents of the early campaign and critical to his building support where it counted." It is also the source for the main foreign-policy ideas in the Carter program. Which should be enough of a build-up to justify the question: What is a Trilateral Commission?

Essentially, the Trilateral Commission is a group of political and financial bigwigs from west Europe, Japan, Canada and the U. S. formed to provide a common negotiating position for the industrialized capitalist nations. David Rockefeller was instrumental in its founding. It's as much of a political *and* an economic elite as you can find.

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propensity for establishing foundations, commissions, think tanks and study groups. These basically involve using tax-free dollars to buy up high-priced intellectual talent in order to develop social programs that ostensibly meet the public's needs while maintaining (a darker spirit might suggest "extending") the interests of the Rockefellers. The original Rockefeller Brothers Reports and, more recently, Nelson's Commission on Critical Choices for Americans, are examples of the process. David happens to have taken an interest in foreign affairs: The New York Council on Foreign Relations, of which he is the chairman, is one of his pet projects. The C.F.R. was directed for 25 years by David's college roommate, one George Franklin, who left the C.F.R. at David's behest to form the Trilateral Commission.

Franklin told me that he was the person who first hired an enterprising young Harvard professor to work for the Council and, after eight years of heading up or participating in Council studies, Henry Kissinger went on to do quite well in Government service. Kissinger and Brzezinski were in the same class at Harvard Graduate School. Although both have been Rockefeller/Franklin protégés, they try to avoid speaking to each other, which is more of a reflection of their egos than of any serious policy differences between the two men. Franklin and David like them both and one suspects they don't really care which one is Secretary of State.

Carter has made an issue of his differences with Kissinger's foreign policy, but given his reliance on the Trilateral Commission and Brzezinski, he must have had to dig for differences. Since there aren't many, he decided to attack Kissinger's "Lone Ranger" methods. But it doesn't add up to much in the way of real dissimilarities.

Also, Jimmy Carter, the man who now says the war in Vietnam was terrible and racist, has chosen the Trilateral Commission's Samuel Huntington as one of his advisors. Huntington's main claim to fame is that he came up with the forced-urbanization program for Vietnam, which meant bombing the countryside to "dry up the sea of people" around the Viet Cong. Carter is also relying on Paul Nitze, who, as nearly as I can tell, has been shouting "The Russians are coming!" since the days of the last czar.

It makes you wonder if we aren't safer with Kissinger. Henry's balance-of-power ideas may be old-fashioned and dangerous, but are we better off with Brzezinski's slightly different notions of a gathering of the powerful—which is what the Trilateral approach is all about? When the Democratic Party elite return from exile with Carter (and they probably will: I saw most of them pop up while I traveled on the press plane during the campaign and we all know about the trek they took from Harvard to Plains after the nomination), they'll want to do something to outdistance Kissinger's mark. They'll want to be spectacular. So here we go again: the best and the brightest, part two.

Against that prognosis, all I had to go on as I pulled out of my odyssey was the assurance by sister Gloria and Carter's son Chip that they'd lead a demonstration if Carter got us into another Vietnam. That, and the assurance by Carter's young aides that our next President is a committed Georgia populist who will never cave in to the Eastern establishment. And, to be fair, Carter himself has said that on principle, he is against military intervention in foreign countries.

Still, if Brzezinski doesn't become Secretary of State, it's only because you can't have two accents in a row. As in Kissinger's case, he'll probably first do a stint as national-security advisor. Zbig is better informed and more reasonable than most of the establishment figures Carter has gone to, but when I talked with Zbig that summer in Maine, he made it clear that to him, Carter was no Georgia populist who would rock any boats. He seemed to judge him an urbane thinker who had passed muster with the establishment.

So which is it going to be—some fresh new faces or the old gang from Harvard? Or, put another way, can a millionaire from southwest Georgia who was raised to care about the poor and wants government to be returned to the people do so without kicking ass?

Is Jimmy Carter too good to be true? I still don't know, because I hardly know him. But I do have one more anecdote to throw into the hopper.

A couple of nights before he was to give his acceptance speech in New York, Jimmy Carter was sitting in his expensive suite with Anderson, Caddell, Powell and Rafshoon. He was reading his speech aloud and stopping every few sentences to get their reaction. When he got to the section blasting political and economic elites, one of his aides suggested it be cut; it was too controversial. (In fact, *The New York Times* attacked that portion of the speech a few days later as "demagogic" and "populist.") Up in his hotel room, Carter thought for a minute, looked around the room slowly and said, "No. I have a very strong visceral feeling about that and I want to use it."

After all these months, after all the ambiguity and the packaging and the rewritten history, my visceral feeling is that Jimmy Carter has those visceral feelings.

It's also my favorite anecdote.

8,000,000 STORIES

(continued from page 158)

baseball bats. The cops call the area Fort Apache. Not only is help not on the way with bugles but they just laid off a third of the cavalry.

I went to the Criminal Courts Building and saw robbers arriving for court dates in the khaki jump suits they wear when they pistol-whip 70-year-old liquor-store owners with heart conditions. They leave the guy fibrillating, peel off the jump suits and laugh when the cop car drives by looking for two men in khaki coveralls. They carry their legal papers around in red rope folders and refer to the judges knowingly by their last names.

I went to the N.Y.C. Correctional Institution for Men on Riker's Island and watched a battalion of the recidivists who make it unwise to step into a city street without a third-degree black belt in Praying Mantis Kung Fu being lock-stepped to a cafeteria with piped-in Barry White. I sat down and listened to a 28-year-old Viet vet with a sweet smile and a gentle voice and scars in the crooks of his elbows who was in for a "bullet," one year for burglary, but who basically mugged people with a straight razor in the city's most expensive neighborhood, the East 60s just off Central Park, to which he commuted every day from Queens. He told me apologetically that he had mugged perhaps 1000 people and that in good weeks he had netted $3000 to $5000.

I sat down with Ralph Salerno, the former head of the city police Rackets Bureau, author of *The Crime Confederation*, the top expert in the country on organized crime, who told me that the city could simultaneously bring the heroin traffickers to their knees and balance the budget by legalizing the numbers, the slum lottery. He explained that the heroin traffic was financed by the "float" from numbers bets and could be shut off overnight. But New York's legislators were in the pockets of the numbers men, who were always good for a campaign contribution, so that in all the casting about for ways to "save New York," legalizing the numbers hadn't even been mentioned.

I sat across from Sterling Johnson, Jr., the city's Special Narcotics Prosecutor, as he kept one eye on the closed-circuit TV on which he would get a preview of the hit men coming to kill him if the contract on his life happened to be consummated while we were chatting. He told me that the city's Narcotics Squad had been cut from 600 to 450 and that because of seniority, the 175 who walked were the undercover men who actually made the buys, so that the number of collars had dropped by two thirds. He told me that cops are discouraged from working on Sundays, so that's when all the deals go down. He told me that the Turks were about to start manufacturing heroin themselves, thereby eliminating the need for a new French Connection, and that in the face of the coming deluge of heroin, his budget had been cut in half. As I got up to leave, one of Johnson's lawyers came in and asked him when he could count on getting his first pay check, because he had been working there six months and still hadn't been paid.

I'll spare you the account of my meeting with the city's comptroller. You can have a rain check on my encounter with the president of New York University. Instead, I'll tell you about my tête-à-tête with a man about town who has a hole for a face and who carries a scythe.

One evening, while I was at my hotel recuperating from a series of sensory insults otherwise known as a day in New York, everything I had seen and heard in the past several days resolved itself into a death's-head. What New York was going through wasn't just a fiscal crisis of the city's government—it was a concatenation of crises in every area of the city's life. I realized that not one of the situations I had encountered stood the remotest chance of being turned around. And I had barely scratched the surface.

The words of Jack Dempsey when they asked him what he had to say after his rent was jacked up so high that he had to close his restaurant, where passers-by used to crowd around the window to watch the champ eat and it was as if you could file into the tomb in Red Square and see Lenin behind the glass putting away a Spanish omelet, echoed in my mind, louder and louder: *This is the end of Broadway . . . of Broadway . . . of Broadway. . . .*

I sought an audience with Lewis Mumford, universally acknowledged as the greatest urban scholar, a man who long ago withdrew from the metropolitan myth to reside in a hamlet in Upstate New York. Were the situations I had encountered terminal processes? Did New York still have hope of recovery and escape? Or should I try to get her to tell me where she put the key to the safe-deposit box?

"The patient has a terminal disease," Dr. Mumford told me. "It is too late to operate. We can give drugs to ease the pain, but there is no possibility of a cure. Get a copy of my book *The Culture of Cities* and read the chapter on Rome. . . ."

Mumford's prognosis was so unremittingly bleak that I decided it was necessary to go above his head and approach the world's most authoritative expert on urban affairs: the New York City cabby. Here is what John Mitchell, hack number 152555, who drives out of the Dover Garage on Hudson Street, told me:

"It's a comforting myth to suppose that the city's financial base is being eroded by the interaction of increasing

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expenditure on welfare, municipal payrolls and the like, with shrinking revenue as taxable corporations and their employees leave the city. These phenomena are certainly real, but they are symptoms of the city's malaise, not its cause.

"Cities are living creatures, as all cultural organisms are, and subject to the imperative that when environmental conditions change, one must adapt or die.

"New York is primarily a seaport. This was the *raison d'être* of its establishment in 1625 and the base on which the rest of its history is built. New York is secondarily a business, communications, industrial and cultural center.

"Seaports are no longer as essential as they once were; aircraft carry freight just as effectively as ships and are more efficient in that they can unload right at the destination of the cargoes. Hence, a particular location with all the paraphernalia for the unloading and rerouting of freight is an obsoletism.

"Similarly, the business and industrial aspects of the city are totally dominated by communications. It is now possible to sell a customer in Seattle a product in inventory in Dallas, record the transaction in Salt Lake City and exchange the funds in a Boston bank simultaneously, by machine. Business and industry not only no longer need to be centralized but are, in fact, hampered by centralization.

"The conclusion to draw is not that some person or cabal of interests is destroying the city. The city is dying because it is no longer necessary to the social organism."

At that point, something inside me snapped. Every New Yorker's nervous system is the city in microcosm. The ego is midtown Manhattan. The superego is Wall Street. The id is Times Square. The subconscious is the network of passages beneath the streets where the utilities run and, it is said, alligators flushed down toilets as babies grow to maturity and lie in wait for employees of the Department of Water, Gas and Electricity. As the city goes haywire, the municipal workers in the little city inside each New Yorker begin to be laid off. Mine retaliated with a general strike.

Suddenly, I found myself in the most luxurious penthouse apartment in New York. It is now the lair of an individual known as Jive, the King of the Muggers. Jive is as black as the darkness behind your eyes immediately after one of his legion of 16-year-old button men saps you from behind with a stretch sock full of bird shot. He has redone the general's apartment in crimson shag and smoke mirror with black patent vinyl couches, track lighting and a *disco*-grade sound system that plays Gamble and Huff 24 hours a day.

The King of the Muggers rises at sundown and sets at dawn, and in the meantime keeps in radio contact with his supervisory force, sips malt liquor and gets sucked off by a skinny white female with a henna friz who never says anything. The reason she never says anything is that one night it occurred to Jive that he had never liked the feel of her teeth on his John Thomas, so he took off his sunglasses and bashed her pumpkin seeds down her throat and told her to say thank you, which she did drooling bloody goo, because the young lady knows better than to trifle with the 21-year-old potentate of street terror in the wealthiest neighborhood in the world.

"I got my guys out in radio-equipped player cars dealing stuff to all the werewolves on the swank East Side," Jive says. "They want to work the park streets, that OK with Jive, long as they buy from Jive's guys. If they say, 'Hey, I thank you, brother, but I already loaded,' they get to see how good they walk with one kneecap. Striking fear into the heart of the multitude is a delicate affair—you don't want all kind of trash out there shuckin' on their own. To create anarchy, you need *organization*. If you really want to save New York, get city hall to legalize street crime and run it for profit. All the muggers be in desk jobs in six weeks. By the way, you know anybody want to buy a snuff film of Staten Island?"

I asked Jive if he didn't think that his activities might betray a certain lack of civic pride.

"Listen, PLAYBOY, what I'm doin' ain't *nothin'*. There's a *war* on against New York in which my Continental kids is just sharpshooters picking off stragglers. The assassinations of the Sixties was all directed against New York. John F. Kennedy was a New York personality, all that stylin' and profilin' about Massachusetts notwithstanding. Yeah, Joe Kennedy come from Boston. So what? I from Tougaloo, Mississippi. Joe moved his family to Bronxville in 1926 and the heavy part of his business and political career was conducted out of New York. The family office is in the city to this day. J.F.K.'s financial backing came from the city. His political rabbi was Charley Buckley, the Bronx Democratic boss. His policies were pure New York liberal eyewash. While he was President, he spent a great big hunk of his time running the country out of his apartment in the Carlyle Hotel. The Carlyle was his San Clemente, only he made sure with his 'news management' that he didn't have to read about no Manhattan White House. And before Gentleman Johnny got iced, look at all the New York City Presidential contenders and winners, from Teddy Roosevelt to Al Smith to F.D.R. (really a New York figure who hid behind a Hyde Park image) to Thomas E. Dewey. Since 1963, nobody from New York has even been nominated.

"Malcolm was the head of the New York spin-off of the Muslims—pow. Martin Luther Kingfish hung his hat in Atlanta but operated with 100 percent New York money—the New York liberals' designated black leader. When Bobby the K ran for Senator from New York, lot of people accused him of carpetbagging. His whole campaign was about how he was really a New York boy. All those murders added up to an Operation Phoenix against the most effective national proponents of New Yorkism—'cause that's what it was: an ism that had to be extirpated. You heard of homicide? Genocide? This a brand-new crime: *urbanicide*—blowing away a city. Goes right on through to the cancellation of *Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell*.

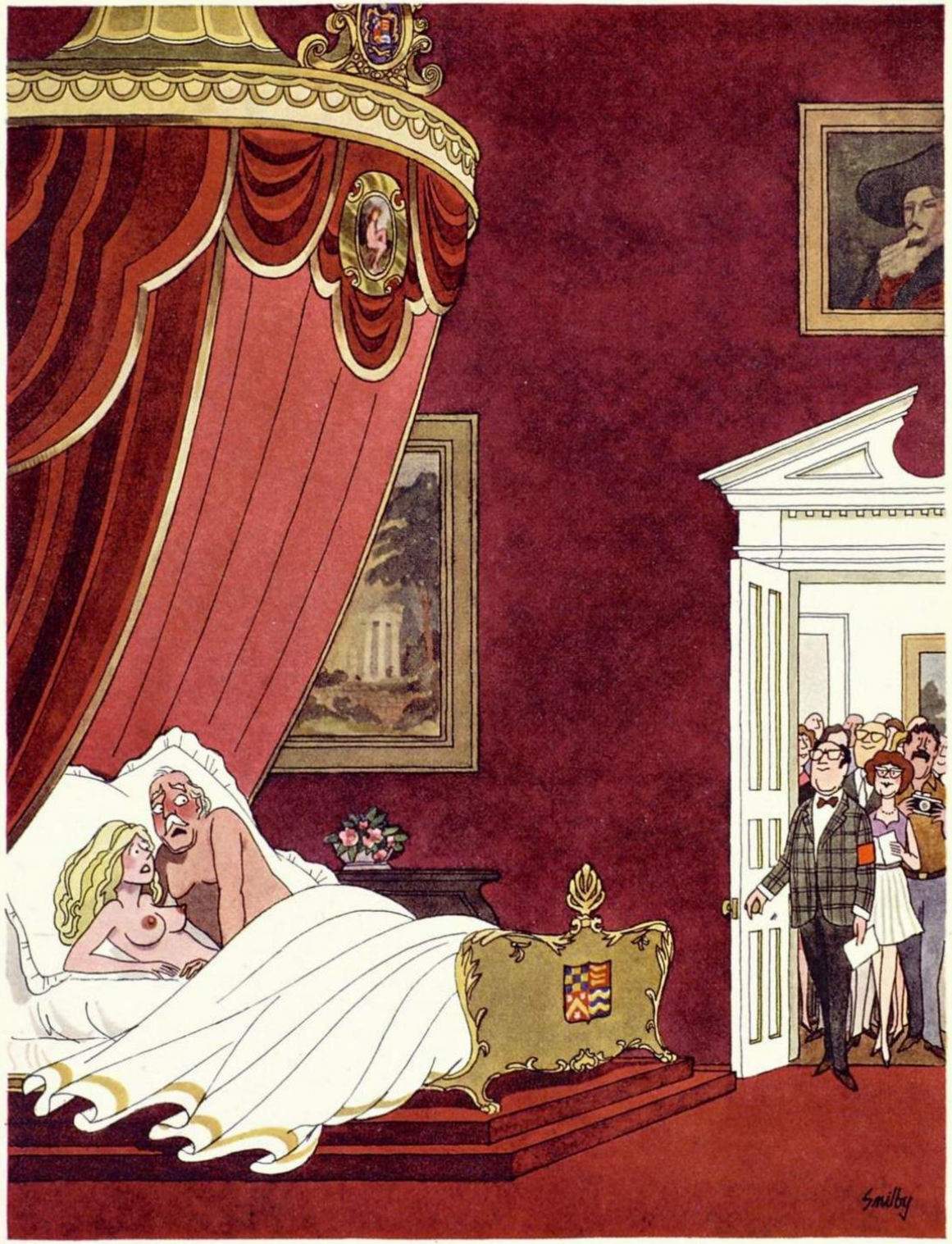
"This whining about how New York's a victim of Southern racism—you know, that black people was so poor and oppressed down South that they all moved to the city—that 100 percent pure lard. At the time of the Civil War, New York supported the South. In 1861, Mayor Fernando Wood proposed that New York City secede from the Union, become a 'free city' and sympathize with the Southern states. Motherfucker had Norman Mailer beat by 108 years. In 1863, the Democratic politicians convinced the Irish that the draft was taking too many potato eaters and that if slavery was abolished, all the free niggers would come up and there'd go the neighborhood. The Irish staged the biggest riot in American history—1200 killed, mostly black. Look on my wall—see that old print? That my favorite picture of the Draft Riots. Caption reads, 'Carrying Plunder from the Orphan Asylum.' Whenever I hear a Democratic pol runnin' his mouth about New York havin' to pick up the welfare tab for all the black refugees from Southern racism, I think of that caption. If New York had its way, we'd still be slaves. Our being here serve New York right.

"Everybody blames how disgusting this town is on the blacks and PRs. They think before the coloreds arrived it was some kind of golden age, with everybody sitting around Delmonico's, lookin' good in the gaslight. Well, let me tell you something, blood—this city was a shithole when it was white as underneath a Polack's bathing suit.

"Golden age my ebony ass! In 1857, one seventh of the city was on relief—exactly the same as now."

Jive sprang to his bookcase. "Central Park? Listen to Sir Lepel Griffin, a colonial administrator in India, visited the city in 1884: 'The Central Park, so called from being a magnificent expanse of wilderness in the center of nothing, is ill-kept, ragged and at night is unsafe for either sex.' If Johnny Carson had been around a hundred years ago, he'd have been telling Central Park gags then, too.

"Let's see, who have we here? . . . Ah, Rudyard Kipling, my man. New York's



"My God—I clean forgot it was Thursday."

streets in 1892 are 'kin to the approaches of a Zulu kraal'—and we know what ole Rudyard thought about Zulu highway maintenance. 'Gullies, holes, ruts, cobblestones awry . . . building materials scattered half across the street . . . and lastly, a generous scatter of filth and more mixed stinks than the winter wind can carry away. . . .'

"Oh, here my main man, Matthew Hale Smith, 'The World-Renowned Correspondent of the Boston and New York Press,' *Sunshine and Shadow in New York*, 1879. Calls this little vignette of New York's golden age *A Night on Murray Hill*:

> "I was detained somewhat late one night, and was invited by a friend to take a bed in his brown stone mansion near Fifth Avenue. Before going to bed, I was entertained with the probable program of the night. The entire row of houses opposite had been entered a night or two before and completely sacked. I was informed that the entrance to this house, if it were entered at all, would be by the lower door or through one of the windows of the room that I was to occupy. Should an entrance be made into my room, I was cautioned to lie perfectly still and to scarcely breathe, as that was the only chance of life. The burglars enter with a velvet tread, and they do not add murder to robbery if they can avoid it. . . . The preparation for the night was the letting loose of a huge bulldog, whose ferocity required him to be confined in the cellar during the daytime. Such is life in gay New York among the upper ten.

"So you see—the niggers and PRs haven't put New York into no decline. This city ain't got nowhere to decline *from*.

"And a word to the wise, *amigo*. I'm a proud soldier in this war against New York. This is Dinosaur City. It too clumsy. Its brain too small. It *had* its day. It time for it to sink into the ooze. You know, the city budget is more than 12 billion dollars. The total assessed valuation of the whole town is only 80 billion dollars. That's like if you were spending $8000 a year to keep up a $40,000 house—and one that was antiquated and crowded and kept getting more decrepit the more work you did on it. You'd have to be crazy. With 12 billion dollars a year, in five years you could build a new city for 8,000,000 people anywhere you want. You could call it *New* New York and everybody could sit around and reminisce about rush hour on the Gowanus Expressway. But you wouldn't build one city for 8,000,000—you'd build 100 cities of 80,000. Propping up New York impedes the next evolutionary step—the creation of a network of ecologically balanced, electronically linked, regional economic and cultural centers. New York is a sponge that soaks up all the energy we should be putting into the future. America knows this intuitively. One of my favorite pastimes is I call up 25 people long distance and say I the Gallup Poll. I ask them whether they would want the U. S. to go to total nuclear war if Russia dropped the H-bomb on New York City. I tape the answers. Make a great comedy record. Me and my mugging minions may be the malefactors of the moment, but we the heroes of tomorrow. We the barbarians sacking Rome so they be room for the Cavalieri Hilton."

Jive tells me he has an appointment downtown at 4:30 P.M. but would like to take me to his "favoritest place in the city." We go downstairs and get into a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow pimpmobile with wide whitewalls, turquoise candy flake with coral striping and a white padded sun roof with gold anodized S bars and an opera light. We run every light in Central Park, exit at 110th Street and drive to 114th Street and Eighth Avenue in Harlem. The sidewalks are packed for blocks with shuffling zombies.

"I a symbolic figment of your febrile imagination," Jive says, pulling to the curb. "But this place is *real*. This is The Pit—the New York Stock Exchange of heroin. Ain't it beautiful? I let you off here. I got to go down to Maiden Lane and meet with a committee of the city's bankers and insurance executives. We work together driving the middle class out of New York to places where they have investments. I make sure there's no such thing as a good neighborhood in New York and they keep the heat off me." He let me out, lowered the passenger window and leaned across the seat.

"Don't stand on the sidewalk," he advised confidentially. "At this time of day, if you on the sidewalk and you ain't either buyin' or sellin', they start woofing at you, 'If you not in the market, get out of The Pit!' " And with that, he hit his horn, scattering the wretches in the street with the first eight notes of *Colonel Bogey March*, and sped away to an imaginary sound track by Curtis Mayfield.

I had to jump out of the way of a car that pulled up and take my chance in The Pit. All around me, money was changing hands. Men were milling around, rocking from foot to foot, with looks on their faces like the Clay Men in *Flash Gordon* with Buster Crabbe, when they first come out of the walls. It looked like a mass audition for an all-black production of *Marat/Sade*. If Dante had seen anything like this in the Inferno, he would have needed five Valiums.

The buildings along The Pit were decrepit and abandoned, their windows closed with Lindsay gates and galvanized sheets. At the corner of 118th Street was the hulk of

MALACH'S
Cut-Rate DRUGS *Perfumes*

Its windows were smashed away, the inside had been stripped, wrecked and burned, pissed in, crapped in and puked in, but Malach's was still a drugstore. In the shadowed interior, phantoms and ghouls were sitting on opposite sides of tables, haggling over each other's souls. It would be fair to say that the Palm Court of the Plaza Hotel with strolling violins playing *The Fascination Waltz* it wasn't.

One of the cutest aspects of our universe is the way appropriate names pop up, as if God amuses Himself by playing Charles Dickens—the way a poet just happens to be named Wordsworth or the way John Ehrlichman's last name means honest man. My favorite until recently was the lady who swam around Manhattan Island, Diana Nyad, because naiad happens to mean water nymph in Greek and Latin. But move over, Diana. Moloch is "(1) a deity, mentioned in the Bible, whose worship was marked by the burning of children offered as a propitiatory sacrifice by their own parents, *II Kings* 23:10; *Jer.* 32:35, (2) Anything conceived of as requiring appalling sacrifice: *the Moloch of war*." Swell name for a drugstore, *n'est-ce pas*?

I have been in the casbah of Algiers, where the prices of the unrefrigerated sheepheads drop each day until the flies and maggots gnaw them to gobs of stinking black mung. I have been in Antigua, Guatemala, where mothers will come up to you and implore you in the name of Christ to take their starving children home with you. But there is no place in any city where I have been or hope to be where there is anything as utterly desolate, as totally depraved, as Malach's drugstore. Malach's drugstore is a malignant tumor, a sore that does not heal, that metastasizes throughout the tissues of the city. If New York had the will to live, it would raze Malach's drugstore to the ground, round up the legions of the undead that stalk The Pit and go one way or the other—either shoot them at dawn on the *Today* show or give them free heroin. The fact that Malach's drugstore continues to exist as you read this is proof that New York City is as dead as a mashed roach.

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The current debacle of New York can be comprehended more clearly if the roots of the political right's animus against the city are understood. Though conservatives are always glibly said to have it in for the city, the press has never given a clear picture of *why*, beyond the obvious identification of New York with liberalism, Jews, blacks and other right-wing pet peeves. It's interesting to note that anybody who can tie his shoelaces

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knows what the extreme left believes, whereas you show me a cocktail party where even one person knows what the extreme right thinks and I'll show you open house at an American Opinion Bookstore. Just as liberalism is 14th-carbon communism, conservatism is 14th-carbon Birchism, so it is helpful to know what Birchers believe.

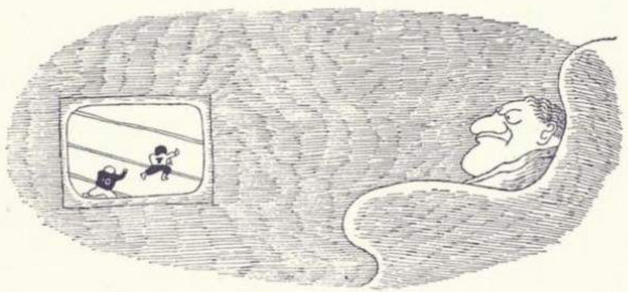
To begin with, the chief culprit of the John Birch Society is *not* communism. No, not Washington, either. It's New York's investment-banking firms—the partnerships that arrange corporate financing at the highest level—and an organization they are seen as controlling called the Council on Foreign Relations, located in a *palazzo* in Manhattan's posh East 60s. The Birchers see the C.F.R., whose membership includes the top industrialists and financiers in the country, as being the ruling body of American capitalism. They believe that the C.F.R. is the modern-day survival of the Bavarian Illuminati, a masonic sect founded in Germany in 1776, dedicated to world government by a secret, self-perpetuating elite. Far from believing in an international Communist conspiracy, they entitle one of their major tracts *The Capitalist Conspiracy*. They say that New York's investment bankers finance Communist revolutions and left-wing activities throughout the world for the purpose of conjuring up a specter of international communism to divert attention from the true threat to freedom in the Western democracies—*de facto* world government by the capitalist elite headquartered in the city of New York. They see the UN building as the seat of the puppet legislature of the emerging world government and point out that it stands on land donated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. They see the Rockefellers as being the most influential element in this conspiracy and view Nelson as its pivot man.

My liberal and radical friends profess to be mystified at why the right hates Nelson so, what with his support of the Vietnam war, Draconian drug law and harsh handling of Attica. The best they can do is figure that conservatives oppose Big Government and must be down on Nelson because when he was governor, he made the state's government bigger. But the right sees Nelson's lack of fiscal conservatism as the tip of the iceberg. They believe that he and his ilk foot the bill for liberalism in its entirety and that the program of their world government would be the creation of a global welfare state. To them, when Nelson arrived in Washington, it looked as if New York capitalism's choice for Emperor of the World Without Laurel Wreath were taking his place under the basket. They had to stop him, and they did. Because to the right, New York isn't a city—it's a plot.

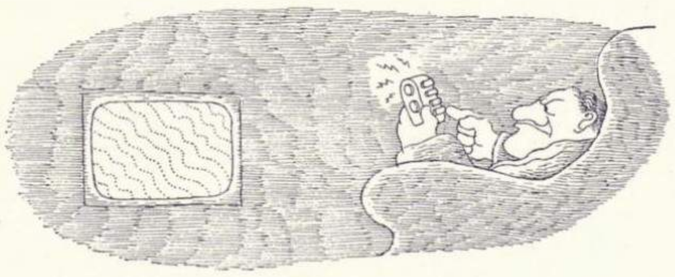
Mind you, the organization that believes the above also thinks that fluoridation of water is a capitalist plot to turn the human brain into textured vegetable protein. But, crazy as it may sound, Birchism is the wellspring of popular conservatism in America. Not the William F. Buckley and Man at Yale brand—after all, Buckley is a New York capitalist and therefore suspect—but the kind you find among the Abortion Is Murder and If Guns Are Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Have Guns set in Houston, Dallas, Phoenix and Southern California, who have lately developed the political clout to hobble what tendency there is for the Federal Government to cosign New York's markers. They intuit that as long as the city's capitalist elite has got its hands full managing the fiscal crisis, it will have to put its program for world government on the back burner.

It is fascinating to read the right's fear that New York economic elitism threatens American democracy against the activities of an organization called the Trilateral Commission. Despite the governmental ring of its name and the fact that it calls its Manhattan headquarters its Secretariat, it is a private organization comprising panels of top industrial and financial executives from North America, Japan and western Europe. The U. S. contingent is, to all intents, a delegation of the Council on Foreign Relations. The group's single biggest contributor was—Birchites, please copy—David Rockefeller. Its stated purpose is to coordinate the interests of the financial/industrial community of the "trilateral world"—i.e., the non-Communist industrial countries. Its unstated purpose is to assess the damage done to the geopolitical position of the financial/industrial elite by the loss of the Indochina war and chart a strategy for cutting losses.

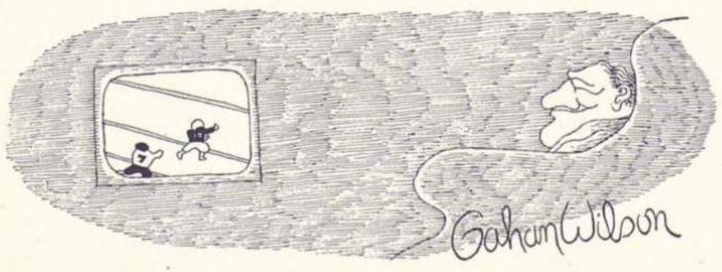
The Trilateral Commission's most important project has been the preparation



"Well, folks, it looks as if Ole Mich is really getting trounced by those Reds. . . ."



"Click."



"Well, folks, it looks as if those Reds are really getting trounced by Ole Mich."

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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

of a report titled *The Crisis of Democracy*, which came out just as the city's fiscal crisis was hitting the home screen. The gist of this remarkable document is that (A) citizens' expectations of what government can do have risen too high since the Sixties and (B) democracy has gone too far, so that the inordinate expectations of competing groups threaten a governmental breakdown. The only way the Trilateral countries will be "governable" in the immediate future is if both the level of expectations and the degree of participation in the democratic process by groups demanding satisfaction of these expectations are quickly scaled down. Excessive schooling is blamed for increased expectations, and one of the report's major recommendations is that access to education be restricted. Lefties and righties can now join in a chorus of I-told-you-sos as the International Ruling Class/Capitalist Conspiracy comes out of the closet and sends out a bulletin to its members to stop paying the lip service to democracy that elites from Periclean Athens to Jeffersonian Virginia considered politic and start putting the screws on.

Just as the Trilateral report appeared, the banks suddenly refused to give the city credit, New York was threatened with default and the Municipal Assistance Corporation (MAC)—a junta of financiers and industrialists, chaired by an investment banker—was established to sell bonds on the city's behalf and thereby give them *de facto* power over the city's finances. The goal of MAC's coup is the same as that of any other junta: Overthrow the popularly elected government and wait for Washington to start throwing money at you. It was David Rockefeller who bank-rolled the Trilateral Commission and David Rockefeller who instigated the creation of MAC. MAC's policies have been in precise accord with the Trilateral recommendations. The stripping of New York's democratically elected mayor of the basic power vested in him by the voters—control of the city's purse strings—speaks for itself. New York is now run by a board of directors indistinguishable from that of a multinational oil company. It is the only city in the world whose government is officially in the hands of a private corporation. The city's sales and stock-transfer taxes now flow directly to MAC through a state trust fund—at no point can the elected officers of the city get their hands on them. MAC's insistence that the city scale down its services dovetails with the Trilateral recommendation that citizens' expectations of what government can do must be reduced. And MAC's emphasis on forcing the City University to charge tuition and cutting the budget of the city's miserable public schools puts into practice the Trilateral mandate for downgrading education. I managed to insinuate myself into a closed meeting of a top body of city government at which an ashen-faced MAC board member, who described himself as belonging to the board's "outer circle," reported that the corporation's crucial decisions—e.g., the transit-fare hike—are made by MAC heavies without a vote of the board. Apparently, democracy even among the elite would be ungovernable.

Where all this leads has been pointed toward by L. D. Solomon, publisher of *New York Affairs*, in a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece earlier this year.

> Whether or not the promises of social and economic enticements of the Sixties can be rolled back to a lower order of magnitude without social upheaval is being tested in New York City.
>
> New York was not selected by political design for this role but rather by circumstance. But had the selection been a conscious one, it could not have been more fitting. For New York has been the nation's leading protagonist of social equality and upward mobility.
>
> If New York is able to offer reduced social services without civil disorder, it will prove that it can be done in the most difficult environment in the nation. . . .
>
> For the moment, New York's emerging policies of less are not being widely discussed publicly. Nor are they being viewed by conservatives and liberals alike as the beginning of structural social change. These policies are being adopted not for any long social view but under the umbrella of fiscal necessity. . . . In the name of fiscal survival, the entire political power base of this city has been emasculated and constitutional privileges abridged. . . .
>
> The emerging policies of less . . . challenge the idea of rising expectations.

Solomon's perception of MAC's attempt to lower expectations and services in New York as a pilot project for the rest of the country is brilliant and ominous. But though it is true that "New York's emerging policies of less" are not being *viewed* as the beginning of social change, they *are* the beginning of structural social change. These policies *are* being adopted for a long social view—that of the Trilateral report. Yes, they are being adopted "under the umbrella of fiscal necessity." But who created that fiscal necessity? The big banks who suddenly refused to roll over the city's tax-anticipation notes—whose chief spokesman is the ubiquitous David Rockefeller.

New York has been, as Solomon notes, the nation's leading protagonist of social equality and upward mobility—the very trends that the Trilateral report's author, Harvard professor Samuel Huntington, sees as endangering the "governability of democracies." Where better to set about attacking these trends? At the same time, New York happens to be the home of the financial/industrial elite that is speaking to itself through that report—and therefore the most convenient and plausible place for it to begin lowering the boom. What's going on in New York is an attempt on the part of the city's financial titans to test their post-Vietnam social theories on 8,000,000 human subjects. This theory becomes especially compelling when you consider this: *They had to lower the boom somewhere.*

Lower Manhattan, the financial capital of the world, amounts to a separate city from midtown Manhattan. It is physically separated by miles of industrial and residential buildings. It is ethnically separated by the exclusion of the Irish, Italians, eastern European Jews and, of course, blacks and Puerto Ricans from decision-making roles in the financial industry. Most New Yorkers seldom venture into it. Even people who are born in the city and work all their lives in midtown almost never go there. It doesn't even *feel* like New York—it could just as well be Philadelphia.

We should not, however, be surprised that Wall Street has taken over the government of the city. The financial district was the original city of New York. It was the hub of commercial activity when Park Avenue and Madison Avenue were cow pasture. After the Civil War, as the city crept up the island, it became the neighborhood from which the Morgans and Goulds and Fisks directed the construction of America's railroads and the cornering of its natural resources. New York visualized itself as colonizing the interior and called itself the Empire City. It is the only area of New York that still performs essentially the same economic function it did 100 years ago. It is the embassy of the 19th Century in a city lurching toward the 21st. Mercifully, it left the city's government alone until now. It was more interested in tinkering with governments in Latin America and Asia and didn't want to soil its cuffs scrabbling with micks, wops, yids, niggers and spicks over comfort stations in parks. But now it has no choice.

What the media have presented as a fiscal crisis of the city's government is, in fact, a *capital* crisis of the city's financial community. The city government borrowed for ten years to cover its deficits and made all its loan payments on time. What precipitated the current debacle is not that the city was delinquent on its loans but that the banks have no money to lend it.

The biggest problem facing capitalism today is not enough capital. That is, not enough money left over after the immediate demands of society are met to pay for the replacement and expansion

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"Your luck ran out, Erin."

of its physical plant, residential and industrial. The underlying reason for this capital shortfall is the creation of an unprecedentedly vast middle class. This has put more and more of the national income into the hands of people who want to use it to improve their current standard of living and have little left over to invest in replacement and expansion. At the same time, in order to build housing and industrial facilities to service this vast group, more and more capital is required.

Wall Street's great hope for averting a capital crisis was the idea of opening the Asian mainland to Western industry as a source of inexpensive raw materials and labor. Less capital would have to be extracted from the middle class if the goods they demanded could be manufactured from dirt-cheap raw materials by coolie labor. Our war with Japan was over who would get to rip off China and Indochina. But while the U. S. and Japan were at each other's throats, the Communists took over and shut out capitalism forever.

That left Indochina. The Vietnam war was a project of the State Department, the CIA and the Defense Department—respectively the diplomatic, intelligence and military arms of New York's investment banks and downtown law firms, whose partners shuttle from roles in Wall Street to roles in those Washington agencies. It was undertaken on behalf of Wall Street's primary clientele, the multinational corporations headquartered in the city. Its ultimate purpose was to head off the capital crisis in three ways—by turning Southeast Asia into a market for the multinationals' products, with the resultant profits to be used for capital purposes; by creating an additional pool of cheap labor to delay the need for radical automation, with its enormous capital requirements; and by undercutting Japan, Taiwan and Korea as assembly points for clothing, cars and electronic equipment bound for the U. S., so that Americans would be able to bank savings that would then be available as capital.

It was New York that lost the Vietnam war. The fall of Indochina precipitated a capital crisis on Wall Street. First the market in new stock issues collapsed. Then the Arabs, emboldened by the spectacle of a U. S. rout, jacked up the oil price, immediately reducing the amount of money the Western middle class had left over for saving and investment. Inflation simultaneously increased the cost of capital goods and decreased further the middle class's capacity to contribute capital.

The New York banks found themselves in the position of a loan shark with ten customers who finds that his bank roll has been cut by ten percent. He has the choice of lending each of his customers ten percent less than he needs or giving nine everything they need and throwing the tenth to the wolves. The first way, he's got ten people mad at him. The second way, he's got nine who love him and one being eaten.

Wall Street decided to take the second course. One major customer had to be cut loose. It had to be a governmental entity, because the Street owes its primary allegiance to the business community. New York was a likely fall guy. For one thing, it was the biggest borrower in the country, public or private, besides the Federal Government. To be sure, it had always paid the vigorish on time. But it had such a reputation for being a spendthrift that the nine other customers would figure that the shark had good cause to be nervous. What about the money the guy already owed? The shark decided to send some of his boys in to run the guy's candy store and make sure the guy didn't put his hand into the till to pay for his own survival. That is, the Municipal Assistance Corporation was created by the banks and investment banks to stand at the city's cash register and supervise the reduction of services. Wall Street, you see, doesn't need any municipal services. It's packed in the daytime and empty at night, so there's no street crime. Garbage collection is done by private carters. Nobody lives there, so it doesn't care about schools. Its key personnel come from Harvard and Yale and Princeton, so it has no need for the City University. Its buildings are fireproof and there are no beds to smoke in. Its employees all have Blue Cross, so it doesn't need city hospitals.

So the main domino that has fallen after Saigon is New York City. Wall Street couldn't take Hanoi, so it has taken New York. Its rationale for doing so is identical to its rationale for having become involved in Vietnam. Felix Rohatyn, the investment banker who heads MAC, says as much. The city's default, he told *The Wall Street Journal*, would create a "social and cultural catastrophe. I've been telling people we'd probably have to bring the troops home from Germany to keep order." *We had to destroy the city in order to save it. . . .*

Rohatyn is explicit on the relationship between the capital crisis and New York's troubles. "Lockheed, Eastern Airlines and New York all have fundamentally the same problem of a large organization that has been used to living in an environment where capital is in surplus," he says. "But that's coming to an end in Western democracies. You're going to find greater dislocations in our systems because capital is in short supply."

New York's current crisis, then, goes deeper than a temporary fiscal crisis of its government. MAC's enforcement of the Trilateral demand for a lowering of expectations represents the initiation of the final terminal process. The city's moral *raison d'être* has historically been the fulfillment of expectations—by using intensive municipal services in the areas of health and education to process the poor into the middle class. High expectations are New York's basic natural resource. Lowering them will be like lowering the amount of sunshine reaching Miami.

•

My quest for a level of urban truth that goes beyond even the penetrating insights expressed to me recently by Milton Berle—that New York is in a sad state and that Mayor Beame is a little short—has taken me to the two cities on earth that are most unlike each other, and I don't mean L.A. and San Francisco.

One is Tikal. Tikal is located in the midst of the Petén wilderness of northern Guatemala, a vast, steaming flatland overgrown with mahogany and sapodilla. The sapodilla is the tree from which chewing gum comes, and the chicle gatherers who hacked their way into the Petén spoke of hills in the midst of the jungle. These hills were excavated and it was discovered that they were not hills at all but huge temple pyramids on which soil had collected and trees had grown. Inscriptions were found identifying the pyramids as the temples of Tikal, the fabled Lost City of the Mayans. University of Pennsylvania archaeologists restored a small portion of Tikal, which for 1000 years was the foremost center of Mayan culture. They say that 1100 years ago, at the height of Mayan civilization, Tikal was suddenly abandoned by its residents. There is no evidence of flood, plague, pestilence, famine, earthquake or war, fiscal crisis or white flight. All the Mayans just picked up their marbles and split. No one has the slightest idea why. I climbed the Temple of the Giant Jaguar, which at 254 feet was the tallest structure in the Western Hemisphere until the construction of New York's Flatiron Building in 1902. I looked out over what was once Tikal and aside from the restored temples at the center, there was nothing but the green canopy of mahogany and sapodilla extending to a circular horizon that rippled in the heat.

The other city is Jerusalem. It is located in the midst of the Judaean desert of Israel. Jerusalem was founded by the Jebusites 4000 years ago. It has been conquered by the Israelites, the Egyptians, the Philistines, the Arabians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Seleucids, the Romans, the Saracens, the Crusaders, the Mamelukes, the Ottomans, the Jordanians and the Israelis. Five times it has been razed to the ground and its population scattered. Five times it has been rebuilt and repopulated. Many who live there today are descendants of the people who lived there 3400 years ago. At the heart of the Old City is the Western Wall, which is a portion of the retaining wall of the Temple Mount built by Herod the Great 1996 years ago. Just to the left of the wall is a gallery in which

there is a hole four feet in diameter, dug by an archaeologist who was looking for the base of Herod's wall but was not able to reach it. I looked into this electrically lit well. The neatly dressed stones of Herod's wall were visible all the way to the bottom of the hole, some 45 feet. The hole had been dug through what looked like solid rock. In other words, the floor upon which I stood was at least 45 feet higher than the street level of 2000 years ago. And somehow, seven and one half stories of solid rock had accumulated above the ancient street—obviously, the rubble of buildings built and destroyed, built and destroyed, built and destroyed, built and destroyed, built and destroyed. And at the time that Herod built his wall, the city was already 2000 years old. Directly opposite the wall is the new Jewish Quarter, which is being built on the rubble of the old Jewish Quarter, which was destroyed by the Jordanians after they conquered the city in 1948. The process of destruction and rebuilding continues.

So there are two polar types of cities. There are those whose residents walk away from them while their buildings still stand and there are those that are rebuilt again and again—and again and again and again—on the same spot by the spiritual descendants of the same people.

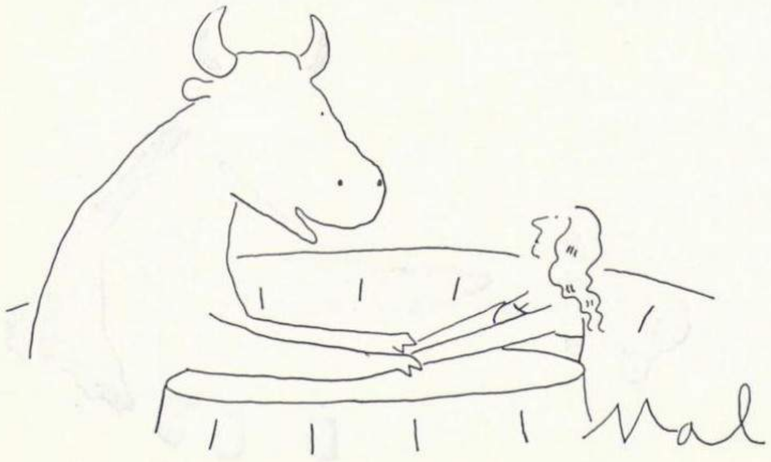
Which type of city do you think New York is? Do you think that archaeologists 1100 years from now will be clearing ailanthus trees away from the walls of the Waldorf-Astoria and speculating as to why its occupancy rate suddenly dropped to zero? Or do you think that 1996 years from now, the level of Times Square will have risen seven and a half stories and that you will be able to look down through 45 feet of solid rock and see the top of a sign that says A NEW COMEDY BY NEIL SIMON?

It is clear to anyone who isn't either deluding himself or selling something that the day of New York, the Empire City, the Big Apple, is over. The fiscal crisis is the least of it—it is as if the patient in the hospital dying of cancer runs out of money. The Federal Government may pay his bill, but it can't cure his disease. New York's residents are, indeed, walking away from it. To counter that they are walking away from Cleveland and Detroit, too, that the city's problems are not peculiar to New York but typical of America's cities, is to argue that the guy in the hospital isn't really dying, comparatively speaking, because the symptoms of the moribund men in the adjoining room are just as bad.

But New York is only 361 years old—I say only because from the standpoint of a Mexican, an Italian, a Greek, an Egyptian, an Israeli, an Iranian, an Indian, a Chinese or an urban historian, 361 years in the life of a city is an infinitesimally brief snippet. On the one hand, this makes New York such a recent phenomenon that to assume that it will continue to exist indefinitely is the height of presumption. On the other hand, the city is so young that what now seem to be terminal processes may merely be childhood diseases that it will outgrow and that will supply it with antibodies that will make it immune to recurrences. New York was originally founded as the port of the Dutch beaver trade. If the city was able to survive the falling out of fashion of beaver hats, it is conceivable that it could survive the falling out of fashion of imperialism.

"This happens in history," Lewis Mumford told me. "Cities die. But sometimes they've got enough residual toughness to hang on until a new generation arises to breathe life into them again."

So tune in to the November 2976 PLAYBOY and find out the answer to the journalistic question, "Is there life after urban death?" In the meantime: *New York is dead! Long live New York!*



"Now, isn't that a coincidence? I'm a Taurus also!"

TEXAS BRAIN FRY

(continued from page 108)

average cannon and that he was tossing off double vodkas like Prohibition might be coming back on the next train. Gino explained that he needed the cannon to guard gate receipts and occasionally to negotiate with the unreasonable. When he learned that I'd once lived in Odessa, he offered a brilliant smile and the observation, "Oh, yeah, I stabbed a cat from Odessa one time." This put me at ease, being very much better news than that he had stabbed the cat five or six times. Gino wished me a good show and I backed away, bowing and scraping, as if departing the odor of royalty.

We left our fifth or sixth Austin club in time to see two strangers break another stranger's leg with what appeared to be iron bars. "I never seen the shit-asses before," he gasped. (This was translated in the newspapers as "The attack was unprovoked.") I asked Eddie Wilson at Armadillo World Headquarters to explain such recurring outbreaks of violence. "Oh," he said airily, "it's all a matter of manners. We're arbiters of manners down here." Beg pardon? "Aw, you know, some ole boy will call another one a chickenshit cocksucking motherfucker and the second fellow will think that's ill-mannered and break the other fellow's jaw."

The night before his big concert, Willie tossed a *Giant*like bash for himself and friends at Austin's new Hilton Inn, which, in a classic case of bad timing, had opened its doors only a few days earlier; something is inherently sad about seeing brand-new doors splintered and carpets burned bald fresh out of their wrappers. Willie had meant to hold it down to a roaring 500 intimates, but tickets got forged and security broke down. I doubt whether over 2200 persons crowded in; the fire marshal came with a summons but couldn't get within two blocks. The little sausages with the toothpicks in them, the *chili con queso* and the booze lasted but about 18 minutes, though there was sweat and smoke enough for multitudes. Willie came out with his band and bravely shouted *Whiskey River, Red Headed Stranger* and for a cab. A select 100 or so repaired to the Governor's Suite—though Willie was too smart to be among them—and conducted themselves so sedately until past dawn that chambermaids ultimately wept among the breakage. By midnight, though the concert wouldn't begin until noon, there were reports of 20,000 waiting near Liberty Hill in a huge pasture containing a stretch of the San Gabriel River and two lakes.

•

Though the concert lasted 18 hours, I am critically disadvantaged in that I heard absolutely no music. This is partly because my day contained certain gaps and partly because The Press and roughly 3000 pretenders claiming to be The Press were confined two or three fenced compounds away from the stage—and behind it—in what I came to think of as Andersonville Prison. Like its Civil War namesake, this new Andersonville exposed its residents to sunstroke, rain, dust, thirst, hunger, ticks, chiggers and brutal keepers. But, then, I am getting ahead of my story. . . .

Willie and Dr. Milner, his public relations genius, had provided The Press with individualized T-shirts bearing our powerful names and literary connections. These would permit us to roam at will, even breaking into song with Kris 'n' Rita or Willie himself if being onstage with them tempted our good judgments, and generally were advertised as guaranteeing everything but romance with the Pointer Sisters. "Willie don't want a lot of confusion backstage," Dr. Milner told The Press. "Accredited press people only will be admitted. You may visit with the stars at your leisure." *Rita! Hot damn! You in trouble, Kris!*

Dr. Milner depicted an oasis of trailer houses full of frigid air-conditioned breezes, warm-blooded hostesses, hot food, cold liquors and maybe palm trees. When we ladies and gentlemen of The Press had gorged our souls on angel's music or celebrity contacts, we would be free to repair to this perfect oasis where everything would be provided except house slippers: Just don't forget to wear your individualized Willie Nelson T-shirts. Ten minutes later, Dr. Milner came back to say that, well, er, ah, our T-shirts might not mean all that much, since they'd apparently been copied and were going for five dollars each all over Texas. We lined up for press passes. Mine was blue. Blue press passes were represented as passports to everything but heaven and Albania. These would eventually entitle the bearers, if otherwise qualified, to drive on public roads.

We inched toward Liberty Hill at speeds more indigenous to the tortoise than the hare. Signs only 12 miles from the concert site promised parking at two dollars; signs a mere two miles away proclaimed the same service for eight dollars. People walked along burdened by beer coolers, tents, watermelons, crying kids, folding chairs, picnic hampers and their hindsight judgments; walking cases of sunburn, drunkenness and shell shock were noted. Cars overheated and were abandoned where they exploded; grim rustics, sure enough, guarded their private roads with barricades of pickup trucks, scowls and shotguns. My car required less than three hours to conquer 30 miles, a statistic causing much envy. The last 100 yards included fording a swift stream. It would be the last water I would see until it rained.

We swaggered to the special gate reserved for The Press, confident in our individualized T-shirts and flashing our blue passes. These so impressed security guards that they turned their backs. We then had the good luck to be joined by Gino, who proclaimed his importance as official promoter and vouched for us as his good friends of The Press. One of the security guards grinned, grabbed Gino's head, trapped it in a wire fence and began to beat on it. Gino did not appear unduly surprised but coolly reached into his belt and got us admitted at gunpoint. We had broken into Andersonville Prison. It was heavily overpopulated. Security guards at gates leading to the next compound, nearer the stage by 300 yards, had guns of their own and didn't seem to fear Gino's. Gino ran away and came back with a stamp machine, which he applied to our blue press passes, causing them to say PAYMENT APPROVED. He said this would permit us to go anyplace we wanted. He was full of shit.

Bud Shrake and I decided to break out of Andersonville; our escape gave us a view of a broiling mass 70,000 strong. It was scary. Writhing human forms as far as the eye could see. Tents and

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banners and bonfires and scorched earth and burned asses. Garbage and litter. Fellini's version of hell. There were shanties reminiscent of Hoovervilles, where people hawked blue jeans, souvenir programs and fireworks. People noting our official Willie Nelson T-shirts complained because beer wasn't available, their hair hurt, the temperature was 106 degrees Fahrenheit and no big-name acts had appeared yet. "They are going to rip our official T-shirts off and stuff 'em up our asses," Shrake whispered. We rapidly headed toward the relative safety of Andersonville Prison, smiling and waving like Nixon-Agnew going up to claim the nomination, making loud promises of all the shameful conditions we intended to improve. Now, however, Andersonville Prison was guarded by a 300-pound Samoan whose stick was big enough to please Teddy Roosevelt. He whopped my shoulders and neck with it awhile. Shrake squatted in the shade of the big fellow's considerable shadow, watching him work and frequently chuckling.

We found a friendlier gate. It was in the charge of Paul English, a member of Willie's band who is also the boss's alter ego. English is a double for Satan, except for being too skinny; Willie has written such songs about him as *Devil in a Sleepin' Bag*. Paul waved us in while accusing a security guard of pocketing gate proceeds. The fellow denied it. When a bystander shouted that the guard had, indeed, pocketed his $7.50, Paul threw the guard to the ground and ripped out his pockets. What looked like $300 fell out. Paul kicked him in the jaw with a cowboy boot, prompting the guard to resign on the grounds of guilt by association. While Paul was recovering the money, several dozen music lovers decided to crash the gate. English produced a "bidness" of about .22 caliber, with a long barrel, and had the scientific satisfaction of seeing a moving mass immediately reverse its direction.

We found the oasis of trailer houses Dr. Milner had reserved for The Press. They were stoutly locked from the inside and under siege from about 3000 howling Andersonville inmates. By now, we spat cotton and knew enough to whine and beg. A tall blonde hostess named Cookie admitted us. Probably, she only wanted to share her misery: Somebody had forgotten to connect the air conditioning and to order food and drink. Cookie offered a choice of pretzels or salt tablets, though she couldn't provide water in either case. We gasped and made sweat and occasionally fainted. I do not recall any palm trees.

A friendly musician produced white powders from twin vials. One assumed them to be varied grades of cocaine. One should not have. One should have presumed them to be Methedrine and THC,

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or, more accurately, a bastard variety of the latter used to tranquilize hogs. One soon began to feel peculiar. One remembers trying to turn over somebody's camper, somehow shorting an electrical circuit, rooting in the dirt and oinking and being begged to sit in the shade.

The Press was shrieking and whining to Gino of betrayals and brutality. Gino leaned against a tree he thought he was propping up, focused on Europe with a dazed smile and said, "Wheah!" about every eight seconds. Had I been a cop, I'd have arrested him on the evidence of his eyes; they appeared to be made of red glazed tile and probably could have fooled a ceramics expert. Gino did his best to talk. We leaned in and cupped our ears as if taking a deathbed confession. Gino appeared to be talking in strange tongues. Shrake translated approximately as follows: "Fuck it. I paid the goddamn politicians $20,000 to ensure security and all they done was provide a bunch of killer bikers ripping off gate receipts and stomping the customers. You spoiled and pampered press shitasses might do well to avoid the mean bastards. Git away, I'm busy holding up this tree." Somebody shouted, "Goddamn it, you promised commodious accommodations and we're paying two dollars a warm can for bootleg beer." Gino mumbled that he'd take a six-pack hisself if somebody would fetch it.

There was elected a Committee of Unrest and Indignation. Its purpose was to locate Willie Nelson. Better it had gone looking for Judge Crater. Willie and the other big stars had locked themselves in their private trailers and would not give out their addresses among the acres of cars, campers and trucks. Somebody said he'd seen Willie come out and sniff what appeared to be baking soda but that he'd disappeared in a cow pony's lope when a giggling gang of groupies began ripping off his clothes. "Willie was grinning," the informant volunteered. Willie is always grinning. When you talk to him, he looks at you and grins and grins and nods and appears to be the world's best listener, until you realize he is not listening at all.

We found Dr. Milner, wearing a false beard and pretending not to be himself. Unmasked, he cleverly touted us to his press-trailer oasis, where—he claimed—refreshments had newly arrived. We broke in by main force amid much shouting and grappling. The lucky got one can of beer, two bell tomatoes and leavings of potato chips. It was exactly 144 degrees in there. All the hostesses were crying and trying to garrote people with their OFFICIAL HOSTESS banners. No more than 150 people milled, cursed and shoved in a space God had made for 20. I spotted a tray of delicate steak sandwiches, dug in my heels, used my huge body as a shield and wolfed them down

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quickly enough to qualify for the *Guinness Book of World Records*. A frail fellow in fruit boots began to beat my broad back with his tiny little fists and screamed, "You son of a bitch, you just ate the Pointer Sisters' supper!" I said there hadn't been enough to sponsor a good burp, anyway, and why didn't he just send 'em some watermelon? "Oh, you reprehensible racist *poot*," he screeched. They led him off burbling about steak sandwiches' being required in the Pointer Sisters' contract.

We were herded back to the stifling open air of Andersonville Prison, whereupon it began to rain like a cow pissing on a flat rock. The baked and blistered thousands cheered. There was a sharp retort—unmistakably, gunfire—and the cheers increased. "My God," Shrake said. "Somebody just got *shot* and people are celebrating." Crouching in the rain and goofy with hog chemicals, I fervently hoped it had been Willie Nelson and that he'd been blown away as effectively as Ray Price's mean rooster. Unfortunately, it had only been Paul English firing into the tent roof above the stage to rid it of dangerous accumulations.

The Pointer Sisters' road manager appeared to announce that his charges refused to go on stage. Wouldn't sing without their supper, huh? But it proved to be merely a matter of pure terror: "Lissen, you blame 'em? I mean, thousands of crazed honkies out there and them the only *blacks*? And people shooting guns and shit!"

Scott Hale of the Willie Nelson group led the manager on stage to convince him of security. "See how nice it is?" Scott beamed. "Everything's fine."

The manager said, "Yeah? Then how come your leg is on fire?"

Scott looked down to see that a bottle rocket had come out of the crowd and lodged in his right boot, which was sending up enough smoke and flames to lift off a moon shot. He immediately began to stomp and thresh across the stage, making owl-hoot noises. Many cheered, thinking he was dancing a cowboy polka. The Pointer Sisters agreed to come out only if a flying wedge of 100 reasonably unzonked honkies would lead them on stage and off. The security guard leading the flying wedge was so loaded on Scotch and Quaaludes that he fell backward at the top of the steps, causing a domino reaction. The much-buffeted Pointer Sisters squealed and grabbed their wigs and probably wished for Detroit City.

Along about midnight, sufficiently baked and wet, I decided I'd had enough entertainment, even though I'd not heard any music, seen Willie Nelson or had a chance to strike on Rita Coolidge. It took only two hours to bog through the sea of mud, past grungy bikers pissing in open fields and assorted wounded groaning from the bushes in passion or despair, to find that my car was missing. The fellow who gave me a lift toward civilization kindly consented to sell his bottle of Scotch for $27; by the time he dropped me at my hotel, it required only two bellmen and a baggage cart to get me to my room.

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Gino McCoslin managed to make it sound as if the Willie Nelson concert had been an artistic triumph and a financial disaster. How was that possible, with huge multitudes paying what theoretically had to approach a half million dollars? Gino seemed to say that while maybe 100,000 people had heard the wonderful music, pitifully few had paid for the privilege. He spoke of gate-crashers, counterfeit tickets, 8000 or 12,000 tickets allegedly stolen, receipts pocketed by security men, expenses. Tell me about the expenses, I said. Gino mumbled huge sums rapidly, sticking to generalities and claiming he was not authorized to open the books for inspection. How much had he spent on press arrangements? Gino said it was $15,000 or $25,000 or maybe $50,000: He remembered it had a five in it. I said if he spent over $12.98, other than for the goat fencing surrounding Andersonville Prison, then he'd been ripped off. Gino expressed absolute astonishment in saying mine was the first complaint he'd received. "Ole Willie's generous," he said. "Willie spent so much making sure his friends and fans would be comfortable that he probably lost his ass." It was suggested that Gino might be rehearsing his speech to the IRS folks. "No shit, now," he said. "It'll take days to tote it up, but I'd bet my ass we didn't no more than break even."

I recalled Willie's comment after his second Independence Day picnic, where he also allegedly only broke even, when asked if he would hold another: "Hell, I guess so. I'd hate to throw 4000 thieves out of work."

Gino was painting Willie Nelson as a goodhearted raggedy-ass who might have to sell his horses or find his wife a part-time job, when two pistol-packing cowboys came in. They grunted under the burden of several sacks, which they dumped onto a table. One said, "This here's the $40,000 from advance ticket sales in San Antonio." Gino had the grace to wince.

I wanted to see Willie, I said, to commiserate with him in his poverty and maybe to kick his ass for sponsoring such a confused show. "Willie?" Gino said, surprised. "Shit, man, *Willie* ain't here. Willie and his old lady went straight to the airport for two weeks in Hawaii."

Later, at my friend Dub's house, we drank beer and smoked dope with various youthfuls while listening to Willie Nelson sing to us of redheaded strangers wild in their sorrow, of how cold it is sleeping out on the ground, of life's rough and rocky traveling. People muttered, "Great, man," and "Outasight" and "Pick up on this, baby," as the joints were passed around the worshipful circle. I'd been a Willie Nelson fan for years, back when there had been so few of us we took pride in being a cult, and his mournful, melancholy music never had failed to reach me. But now all I could think of was Willie picking up the phone in the Waikiki Hilton to call room service, he and God grinning together at the irony of his poor-boy songs.

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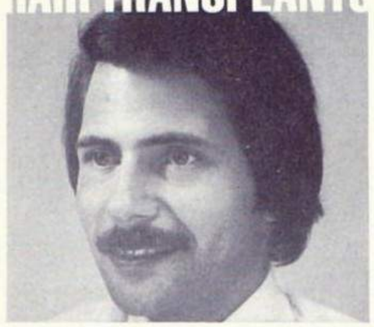

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MISTY

(continued from page 106)

star. *Her* original line at the fade-out, quoth Misty, was: "That's the last time I'll ever have to get down on my knees to anyone." She reportedly burst into tears when she discovered that they had dubbed in, as a substitute: "That's the last cock I'll ever have to suck." Such fine distinctions mean a lot to a girl who cheerfully accepts compromises that may further her career but doesn't intend to become another Hollywood tragedy. "I won't be a duplicate anything. If they wanted Marilyn Monroe, they wouldn't have killed off the first one."

Be that as it may, the first time we saw Misty in action was during the 1975 Cannes Film Festival. *Paparazzi* were all over the Carlton Hotel beach, popping flashbulbs at a comely, topless French starlet—until Misty appeared out of nowhere, all wet lips and cleavage. Wearing a long pink beach dress with sides slit almost to the waist, she undulated quietly along the boardwalk, as if totally unaware that the wind might reveal she had nothing on underneath. There's no mistaking the performance of a pro. Five minutes later, she was the golden girl of Cannes.

Less than 24 hours later, Misty was rediscovered at a table in the lounge of the Cannes Casino. This time she had on a white wrap-around evening dress that left a lot of Misty unwrapped. Across the table, a youngish millionaire film distributor named David Blake could not take his eyes off her, which seemed sensible of him. "It's kind of boring here, isn't it?" Misty observed. "Are *these* the Beautiful People we've heard so much about?" (Blake and Misty have been a steady duo for more than a year now.) She also said that it embarrassed her to go parading around town as Marilyn Monroe, even though the bit seemed to work for her, sometimes too well. She was referring to the film promoter who'd brought her there to plug *Norma Jean* and initially had her bags delivered to *his* hotel room.

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California. Misty's house, a yellow clapboard cottage, is chock-full of antiques, wooden beams and paneling, an ornately carved Victorian sofa, bookshelves laden with Shakespeare and actors' manuals, an old Coke advertising sign, a picture of Lillian Russell on a bicycle and a Marilyn Monroe calendar hanging inside the kitchen-cupboard door. In the large bedroom, there's a huge brass bed. In the small back bedroom, there's an unemployed actor who takes care of the house and a pair of parrots when Misty is away. He's just a friend. David doesn't mind.

Misty is wearing a see-through chiffon blouse, carefully carelessly unbuttoned. Even in such provocative attire, she looks so innocent that you'd fight off ravaging hordes to save her honor.

Since that first meeting in Cannes, Misty had gone back to TV's *Hee Haw*, her bread-and-butter job ("They're wonderful people . . . we do a whole season of shows during a couple of weeks in Nashville each spring and fall"), and had performed as Maid Marian for Mel Brooks in *When Things Were Rotten*, a 13-week television series that came and went and was judged unrenewable.

The parallels between MM and Misty, however coincidental, are often striking. When she was still a high school drama major in Glendora, Misty won all the acting prizes and then went on to win 20 beauty contests. Miss Mini Skirt 1971, Miss Wahini Bikini and Miss Radiant Radish are only a few of the titles she held. She was paid $15, she recalls, for being Miss Oldies but Goodies at a music convention, and she impishly touches her bust and bottom to illustrate, "It said OLDIES here and GOODIES *there*." Like Monroe, she moved into the Hollywood Studio Club, moved out again because the 11 P.M. curfew seemed a needless hardship and found herself free to attend Hollywood parties where girls meet "dirty old men with Rolls-Royces."

She also learned that she's considered "a very gifted, beautiful and promising actress" by no less an authority than Stella Adler, the grand duchess of drama coaches as well as confidante to Marlon Brando and a galaxy of Hollywood stars (Miss Adler's colleague Lee Strasberg was MM's theatrical mentor). "Misty is one of the great talents I've met, an actress of enormous depth whose *dramatic* range, I'd like to stress, is simply fantastic. I hope she will have the huge success she deserves," says Adler, who feels her winsome protégée is undervalued simply because she's blonde and utterly feminine.

Small wonder she bridles when anyone equates blonde and feminine with congenital idiocy. "Blonde is not dumb," says Misty, "and I'm not dumb . . . I'm just quiet." Matter of fact, she shows symptoms of the galloping smarts when it comes to real estate, for she suddenly lets drop that she's about to sell her quaint yellow cottage at a whopping clear profit of $50,000 in order to buy a Spanish-style minimansion in Beverly Hills for $120,000. "*Hee Haw* paid for this house. What I've made from *Norma Jean* will get me the new house. I don't care so much about money . . . it's just, you know, I don't want to end up like Veronica Lake."

Among the iffy projects that may work out for Misty are a leading role opposite Burt Reynolds, also a vintage-Hollywood comedy titled *Hughes and Harlow*. Guess which part they'd want Misty to play? Like it or not, this levelheaded contemporary Lorelei, whose pinup dimensions are 36-24-36, could singlehandedly bring back 24-carat platinum blondes.

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REVOLUTION GOING ON

(continued from page 140)

as an LP (though there are versions so thin they could be bound into books or magazines) and they also revolve in a player—at a rate of 1800 rpm.

The discs have an indefinite life, because no stylus ever physically touches them. They're read by a low-wattage laser whose light beam is either reflected or scattered (hence, no reflection) by a series of microscopic bumps on an aluminized playing surface. This surface is coated with transparent plastic in the disc's manufacture so the disc is almost impervious to handling—fingerprints and surface dust are also out of the focal plane of the laser beam, so they cause no degradation in either image or sound.

What we have, in short, is a disc that will last forever and whose handling is not critical. But the surprises don't stop there. Since the disc is never physically touched by a stylus, it suddenly acquires many of the capabilities of tape. You can have the equivalent of fast forward or rewind (granted, you mechanically accomplish the same thing when you cue the tonearm in an audio record player), but you also have slow motion, instant replay, frame-by-frame readout or freeze-frame—hold one frame of film on the screen for as long as you wish. (Every revolution of the disc constitutes one frame of pictures; in the freeze-frame mode, the beam continues to read the same frame in that revolution.)

At 1800 rpm and 30 minutes to the side, with each revolution the equivalent of a single frame, the Disco-Vision video disc can project a total of 54,000 separate frames. Furthermore, since in the freeze-frame mode each frame is numbered in the upper lefthand corner of the screen, you can visually search for any specific frame. There are plans for a remote unit whereby you can dial any desired frame and have it flashed onto the screen.

In other words, you could, if you wished, put the entire *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on a 12-inch disc and read the pages on your television screen, probably using remote dialing to index the pages you wanted.

The applications are almost endless—highlights of past Olympics, interviews with celebrities such as Muhammad Ali or David Bowie, instruction manuals (have Emerson Fittipaldi show you how to fix your Porsche), art lectures where you can catch the greats at work, or even the Sears catalog, all in living color.

Both SelectaVision and the Philips/MCA system are now coming down to the wire. Those industry spokesmen in RCA's corner claim that the RCA unit is easier to manufacture, less space age in its technology and, hence, more amenable to production-line techniques and less expensive to make and market. John Findlater, president of MCA DiscoVision, denies this, claiming that inexpensive, low-powered lasers (the heart of the space-age unit) are in wide use throughout the country, including supermarket check-out counters. He argues that complex optical systems are used routinely in mass-produced cameras and that the rest of the Philips/MCA player is made from components just as much off the shelf as RCA's unit. He claims they can hold the price to a reasonable level and suggests that the unit's random access—the ability to freeze any frame of your choice for as long as you wish—along with the other features, will be well worth any possible price differential.

In brief, Philips/MCA claims it can make just as cheap and just as reliable a unit as RCA can—and one that is enormously more flexible.

Who will win the video-disc war? Only time will tell, though some in the industry predict that each unit will find its specific usage, much as did LP and 45-rpm records. Unanswered are two questions that nag both Philips/MCA and RCA: The assumption is that the most popular discs will be of movies. The latest and the best. PG, R, X—and pure porn.

But will people really pay $10 to $20 for their own three- or four-record set of, say, *Jaws* or *The Sting*? The video-disc people are betting that a lot of people will. Why go out to a noisy theater with an hour waiting line when, for about the same amount of money—if you include the parking fee—you and your date can see the same movie while curled up on the couch?

Which leaves the final question, to which nobody has an answer. LPs are made for repeat listening; you can listen to music while cooking, reading, talking and entertaining. But who wants to see the same movie more than once?

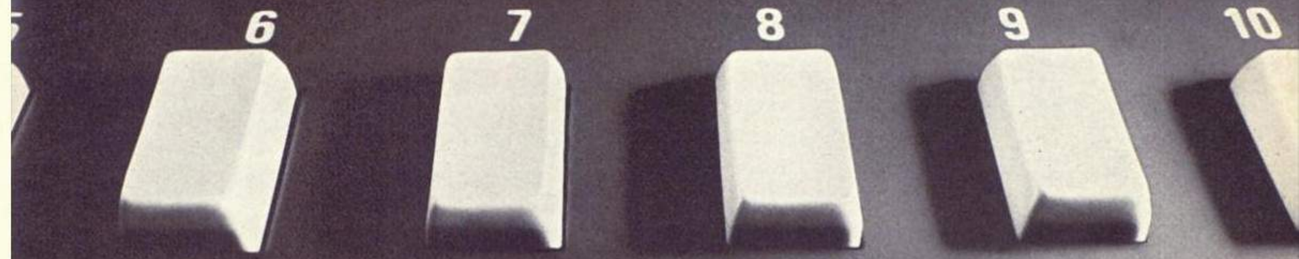
Nobody knows for sure, though perhaps the success of old films on TV (and at the theater) and the fanatic loyalty of Sergeant Bilko, *I Love Lucy* and *Star Trek* fans hint at the answer.

One thing for sure; if video discs are accepted in the market place, the field of video fidelity will blossom overnight. There will be sight-and-sound salons, magazines devoted to bringing you the latest product information and small, technologically minded companies that will develop their own, superior versions of optical readout systems, no doubt using advanced lasers and ultrafine scanning.

Will we one day remember—with nostalgia—when the state of the art consisted of an Advent VideoBeam set (see *The Big Picture*, PLAYBOY, November 1974), JVC, Sony and Panasonic video-cassette recorders, RCA's SelectaVision and Philips/MCA's Videodisc unit? The industry can't wait.

Neither can we.

TRACKS



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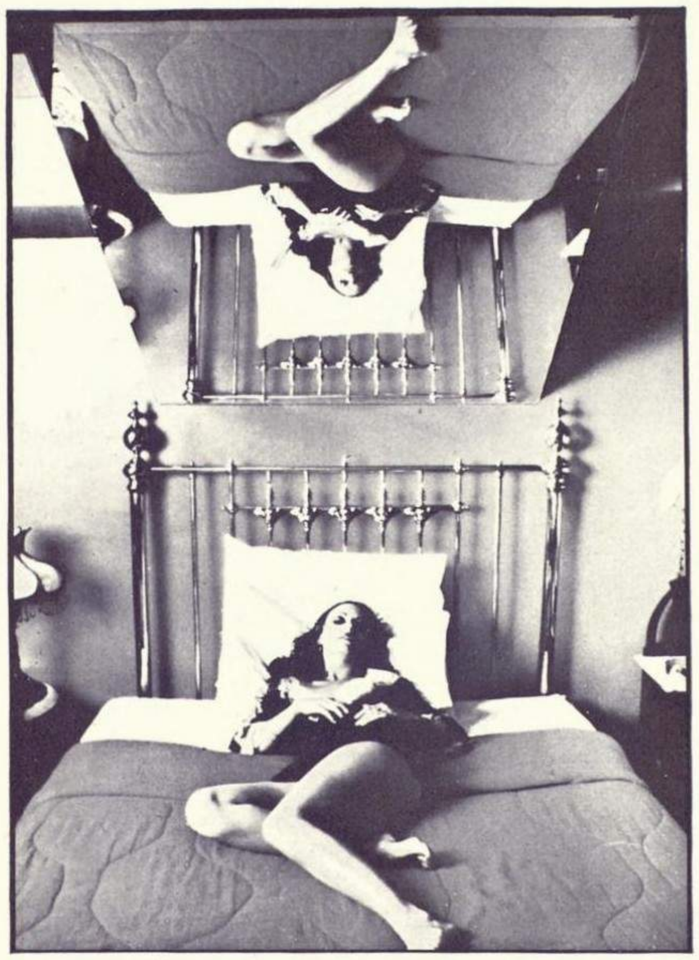

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Bric-a-Brac Man

(continued from page 118)

late. Have to get dressed. Will you excuse me?"

"All righty," said the landlady.

Then, swinging her bucket, she retreated down the whitewashed corridor as I shut my door.

•

I wore a necktie and a good sports jacket, because if I was stopped and questioned as I left the building, I didn't want to look like a hoodlum. Avoiding the alley, I went out the Commonwealth Avenue door. There were plainclothesmen skulking around, I'm sure, but nobody hailed me.

"BACK BAY WOMAN SLAIN BY INTRUDER" was the headline at the bottom of the *Globe*'s front page. "Marta Ramsay strangled with stocking . . . beautiful daughter of the late Captain James Coker Ramsay, famous marine architect and inventor . . . $100,000 painting stolen . . . killer forced alley door . . . surprised ransacking bedroom . . . may have been wounded . . . victim's sister Helga fired a pistol at the murderer, as he was fleeing . . . police checking doctors and hospitals."

Every word was a stiletto in my heart. I had been praying Mrs. Dunlap's version would turn out to be a muddled fantasy; now, like it or not, I had to accept it as incontrovertible fact. My stomach began to feel queer. What had happened? How could there have been a murder? I didn't touch the women—never approached them. And which one of them had died? Was it the stunning creature I'd seen the day I sat on the bench?

I read the article again. "Picture worth in excess of $100,000, spokesman says." Marvelous, I thought. Terrific. A final irony. The goddamn painting is so valuable, I won't be able to get a nickel for it.

•

The minute I identified myself, he asked, "Where are you calling from?"

"A booth on Mass. Avenue," I answered. "Why? Do you think my phone is tapped?"

"It's a possibility. Anything's a possibility with a maniac like you."

"Listen, Maurice, I——"

"Don't tell me. I don't want to talk to you. I don't even want to know you. You're demented—a psychopath."

I cursed and said, "If you know what's good for you, you'll talk to me."

"That's how it is? Nice. OK—but not on the phone." He paused, then inquired, "Are you hurt? According to the newspapers——"

"No, not a scratch. I was fortunate, though. See you in the restaurant at Coolidge Corner, by the trolley stop," I said, and hung up without waiting for his reply.

He had sounded alarmed on the telephone, yet when he arrived, he appeared as sedate as a bishop. His suit, shirt and necktie harmonized perfectly, and his razor haircut was such a work of art it might have been done by Michelangelo. I felt like Pete the Tramp.

"What happened?" he snarled. "A once-in-a-lifetime project, Arnold. How could you botch it up that way?"

"I had nothing to do with the death, Maurice—nothing at all. I stayed on the ground floor the whole time. I didn't set foot on the stairs, let alone go into the bedrooms. I never saw any of them—except a glimpse of the one who shot at me."

Then, in a subdued voice, I described my adventure, leaving out only how I gained entrance to the house initially. He listened without interrupting, but when I finished, he shook his head skeptically.

"I can't buy it," he declared. "I'd like to, but I can't. You were robbing those people and a girl got strangled. And you say you didn't do it? I mean, what the hell! Why did you go to the second floor, anyway? Downstairs, there was more treasure than you could carry, even if you had a wheelbarrow."

"I told you—I didn't go to the second floor. Can't you get it through your head? Something funny was happening in that house. I heard a lot of strange noises—screaming, yelling, people running."

"I'll bet you did," he said dryly.

"Maurice, you know me since infancy. Do you consider me a violent type? Do you?"

"You can't always tell about such things, Arnold. Everyone has a few secret kinks, I imagine."

"Thanks a heap," I said in an aggrieved tone. "And I nearly got murdered myself, don't forget."

"Yes. Snatching the picture was a lucky break for you."

I nodded. "Now that you mention the painting, what do you think we can get for it?" I asked.

Maurice removed his wrap-around sunglasses and stared at me narrowly. "I'm not handling that," he said at last.

"No? Why not? We're in this together—remember?"

His stare became a glare. "Are we?"

"Sure. Whatever I got, you were supposed to unload—and I got this oil painting, which is worth in excess of a hundred grand."

A frowzy waitress came to a halt by our table and commented, "Gee—you two are twins, aren't you?"

"Yes," I promptly answered, knowing it would irk my cousin.

"Identical twins," she said mawkishly. "One look and I could tell. I haven't

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seen any in years, either. You're just like two peas in a pod."

She grinned at us, then wandered off toward the kitchen.

"Hey—that woman might identify us in a courtroom sometime," Maurice muttered, his snake eyes shifting nervously.

"You don't want to be spotted in my company, do you? OK," I said. "No hard feelings—but can you get me ten thousand for this masterpiece? Fairly soon?"

"I can't get you a dime now. There's blood on it. Sit tight, Arnold. Later, when the heat dies down, I might be able to find a buyer. But I can't do a deal now, because you throttled that girl."

"I never laid a hand on her," I snapped, losing my temper.

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because I'm not crazy, that's how."

"Come on. What about your amnesia? Your blackouts?" he inquired, leaning toward me over the table.

My cousin's introducing this subject didn't surprise me. Since I had heard about the murder from Mrs. Dunlap, the disagreeable suspicion that I might have committed it unconsciously had been floating around in my mind like a cloud of poison gas. But I still didn't believe that it could have happened that way.

"Impossible," I retorted. "To begin with, I always remember when I have my amnesia, even if I don't remember what happened during it. Last night, no attack occurred. I can recall every moment—the entire sequence of events. Furthermore, when I black out, I behave in a perfectly normal manner—not like a homicidal lunatic. It's ridiculous to suggest I'd dash up a flight of stairs, burst into a bedroom and strangle a woman."

"OK. It was only an idea, Arnold," he said. "Look, I have to go now. I have to get back to the store. Stay cool, will you? If they pick you up, I'll do whatever I can to help—provided, that is, you don't implicate me. You can't expect me to be nice, if you're going to be nasty, can you?"

Ignoring the question, I said, "I'll see you, Maurice."

•

My cousin's advice, however, was sound. I really couldn't run away. A sudden disappearance might cause Mrs. Dunlap to add two and two together and arrive at an answer that could mean 20 years' imprisonment for me. Besides, there was the hole in her basement wall, which would have to be fixed before I packed up and left.

So back to the efficiency apartment I went. The first week, I rarely stepped out of the house, because there were cops everywhere. Eager as I was to get some sand and masonry cement to make mortar for my bricklaying, I didn't dare try to lug the stuff up the front steps or even through the alley.

What I did accomplish, though, was to assemble the pieces of wainscoting and baseboard into a single panel that could be installed or removed with relative ease. Four screws held it in place. It was a neat job, but I still had a cupboard full of loose bricks that someone might stumble onto, so I felt far from secure.

On Saturday, I met Mrs. Dunlap in the laundry room. She gave me a lengthy description of Marta Ramsay's funeral, which undermined my morale completely. I wondered if Marta had been the girl with the indigo eyes. When I returned to my apartment, I actually sat down and cried—a thing I hadn't done since childhood. Was I a killer? I asked myself. Had I murdered that poor girl? Was I some sort of werewolf? A Jekyll and Hyde?

The very next day, I took the painting out of the wall, wrapped it in brown paper, shoved it into a shopping bag and boldly carried it from the house. Ten minutes later, I had it in my Bay State Road apartment, safe and sound. There I removed the picture from the frame, covered it with polyethylene and slid it behind the bathroom mirror. I then sealed the opening between the mirror and the wall with epoxy filler—top, bottom and both sides. To make the epoxy look old, I touched it up with heavily diluted gray paint. The frame I took into my den and sawed into pieces, which I burned in the fireplace.

I went back to Commonwealth Avenue, pleased to have done something useful.

The days passed and the policemen never appeared at my door. Whatever my crimes, I'd evidently gotten away with them.

•

Finally, in the end, I had no choice but to sell the bulk of my stock, return the consigned items and close down my dream emporium. It was a dismal denouement; and by the time the smoke had cleared and I had satisfied my creditors, all that remained of my original investment was $207. So much for being a small businessman in America. So much for the free-enterprise system.

Virtually destitute, I phoned Cousin Maurice to see if I could peel a few bills off him, reminding the cheap bastard that I had spent a lot of money on our ill-fated joint venture—but he wouldn't part with a nickel. Not only that, he actually had the guts to suggest I break into the Ramsay stronghold a second time, now that things were quiet. After all his complaints! I was amazed. How greedy can a man be? In unequivocal terms, I told him I was finished with 548 Commonwealth Avenue—that I was prepared to starve to death, rather than take another crack at that place.

It was Barney Slocum who again came to my rescue. He paid me $1800 for taking a parure of diamonds from a wall safe in a ranch house off the Boston Post Road in Weston. As I had a key for the safe as well as the front door, it was easier than stealing flowers from the Public Garden.

Not long after this windfall, another pleasant thing happened to me. I was returning to the Dunlap dungeon one morning, when I saw the girl with the indigo eyes. Since I had half convinced myself that she was the one who'd been strangled that ghastly night, it gave me a bit of a shock. There she stood, beside a mustard-colored Lancia in the Ramsay back yard, a look of mild vexation on her exquisite features. I gaped at her and she retaliated with a cool, disdainful glance. Then, to my surprise, she spoke.

"Are you from the A.L.A.?" she asked.

"No. The A.L.A.? No, ma'am. Sorry," I replied, my heart thumping turbulently. "Got a flat tire?"

She shook her head, whipping her dark silky hair from one slim shoulder to the other. "The battery's gone. It won't start. You wouldn't know anything about automobiles, would you?"

"Me? Oh, sure. I've been around them all my life. Want me to look at it?"

"If you wouldn't mind. I hate to be a bother," she said. "Do you live in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, in that house," I answered, pointing with my thumb.

She nodded absently. "Maybe it isn't the battery. Maybe it's the starter. It growls and growls, but it never catches."

I watched her as she turned to fiddle with the hood. Dazzling as she appeared from a distance, she was still more so close up. She had a lovely bisque complexion, like a fine Dresden figurine. Helen of Troy couldn't have been more stunning, I thought.

Stirring myself, I approached the car. Around it, the air was pungent with gasoline fumes. "I suspect you've flooded the engine," I commented.

"Oh?" she said.

"You've been pumping fuel into the cylinders, and now there's so much in there it won't ignite. Wait a few minutes, and then I'll give it a try."

I slid behind the wheel, pressed the gas pedal and turned the key. A second later, the motor commenced to hum.

"Wow! How did you do that?" the girl exclaimed.

I jerked the emergency-brake handle and climbed out. "The whole trick is to keep the accelerator on the floor until the engine turns over," I said, affecting nonchalance. "Don't pump the pedal, because that only defeats your purpose."

"I'll remember it always. You're a mechanical wizard—honestly. And I thought you were crazy. What's your name?"

"Arnold . . . Arnold Hopkins."

"Mine's Helga," she said, displaying a long, spectacularly beautiful leg as she got into the little automobile.

Then she gave me a smile—one that

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was warm enough to melt a polar icecap. I was still basking in it when the car took off and sped down the alley.

I almost danced to the Dunlap door. But while I was opening it, I remembered Helga was the sister who had tried to shoot me dead. It was a sobering thought.

•

Since I didn't have a shop anymore, I had to go back to being a picker—to scampering hither and yon in search of good buys and openhanded customers. Manny Robinson gave me a number of valuable articles on credit, and that helped a great deal.

Returning from Manny's, I had lunch in Needham at the McDonald's, and as I was leaving, I passed a man and an elderly woman who seemed vaguely familiar. I hopped into my wagon and started backing out. Through the rear-view mirror, I noticed that these people were staring in my direction.

Suddenly, I remembered who the old woman was. She was Mrs. Crabtree's sister, Lydia—the infamous Mrs. Crabtree, who had almost worked that $1700 scam on me. And the husky man with Lydia was Tyrone of the bullethead. The last time I'd seen him, he'd been busy hauling away my fancy chairs and serpentine chest of drawers. An ugly brute, he was, and built like something you'd find at Stonehenge.

This process of recognition occupied only a second, but in that brief period, Tyrone began walking toward me. I didn't loiter. Shifting gears like Fittipaldi at Monaco, I sped out of the parking lot. Whatever he wanted to discuss with me, I was sure it wouldn't have been pleasant.

That same afternoon, I finally bought the sand and masonry cement with which to repair the brick wall, though I held off commencing the job, because I didn't have any extra time or extra energy. In any event, I wasn't especially anxious to leave Mrs. Dunlap's house. Having met Helga Ramsay, I thought it might be nice to stick around for a while.

Often I gazed out my kitchen window, hoping to catch a glimpse of Helga coming or going in her Lancia; but for some reason, I never did. Still, weird as it sounds, I derived considerable satisfaction from just living next door to the girl. And with the hole in my bedroom wall, I could almost imagine we were Pyramus and Thisbe.

However, there were also times when I thought about the other Ramsay sister, the one who had died—and then I became very morose and pessimistic. With all my heart, I wished I had never attempted that ill-fated burglary.

•

I was feeling melancholy in my Bay State Road apartment when the phone rang and I ran to answer it. But there wasn't anybody on the line, which upset me. I don't like anonymous phone calls. Muttering oaths to myself, I went into the bathroom and checked the epoxy filler around the mirror. It was intact. My masterpiece was still safe. Even though I couldn't sell the painting, I didn't want some itinerant thief filching it on me.

I ate a fast lunch, washed the dishes and left the apartment to deliver a wicker suitcase filled with things for a client. As I started down the stairs, I heard unusually heavy footsteps on a lower landing—and they were accompanied by a lot of loud, swinish grunting. Curious, I glanced over the banister. Coming up toward me was Tyrone Crabtree. Turning at once and walking on my toes, I went back to the fifth floor; but there wasn't sufficient time for me to regain my apartment before the ex–football player arrived, so I stealthily ascended to the next landing, which happened to be the one that led to the roof.

There I waited, listening. The footsteps came to a halt and my door buzzer droned long and peevishly. Naturally, there was no answer. Deep silence prevailed. Eventually, this was shattered by three knocks that sounded like a wrecker's iron ball pounding a frame house. They didn't induce a response, either, however.

"I know you're inside," an oddly gentle voice said in an undertone.

Straining my ears to catch these words, I suddenly became conscious of a noise closer to hand. Apparently, the swinging of the suitcase had activated the Donald Duck alarm clock in my suitcase, for now it was diligently ticking away. To me, it was very audible. I could only hope that the yeti on the floor below wouldn't notice it.

A second lengthy buzz occurred and the gentle voice spoke again. "I want to talk to you, mister," it said. "Why don't you unlock the door?"

No, thanks, I thought. I only converse with members of my own species.

For another few minutes, Tyrone buzzed and banged, but he was finally forced to accept defeat. As he started to trudge back down the stairs, I resumed breathing. It was at this critical juncture that the alarm on the Donald Duck clock went off.

What could I do? How does one cope with a jangling alarm clock in a wicker suitcase? There was no swift method of getting at it—and even if there had been, it wouldn't have helped. My visitor wasn't deaf. He had heard the racket and, feet clomping, was already on his way to investigate.

I unlatched the roof door and pushed against it. The damned thing wouldn't budge. Desperate, I hit it with my shoulder. It moved a quarter of an inch, but that was all. I never got a chance to make a third attempt, because, by then, Tyrone had materialized at the top of the stairs like a baleful, bullethead genie, fresh out of his bottle.

The man was massive. Though probably a size 20, his shirt failed by an inch to encircle his elephantine neck. Under the narrow knot of his tie, it gaped vulgarly. The jacket he wore didn't fit, either. Its sleeves were three inches too short, so that his thick red wrists extended well beyond the cuffs. As for his face, he could have played Frankenstein's monster without make-up. All they would have had to do was comb his hair down onto his forehead.

While we were looking each other over, the treacherous alarm ceased pealing. Tyrone seemed to take this for a signal, because he lunged at me, grabbed my arm and twisted it behind my back. The suitcase clattered to the floor. I was spun around like a mannequin. He then clutched the scruff of my neck, lifted me half off my feet and kicked the door open. Before I knew what was happening, we were out on the roof.

"Listen," I croaked. "Why are you mad at me, Tyrone? I only repossessed my own money. I didn't steal anything. It was my dough."

"You shouldn't have done it, anyway," he said mildly. "Momma got very excited."

"Well, older folks always get upset easily. That's how they are. I didn't mean to cause your mother trouble. But let's go see her, Tyrone, and I'll apologize."

"Can't. Not now, mister. Momma had a stroke that day. Two weeks later, she passed on—and it was all your fault, for taking the money."

My internal organs began to ice up like airplane wings in a blizzard.

"Passed on?" I squawked. "How awful! I'm so sorry. It wasn't my fault, though, Tyrone. We didn't even have an argument—just a calm discussion. Ask your aunt Lydia. I was perfectly polite—and your mother behaved like a real lady."

We stopped abruptly. My captor turned me around and stared into my eyes. "She was a real lady, wasn't she?" he said in a tender tone.

"Definitely. A true aristocrat—genteel, refined, a woman of quality," I babbled, doing my best to sound sincere. "And nowadays, you rarely meet people of that caliber. You were lucky to have such a wonderful mother, Tyrone."

I studied his grotesque mug for some sign of compassion, but deciphering the expression of a Frankenstein was no easy task. While I was thinking this, I remembered Barney Slocum's mentioning Frankenstein the night he brought me the news of Guilfoyle's mugging. Yes. He had said that Guilfoyle told the police the man who attacked him looked like Frankenstein. And Hogan had been thrown out a window.

Pieces of an appalling mosaic commenced to click into place in my agitated

(continued on page 224)

"He's a crazy scientist and guess what he's crazy about."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ASSETS IN THE HOLE

The expression tapping a keg takes on new implications when applied to the 15-gallon beer barrels that Millard Lieberam (Box 111, Freeman, Missouri 64746) is selling for $110 apiece. Each of the barrels has been converted for use as a sort of underground hidey hole; any object that will fit through a six-inch opening can be stashed in the buried stainless-steel barrel that's been tested for leaks at 50 psi. Burial instructions accompany each order, plus you get a T-handled pipe for unsealing your cache—if you can still find it.

PILLOW TALK

Any company with the name Soft Por Corn can't be all bad, and when that company makes highly erotic satin pillows in four styles—the symbol of Pompeii (below), The Spread, The Star (it ain't the Star of David) and The Tongue—how can you go wrong? The pillows go for $21.50 each, postpaid, sent to Soft Por Corn at 51 Bond Street, New York City 10012. You won't want to get out of bed.

JAILHOUSE LOCK!

If you're as much of an admirer of massive, polished-brass *objets* as we are, check this: The Napoleon Gallery at 535 St. Louis Street in New Orleans has two-and-one-half-pound solid-brass padlocks measuring 5″ x 3″ x 1⅜″ and engraved with BOMBAY JAIL, WINE CELLAR or BRIG for $36.50 each, postpaid. Brass hasps (vertical or horizontal) are $18.75 each. Even Houdini would dig them.

MOVING WORDS

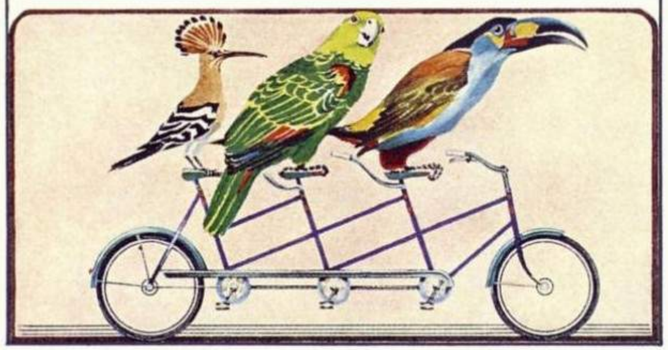
Wish you could really communicate with kamikaze taxi drivers instead of just flipping them the bird? Get yourself a set of Take That! cards; six colorful 8½″ x 11″ signs that say in huge black letters, UP YOURS!, NICE SIGNAL!, BAD DRIVING!, YIELD DAMMIT!, MOVE OVER!, HURRY UP! The price for a set is $3.50 postpaid sent to Take That!, P.O. Box 1326, Plano, Texas 75074. Well, up yours, too, fella!

PINCH HIT!

No, the pinchers at right aren't some kind of bizarre tit tong being manufactured by a kinky bondage company. They're part of a physical-fitness kit that's available for $6.45 postpaid from Dr. H., Company, P.O. Box 4004, Santa Clara, California 95054. What the physique meter here does is aid you in measuring your fat content, using skin folds on several parts of your bod. Of course, you *could* introduce it at your next party to promote group fun and games—but we wouldn't suggest that, would we?

EVERY ACT AN ANIMAL ACT

We've heard of bicycles built for two, but now comes George Feirfeil, an 82-year-old gentleman residing at 5708 Buffalo Avenue in Van Nuys, California, who specializes in custom-creating miniature devices for trained animals and birds. George's prices are around $200 and up, depending on how complicated the design is. Roller skates for your penguin? No problem. Let George do it.

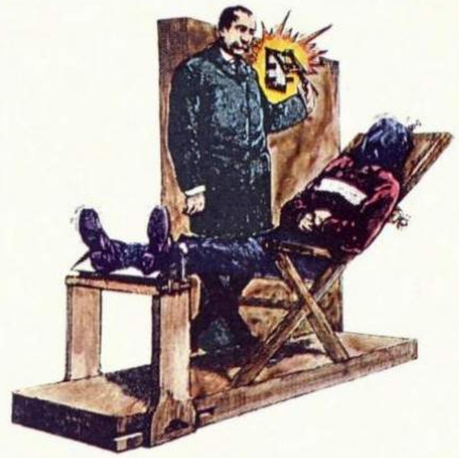


GAMBLING ON THE GREEN

Fledgling gamblers will be pleased to learn about a small company in Seattle called Washington Educational Gaming Service (P.O. Box 15654, Wedgewood Station 98115). It offers night courses in blackjack, craps, roulette and baccarat at $25 for four two-hour sessions—plus a variety of field trips to Las Vegas. (Six days, five nights from Seattle is $270 with room.) Can't make it? Send for an $8.50 book, *Gambling for Entertainment.* Maybe you'll break even.

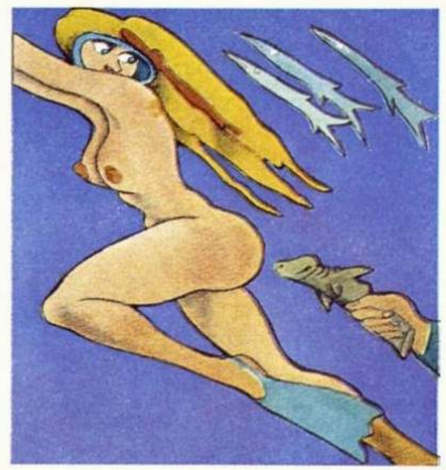
DOING DIRTY DEEDS

Calling all chickens: Is there some chore you can't deal with, like giving a speech, attending a funeral or visiting your mother-in-law? Well, a guy named Yuri Schwebler has formed a Washington, D.C., company called Dirtyworks, Inc., that specializes in doing all the unpleasant things that you hate—for a hefty fee, of course. Call Yuri at 202-234-4637 (patience, friends, it's not always answered) and tell him your problem. By now, he's heard everything.



JAW BONE!

For the girl who has always fantasized about making it with a fish, K. R. Enterprises (P.O. Box 636, Main Office, San Francisco 94101) is offering a whopper of a shark-shaped dildo for $10 that, it claims, "jaws up a wonderful orgasm." Need we add that it has a whale of a dorsal fin, plus a couple of cute little side flippers? In fact, you might say it gives the nautical expression deep six a whole new meaning.



Bric-a-Brac Man

(continued from page 220)

mind. I grew limp with terror. Only Tyrone's support prevented me from collapsing in a heap.

"You're just trying to get on my good side," he declared, "but it won't work, mister. I'm not a dummy, you know."

With that, he tightened his grip on my neck and proceeded to frog-march me to the edge of the roof. I pleaded with him eloquently, using phrases so charged with pathos that they would have melted the heart of Caligula or Gilles de Rais. On Tyrone Crabtree, though, they had no effect at all.

Despite my frantic struggling, we drew nearer and nearer to the low parapet that marked the end of the building.

"Off you go," said the psychopath behind me, as if he were commenting on the weather.

I opened my mouth wide and bellowed as loud as I could. The pressure on my spine suddenly ceased. He wasn't pushing me anymore. Then the hand on my neck loosened its hold—and, since this gave me fuller use of my vocal cords, I produced another yell even louder than the first. Immediately, my arm was released. Thinking he was backing up for a final shove—a shove that would send me plunging to oblivion—I dropped to my knees on the gravel-covered roof. Seconds passed and nothing happened. Fearfully, I twisted around to discover what the demented bastard was doing and saw to my astonishment that he was running away from me. Eyes starting from his head and face as pale as tapioca, Tyrone raced toward the door. In another moment, he disappeared from view and I was alone.

How my salvation had come about, I simply couldn't comprehend. Had my shouting scared him off? It hardly seemed possible.

"A miracle," I gasped, dazed with relief.

I crawled to a television antenna and, using it for support, got to my feet again. No sooner had I accomplished this arduous task than a fuzzy gray kitten came prancing out from behind a nearby chimney. Tail high, it paraded past me.

"Cats . . . cats . . . cats," I stammered, suddenly remembering. "Cats. He's afraid of cats."

"Meow," the kitten purred, showing a tiny pink mouth.

When I staggered back to the hall, the gruesome Tyrone was fortunately nowhere in sight. Retrieving the wicker suitcase, I gained the safety of my apartment without further incident. There, behind a double-locked door, I poured myself a tumbler of sherry with fingers that vibrated like rubber snakes.

One aspect of the matter was crystal-clear—Hogan Guilfoyle had been deliberately murdered, and a very large share of the responsibility was mine. Tyrone had done it, believing he was the person who'd caused his mother's seizure and death—when, in fact, I was the actual culprit.

Then, when Lydia spotted me at the McDonald's in Needham that day, Tyrone realized his mistake. I suppose he copied my license number and obtained my address by calling the registry and pretending to be a cop—a well-known ploy among shady characters.

Poor Hogan! Defenestration. I began to feel ill. After hearing Mrs. Crabtree's vivid account of her husband's violent end, I should've recognized Guilfoyle's "accident" for what it really was. Perhaps I had subconsciously refused to see it, because of my own share in the crime—my own flagrant guilt.

"Why had I ever pulled that cheap trick on him?" I asked the empty room. "For the chance to hustle him out of a few dollars, I destroyed the man."

The Ramsay girl, and now Hogan. I was going through life like the Black Death.

Needless to say, from that day on, I was extremely uneasy. I actually considered buying a cat. However, the idea was impractical, because, though the animal might protect me in the apartment, it wouldn't be of any help if I were jumped in the hall. No doubt, I could have carried one around with me day and night in a pet satchel, but that, too, seemed an unsatisfactory solution.

The following Saturday, I drove past my house and noticed a bulky figure in a doorway. I couldn't be certain the figure belonged to Tyrone, but it looked disagreeably familiar. Without slowing down, I turned the corner and went back to Commonwealth Avenue.

Mrs. Dunlap, when I told her I'd be keeping the basement apartment a while longer, seemed delighted.

•

As I was taking some stuff out of the station wagon in the alley one Friday evening, Helga Ramsay drove up.

"Are you moving, Arnold?" she asked, when she emerged from her sports car.

"No, no. These are just some accessories I got for my apartment," I said, ecstatic at seeing her again. "How's the Lancia running?"

"Perfectly. I haven't had any problems since you told me what I was doing wrong. I ought to buy you a drink one day."

"I can be ready in two minutes, Helga," I answered.

She laughed melodiously. "I can't do

"Oh, dear! My ben-wa balls!"

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it this very moment. I can't, honestly. My sister and I are addressing Christmas cards tonight—and there are scads of them."

"What about tomorrow, then?"

"All right—but in the afternoon. I'll be downtown. We could meet at the Hurlingham Pub, if you know where it is."

"I know it well," I said, though I'd never heard of the place. "What time?"

"Four-thirty, Arnold?"

"Four-thirty," I affirmed.

She waved at me with her fingers like a child, then turned and walked to the Gloucester Street end of the alley. She had a dignified, almost prim gait, yet it couldn't for a moment conceal the intrinsic sensuality of her slender body.

•

From the Yellow Pages, I learned that the Hurlingham Pub was on Tremont Place near Beacon, and at 4:20 the next day, arrayed in belled jeans and my $80 Donegal tweed jacket, I sauntered into the establishment—which was neither large nor particularly posh.

Helga had already arrived and was seated in a booth at the back, a nearly empty glass in her hand.

"You're early," she said.

"Had I known you were here, I would have been earlier still," I replied, sitting across from her.

"Gallantry. My, how nice it is to hear such chivalrous patter," she said, giving me a brief smile. "I'm drinking Campari and soda. What will you have?"

"I guess I'll have a bourbon and water."

"Goodness' sake—my father always drank that. He came from Kentucky. You're not from Kentucky, are you?"

"No, Helga," I said, greedily looking her over.

"He was in the Navy and designed submarines. The Government gave him medals. We traveled all around the world—Spain, Scotland, Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines."

"It must've been an exciting life."

She shrugged and finished what was in her glass. Then, signaling to a stout waiter in a red waistcoat, she ordered the bourbon for me and another Campari for herself. I had the impression she had been drinking there for a while. Her speech was infinitesimally fuzzy.

"My mother thought bourbon was terribly plebeian," she said. "Scotch and brandy, though, she considered chic. That's how Mother was. Elegance loomed large in her scheme of things. It really did. My sisters and I, for instance, always had to wear gloves—summer and winter. I owned stacks of them. They were mostly kid—white, black, gray, seal brown, beige, pale beige, rosy beige. And we had to know when to take them off or keep them on, too. Ladies remove their gloves to eat but not to shake hands. Were you aware of that, Arnold?"

"No," I said. "Never had a chance to cultivate those mysteries, Helga."

"Lucky lad. You haven't missed much. Elegance can be a thorn in the flesh. 'Don't wear slacks; they're vulgar. Don't wear earrings with sunglasses: it's cheap-looking. Don't wear shoes that have wedge heels or ankle straps; they're quite unflattering.'" The girl laughed. "There were hundreds of rules. What we did wear—perpetually, it seemed—were plain dark dresses and funny hats. I often thought about all the animals—kids, calves, alligators, ostriches—that had died to make my gloves, handbags and shoes. My sister Marta said I was morbid. She's dead now herself, poor Marta—killed by a burglar, not long ago. As a neighbor, you probably know the story."

"Yes," I answered guardedly. "A dreadful business."

"I shot at him—the burglar—with my father's gun, but I missed. He had a stocking over his face. I don't understand how I could've missed him. He was only a few feet away. It was like a bad dream."

Hearing her speak so matter-of-factly about those events, I longed to question her—to try to find out what really had happened—but, of course, I didn't dare.

The waiter returned with the drinks and she insisted on paying for them. Then, raising her glass, she toasted my mechanical ingenuity. While we drank, I subjected her to another intense appraisal. The clothes she had on now certainly weren't plain and dark. She wore a blue-velvet jacket and skirt—very modish—and a silk blouse the color of peach ice cream. I liked the blouse especially. The depth of the neckline gave me palpitations. I could've spent the rest of my life sitting there across from her.

She asked me what business I was in and I said I sold costume jewelry to retail stores.

Putting her elbow on the table and resting her chin in her hand, she declared in a dreamy voice, "I bet you're good at it. Perhaps someday you'll be a diamond merchant, Arnold. Perhaps you'll work in Amsterdam or Hatton Garden or at Cartier's in New York. I think I'll pretend you're a diamond merchant."

"Why, Helga?"

"It's fun, that's why. I enjoy fantasies. I enjoy imagining the men I'm with are superultraextraordinary."

"Very well," I said. "If it gives you pleasure, I'll be a diamond merchant at Cartier's—though I understand it's a difficult job."

"Honestly? I can't believe that. Handling diamonds all day long sounds like heaven on earth. My sister Ulla had an exquisite lavaliere that came from Cartier's. I used to love to touch it. She probably has it yet, because Ulla dotes on memories. Only this morning, she was reminiscing at breakfast. She went on and on—about Rota. That's a place in southwestern Spain where we lived for a year in an 18-room villa. Ulla adored that house. So did Mother. The servants were what she liked. We had quite a crowd of them. To Mother, servants were in the same category as hats—things that were good for the old morale."

"It must have been fairly comfortable," I remarked wryly. "Didn't you enjoy living there?"

"Oh, yes. I'm as fond of luxury as anyone. Why shouldn't I be, Arnold? The world's built on quicksand, and money is the only lifeline. Not that I have much at the moment. When Mother died, she bequeathed every cent to Ulla—and all the stocks, bonds and property, too. Quite a blow. She even got the rights to my father's inventions. Marta and I were transformed from heiresses to poor relations in the twinkling of an eye. Yes, the world is built on quicksand. I know."

"You won't get an argument from me," I answered. "My life's contained a few disappointments, also. Seems as if every time I reach for the gold ring, I fall off the merry-go-round. But why did your mother leave the whole estate to just the one daughter?"

"Because of the accident at New London. The accident was the beginning of all our misfortunes, I guess. It served her right, though. She never could keep her hands still. Always had to touch things, like a baby." Helga paused, stirred her Campari with a plastic polo mallet, drank a mouthful and licked her nether lip. Frowning slightly, she resumed speaking. "You see, there was this big ceremony at the submarine base—I forget what for—and this captain invited the family out for a ride in his boat. At the time, I was only 11, but I'd been on subs before and I knew it would be boring. Ulla was 16 and Marta was 14.

"I don't recall the name of the boat. It was a fleet type, though—an older model. My father and the skipper traded jokes about some of its outdated equipment. While the rest of us were being given a tour of the living quarters, sly Ulla sneaked off with a young lieutenant. Weeks later, at the inquiry, the lieutenant—his name was Davis—testified that Ulla had unlocked a valve on a manifold in the control room. She was fooling around—skylarking—but this manifold was the wrong thing to fool with. It regulated the compressed air that forced the water out of the ballast tanks. When Ulla turned the valve, she released this pressure directly into the control room. Davis tried to push her aside, but he wasn't quick enough. The air hit her in the face and stripped the flesh away. She lost everything below her eyes."

"Good God!"

"Yes—hideous, isn't it? Air seems so insubstantial. You wouldn't think it could do that, would you? But it blew Ulla's face right off—faster than you could blow the fluff from a dandelion head. They covered her with a gray towel, I remember.

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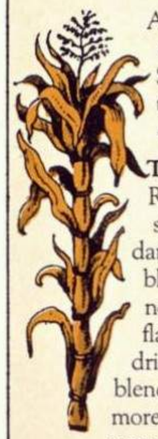
RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.



Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum.
Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise.
Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

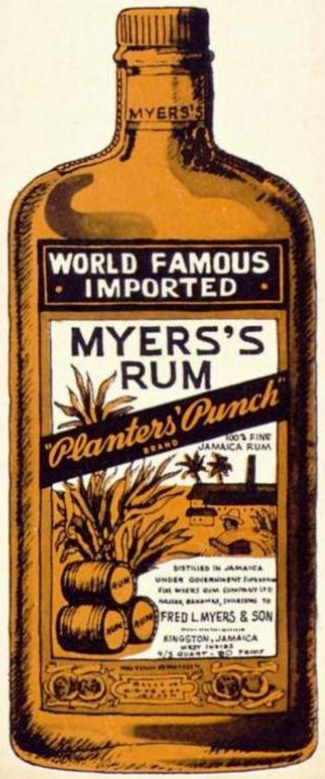
More revelations.
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact.
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola:
Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.
Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.
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The blood kept dripping through it, though, onto her lace dress. With the streaks of red and white, she was like a repulsive piece of peppermint candy. That's the image that stayed in my mind.

"The worst of it was she'd been so beautiful—much prettier than Marta or me. It might have been better for everyone if she'd died then. The plastic surgeons did their best, but there was very little to work with. When she came home from the hospital, she was wearing a veil. She's worn it ever since—even in bed. And, to make Ulla feel less conspicuous when we went out, Mother insisted Marta and I wear veils, too. Father and Mother always pampered Ulla outrageously, which is why she got the money—about two million dollars, it amounted to."

Helga finished her drink and beckoned to the stout waiter. I had to gulp my bourbon to keep from falling behind.

"How stupid of me to do nothing but chatter of personal affairs," she said. "My family's sad history makes for miserable conversation. Let's talk about you now, Arnold. Tell me what you did today—what costume jewelry you sold. I'm tired of my own problems. Let's hear some of yours."

"Today I didn't have any problems, Helga. I was happy as a bird in spring, knowing I was going to meet you later."

"You're a good salesman," she said. "I can see that."

For an hour more, we sat there, drinking and joking. Toward the end, I moved over to her side of the booth and fondled her a little. She felt as good as she looked—even better, if that was possible. At six, we left and drove back to the alley in her mustard-colored automobile. There, for another 20 minutes, we kissed and cuddled. I wanted desperately to invite her into the efficiency apartment, but it was such a crumby place I hated to do so. At last, she said she had to go in. I told her I'd phone her the next day.

"No, no. Don't do that, Arnold," she retorted. "My sister gets angry if men call me at the house—and she listens on her extension, too. We'll run into each other now and then. Don't worry."

And that's how it was. For the rest of the night, I sat in the rock-maple armchair and dreamed with my eyes open. I didn't even eat dinner.

•

I never seemed to get a chance to repair the brick wall, and I often worried about it. Business was booming and I just didn't have any spare time. With Christmas approaching, everybody was buying. I made $1000 clear on a primitive painting I got from Al Crawford in Sudbury and sold to Milton Kaub on Charles Street. I netted another $600 on a fantastic pair of camphorwood chests that I bought from Nick Segilli.

Leaving a client's apartment one afternoon, I nearly collided with a stocky, round-shouldered fellow in a camel's-hair coat, who then grinned at me in an amiable way.

"Good afternoon, *señor*," he said forthrightly.

His nut-brown features were familiar, but for the moment, I couldn't place them.

"It's me, Mr. Hopkins," he exclaimed. "Me—Xochimilco. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes—of course," I replied. "How are you doing?"

"Excellent, *señor*. And you? Are you fine?"

"Couldn't be better, Xochimilco. Tell me, is the Devil still going strong?"

"Ah!" he breathed, rolling his dark eyes and adopting a sorrowful expression. "My master is not going strong at all, Mr. Hopkins. He is most sick. Only two weeks ago, they came and took him to the hospital for observations, and after that, they locked him up in a sanitarium for crazy people."

"Is that so?" I asked, concealing my satisfaction at the news with some difficulty.

"Oh, yes—I would never lie about such a serious tragedy," said the servant, though now he didn't look as grief-stricken as he had before. A glint of merriment had crept into his eyes. "The morning after Advent is when it happened. God's ways are mysterious, Mr. Hopkins—are they not? My master awakened with a nasty headache—and because of this, he was in a bad temper. Then, as I was serving lunch, he threw a chair out the window—a big chair, made of iron and leather. It only missed a lady on the street by that much." He held his hands a foot apart and smiled happily. "And when the police officers came to the door, my master hit one with the pepper-and-mushroom omelet and the other with a bottle of Asti Spumante. After they closed the steel bracelets on his wrists, there was little he could do except scream. Now *señor*, I live with my cousin, Anselmo, and his fat sister, Maria Carmen."

"Sorry to hear it," I said, returning his smile. "Perhaps you're better off, though. Working for a man as unpredictable as the Devil could ruin your own health, Xochimilco."

"You are right, Mr. Hopkins. But it is sad, because when my master was young, he was as normal as you or me. It was at a *fiesta* for the Blessed Virgin that his mind became crazy. Don Roberto, his father, was the one who destroyed the unfortunate man. They had a most terrible fight. This happened, you see, in Mexico—in Querétaro. A very powerful person was Don Roberto de Merendaro y Alcalá, with arms like a wood chopper's. He threw my master, Don Felix Jeronimo, out the window of the hacienda, in the same way Don Felix threw out the iron chair. But it was not so far to the ground. Don Felix landed exactly in the middle of the fire that the peons had lit for the roasting of the lambs, and though he broke no bones, this was the beginning of his funny ideas. That night, he decided he was the Devil, here on earth. He thought that God had thrown him into hell, because his own father had thrown him into the fire. It was a very disturbing thing for everybody, *señor*. They put him in a hospital in Monterrey for six-seven months, but when he came home again, he was still the Devil, like before. And he started buying souls. All the money he spent! Lucky for him he was rich. What will happen now, I do not know. I saw my master last week and for one whole hour, he complained to me about the chair in his room. He said he could not sit on it, because of his tail. The doctors told me they do not know how to cure him. He will be the Devil until the day he dies, I think."

"Until he dies?" I asked. "Who knows? Maybe God will let him continue to play the Devil even after he arrives in heaven—if heaven is where he goes, that is."

Xochimilco made a droll grimace, winked, shrugged his round shoulders and replied, "As you say, Mr. Hopkins—who knows? And maybe I will be his servant there, too. But in the meantime, I must hurry to the Braden Cafeteria on Boylston Street, where for eighty-four dollars a week I fix sandwiches and chicken salads. Goodbye, *señor*. Take care of yourself."

"*Adios*, Xochimilco," I said, as the chubby little man performed a half bow before turning and scampering away.

•

Helga was leaning against the door of her Lancia in the alley when I got home that evening.

"It's been more than two weeks," she said. "Have you been hiding, Arnold?"

"Hiding from you? Never!" I protested. "If you hadn't forbidden me to call, I would have phoned every day."

"I've stared out the window, hour after hour, hoping to catch sight of you," she said, her voice petulant.

"And I've done the same, Helga—believe me," I replied. "But no matter—we're together now."

I went to the girl and took her in my arms, and for the next several minutes, we stayed there in the shadows, kissing and nuzzling each other. She wore a curious perfume—chypre or patchouli or essence of opium—which stimulated my ardor almost to the point of delirium.

At last, she placed her fingers across my lips and said, "Listen, diamond merchant—come to the house tonight, after Ulla goes to bed. We can slip into my room and have a drink or two. She won't disturb us, because she uses secobarbital and sleeps straight through to morning. Can you do that?"

"Sure," I said eagerly. "What time?"

"Midnight. Knock softly on the front

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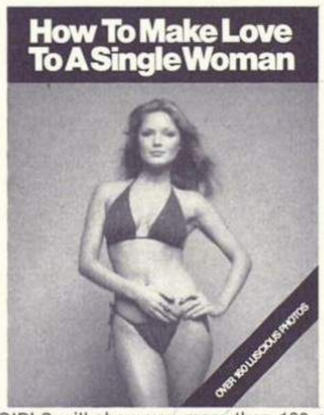

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door. Don't ring the bell. You won't be late, will you?"

"No fear, Helga. Midnight and I will arrive at the same time—even if it's raining sharp stones and broken bottles," I answered emphatically.

She laughed. We exchanged a final feverish embrace and then separated—she to go down the alley toward Gloucester Street, and I to enter my murky basement.

Was I in love? I don't know. Helga was so beautiful, she hardly seemed real. Being with her was more like a dream than anything else.

I tried to cook my dinner that night, but I only succeeded in metamorphosing a large hamburger into a small charcoal briquette. My mind was adrift in an undulant ocean of enchanting fantasies. The one care I had was the passage of time. As though bent on driving me insane, the clock on my mantel refused to function in a reasonable manner. It ticked rapidly enough, but the hands hardly moved. Six-forty-five endured for 20 minutes, at least, and 7:15 lasted an hour.

Unable to stand it any longer, I dressed in a green-striped sport shirt and my snuff-brown flannel suit and got out of there.

At five to nine, I was dawdling over a sirloin steak in a restaurant on Massachusetts Avenue. By ten, I was at the Marengo Bar on Newbury Street, sipping Old Grand-Dad and wondering why my wrist watch lingered so long at each little mark between the numbers. Anticipation was making me slightly manic. I couldn't even sit still on a barstool. At 11, I left the Marengo and went for a walk. I ended my wandering at 20 to 12 on the Commonwealth Avenue mall, on the very same bench I had occupied that day I'd first seen Helga with her sisters. Fortune's wheel seemed to have come full circle.

Yellow light shone through the half-open draperies of the center window of the Ramsay parlor. Despite the snow, I could see into the room. It looked much as it had on the night of my disastrous incursion, except that now there was a tall shadowy form in the window bay. I puzzled over this for a minute before recognizing it as a Christmas tree. Since the holiday wasn't due for several days, it struck me as a bit premature.

Hands deep in my pockets, I stared fixedly at the window. In the end, my perseverance was rewarded. Helga entered the room. Immediately, as though I'd been jabbed with a syringe of adrenaline, my heartbeat accelerated.

From a side table, she picked something up, hung it on the tree and stepped back to appraise the result. Evidently displeased, she quickly detached it and placed it a few inches higher. It was a charming, homey scene.

But out on the bench where I was huddled, conditions weren't quite so snug and cozy. The icy wind slashed my face. My ears and toes caused me pain. I turned up my collar and flapped my arms and stamped my feet, yet I remained chilled to the bone. And when I consulted my watch, I found to my dismay that I had been sitting there only five minutes. How can I survive another quarter of an hour? I asked myself. I'll be stiff and blue.

Surveying the rest of the windows of 548 Commonwealth, I saw they were all dark. No lighted chinks showed anywhere.

A moment later, I got up, shook the snow from my coat and dashed across the street. Helga must have spied me climbing the front steps, because the instant I tapped on the door, it was opened.

"You're too early," she whispered, vexation gleaming in her indigo eyes.

"Does it matter? It's only fifteen minutes," I said, compelling my frozen face to smile. "But if you want me to return to my park bench——"

"No. Come along—but be quiet, for goodness' sake."

Drawing me into the hall by an arm, she shut the door carefully. I took off my topcoat and hung it on a carved oak hatrack. Then she took me into the parlor.

"Why did you come so early, Arnold?" she asked.

Instead of an answer, I gave her a kiss.

"Your lips are like ice," she said, wriggling out of my arms.

"It's a cold night, Helga—and I've been waiting and waiting."

Her expression softened. "All right," she said, "but keep your voice low or you'll spoil everything. Sit somewhere. In a little while, when I'm sure she's asleep, I'll get you a whiskey."

I dropped into one of the hairy-paw-foot Chippendale chairs, crossed my legs and rubbed my hands together. After the mall, the room was like an oven. It was easy to see why. In the fireplace, five or six substantial logs were burning brightly.

Helga resumed decking the evergreen, which was a real monster. Around its base were boxes of Christmas balls and tinsel, and it was from these that she worked.

I followed her with my eyes and as she straightened up, a queer look came over her face. Then I heard a rustling noise and turned my head to see what had caused it. In the doorway to the vestibule, a slender figure stood. It had to be the sister, if only because her features were hidden by a thick veil.

Tilting her head slightly, she said in a stern voice, "I suspected it, and now I know it. Father warned us you were untrustworthy. I saw this man arrive because I kept a vigil. All day it's been obvious that you were up to something."

"Why must you spy?" Helga asked, frowning. "Why can't you leave me alone? Arnold will stay only an hour, I promise. Go back to bed and let me enjoy a little privacy."

The woman at the door, who was clad entirely in black, laughed harshly, puffing the veil out with her breath. "Do you think I'm an idiot, Helga?" she said. "I recognize your Arnold. He's the one I described to the police—the burglar you claimed to have shot at. If he takes a single step toward me, I'll run into the street, screaming. I've known right along that it couldn't have happened without your connivance. Nobody could have opened the cellar door from the outside. You left it unbolted for him."

"Don't talk nonsense," Helga answered sharply, her cheeks flushing. "I hardly know Arnold. He's someone I just met."

"He's your accomplice, that's who he is," said Ulla. "Why did you do it? For the money? When you acted cruel and nasty years ago, Father told us you had a criminal streak, but we didn't really believe him. Even now, it's hard to accept and impossible to understand. Helga, how could you hire this . . . this thug to murder your own sister?"

Events were moving much too fast for me. "What is all this? I've never set foot in this house before tonight," I said. "What is she talking about?"

"Don't get alarmed," Helga replied. "My sister is sick. Her mind is warped. From morning till night, she sits in her

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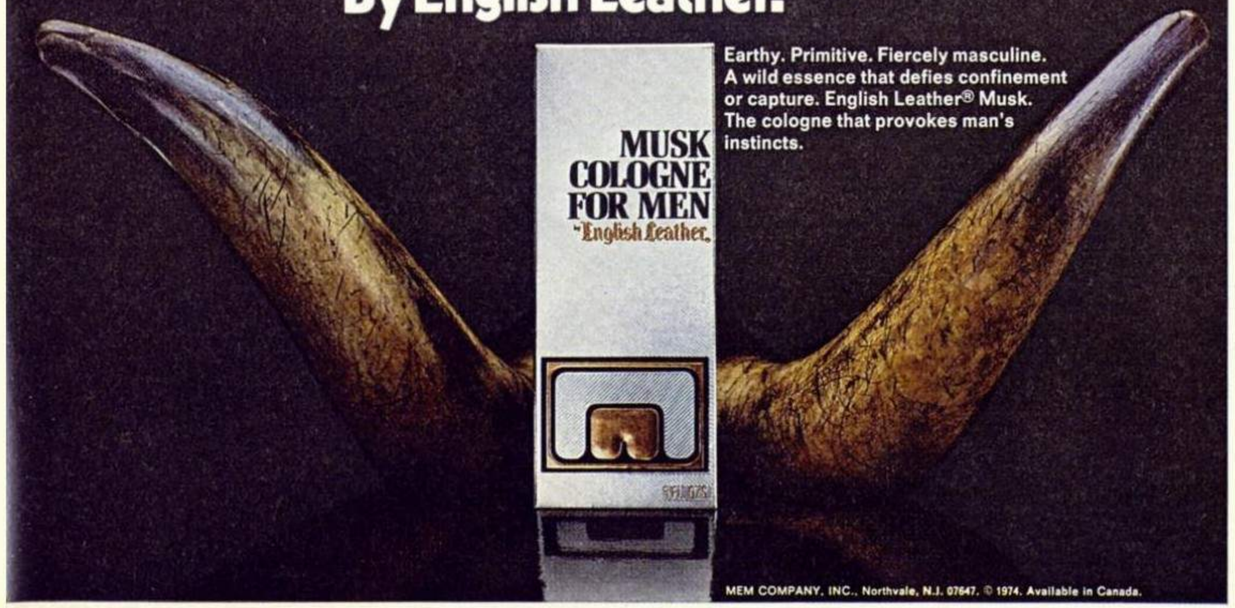

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room and imagines she's threatened by unknown enemies."

"My mind isn't warped, but yours is. It's you who's mad," the somber apparition declared scornfully. "You let him in to strangle poor Marta. I know. I saw him standing over her. If I hadn't fled and locked my door, he would have killed me as well. I suppose that's why he's here tonight, to finish the job—but he's not going to get the opportunity. I'm not asleep, the way Marta was."

"Why are you saying these things?" I blurted out. "I don't know you and you don't know me. You're making an awful mistake."

"Oh, am I?" Ulla retorted, backing away. "Well, we can settle it easily enough, can't we? I'll phone the police and have them drop by."

"No, don't phone," said Helga quietly. "Don't, Ulla."

For a full five seconds, both of them stood there as motionless as bronze statues—then the older sister whirled around and started for the vestibule, the skirt of her bombazine gown flaring like a bullfighter's cape.

At once, Helga rushed forward. She raised her arm and brought it down sharply. As it descended, I saw a pair of pruning shears in her hand. There was a sickening thump and the veiled woman pitched sideways onto the floor. In the silence that followed, I could hear her gasping painfully. Helga stooped and prepared to strike a second blow.

"Stop!" I shouted, leaping from my chair and grabbing her by the wrist. "What are you doing?"

The girl turned and glared at me, her eyes like blue embers. She then opened her mouth wide and screamed shrilly. Startled, I released her hand. Without a moment's hesitation, she swung the shears in a short arc, hitting me on the head just above my left ear.

Sparks and spangles blossomed in my skull. I tottered back, tripped over the chair leg and fell on my rump. Bemused, I wondered why she had struck me. It seemed so silly. I could vaguely perceive Ulla a couple of yards away, crawling on her hands and knees. A crimson smudge stained the top of her veil. Helga had gone to the Boulle table and was tugging at the drawer.

I shook my head and closed my eyes tightly, hoping to clarify my vision. When I reopened them, Helga was pointing a gun at me—the same nickel-plated revolver I'd seen in the dusky mirror the night of the abortive robbery. I tried to speak, but my vocal cords weren't working any better than the rest of me. At last, I succeeded in uttering a single word. "Why?" I croaked.

She smiled a delicate, mischievous smile and answered, "Someone has to take the

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Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get

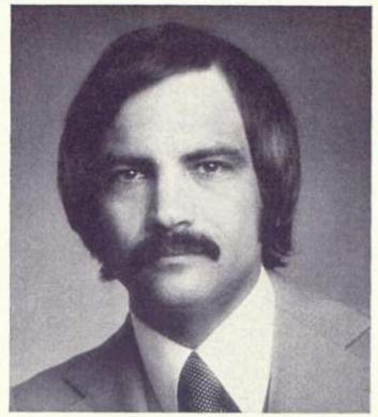
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

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blame, diamond merchant."

No sooner had this enigmatic remark left her mouth than there was a peculiar swishing noise at the front of the room. Helga's glance veered in that direction and her beautiful face suddenly became apprehensive.

"You'll drag it down!" she cried. "Let go of it!"

I looked around and saw the giant Christmas tree leaning over dangerously, its ornaments swaying. Ulla, in attempting to regain her feet, had seized a limb and upset its balance. The evergreen started to topple—falling slowly, as though unwilling to be hurried. Still sprawled on the floor, I rolled and scrambled to get out of its path. It landed with a good deal of clatter and the lamp was instantly extinguished. However, the parlor wasn't plunged into total darkness, because of the light from the fireplace. By this, I could still see Helga. The tree's limbs had pinned her against the wall and she appeared stunned.

"Arnold!" she called. "Where are you?"

My groping hands located the Chippendale chair, and with its aid, I managed to stand erect. Unsure of what to do next, I stared across at the girl. The gun was no longer visible, yet that didn't prove it wasn't there.

"Help me!" she said in a tremulous tone.

I took a tentative step forward and, as I did, became conscious of an ominous crackling sound.

"Help me!" she repeated, more loudly than before. "I wasn't going to shoot you—honestly. Pull it away, please. It's burning."

"God!" I exclaimed, aghast.

The tree lay across the hearthstone, and Helga, because she'd been interrupted by her sister's unexpected entrance, hadn't replaced the brass screen. Now the tips of the biggest branches were igniting and sending a trickle of pearly smoke up into the air.

I clutched a thick bough and yanked on it with all my strength. It moved easily, but only because it was bending. The tree itself didn't budge.

"Quick! Get it away!" Helga implored pitiably, as she tried sidling along the wall to reach the safety of the door.

At that instant, however, the crackling changed into an angry drone, and through the green density of pine needles, I saw a flicker of light. Then there was a great whoosh and the whole tree exploded in orange flame.

I recoiled involuntarily. Helga vanished. Where she had been standing a second earlier, there was now a shimmering curtain of fire. Its brilliance almost blinded me and its searing heat drove me back, step by step.

"Helga! Helga!" I cried—but in the roaring tumult, I couldn't even hear my own voice.

The room and its contents—mirrors, paintings, the beehive clock, the credenza, the snuff bottles in their fancy cabinet—all were limned in the garish light.

Suddenly, off to my left, a blazing figure appeared. It might have been a political effigy that a rabid demonstrator had put to the torch—except it was alive. Into the center of the parlor it came, staggering and stumbling, until its progress was blocked by the harpsichord. For a few seconds it wavered there, then it raised its incandescent arms, as though in supplication, and plunged writhing to the floor.

"Ulla," I whispered, stupefied by the sight.

What could I have done to help the woman? Nothing. She was doomed. Had I attempted to smother those flames, both of us would have perished. And to embrace a column of fire demanded a courage I simply didn't possess, in any case.

I looked away. Everywhere, little explosions were occurring. The damask drapes on the windows had become surging fountains of saffron fire. The teapoy flared up and fell to pieces. Gleaming tentacles engulfed the chair-back settee, while tongues of scarlet flame avidly licked the girandoles and oil paintings on the blistering walls. Even the distant end of the room was now alight.

"Run!" I yelled, addressing myself. "Run, run!"

But the route to the vestibule was completely barred by the inferno. Despair began gnawing at my small reserve of confidence. I was on the edge of panic. Unless I got out of there immediately, I knew I'd be cremated—roasted alive like Helga and Ulla.

It was then that I remembered the door to the narrow hall—the hall I had used the night of the burglary. I spun around and, through the billows of slate-gray smoke, dashed to where I thought it was. For once, my luck held. My outstretched hands touched the portieres. Sweeping them aside, I fled into the dark corridor. Seconds later, I tore the basement door open and bounded down the stairs.

While in the basement, I heard—or imagined I heard—heavy footsteps on the floor above my head. Was there someone else up there? I wondered. Was I being chased?

Frantic, I peered through the gloom and spied an oblong of pale light—the alley window. Using this as a reference, I hurried forward, found the back door, threw the bolt and pulled violently on the knob. But it wouldn't open. It had been locked with a key and the key wasn't in the keyhole. Nor were the windows of any use to me, either, because of the iron bars.

I commenced to feel faint. Curlicues of smoke were seeping down from the ceiling like the advance scouts of a ghostly army, and I could again distinguish the deep rumblings of the flames. At any minute, the parlor floor might collapse on top of me, I realized. There was no time to lose.

Banging into a variety of shadowy hard obstacles and shouting curses to prevent my nerves from disintegrating altogether, I struggled toward the game room. There, just visible in the feeble glow from the street lamp, was the sheet of plywood behind which safety lay. From my wallet I got a credit card, slid it into the crack and undid the two hooks. The panel swung open—but what happened after that, I can't recall. Evidently, I had one of my amnesia attacks.

•

I have no idea how much time elapsed while I was blacked out, but it couldn't have been more than a few minutes. Awareness came to me gradually. I was sobbing and moaning. It was dark. I was stretched out on the kitchen floor. In the distance, the sirens and horns of approaching fire engines were howling and barking. My nostrils were filled with the acrid stench of burned pine resin. It came from my hands, my clothes, my hair. Even the warm tears that trickled down my face seemed to exude this pungent odor.

Nearer and nearer, the engines drew—wailing, screeching, hooting. It sounded as if there were hundreds of them. I pressed my hot forehead against the cold linoleum and went on weeping. Out in the alley, there were bursts of excited shouting.

Then the apparatus arrived and the uproar increased. Air brakes hissed, powerful engines growled and coughed, gears shifted gratingly, pumps began to throb.

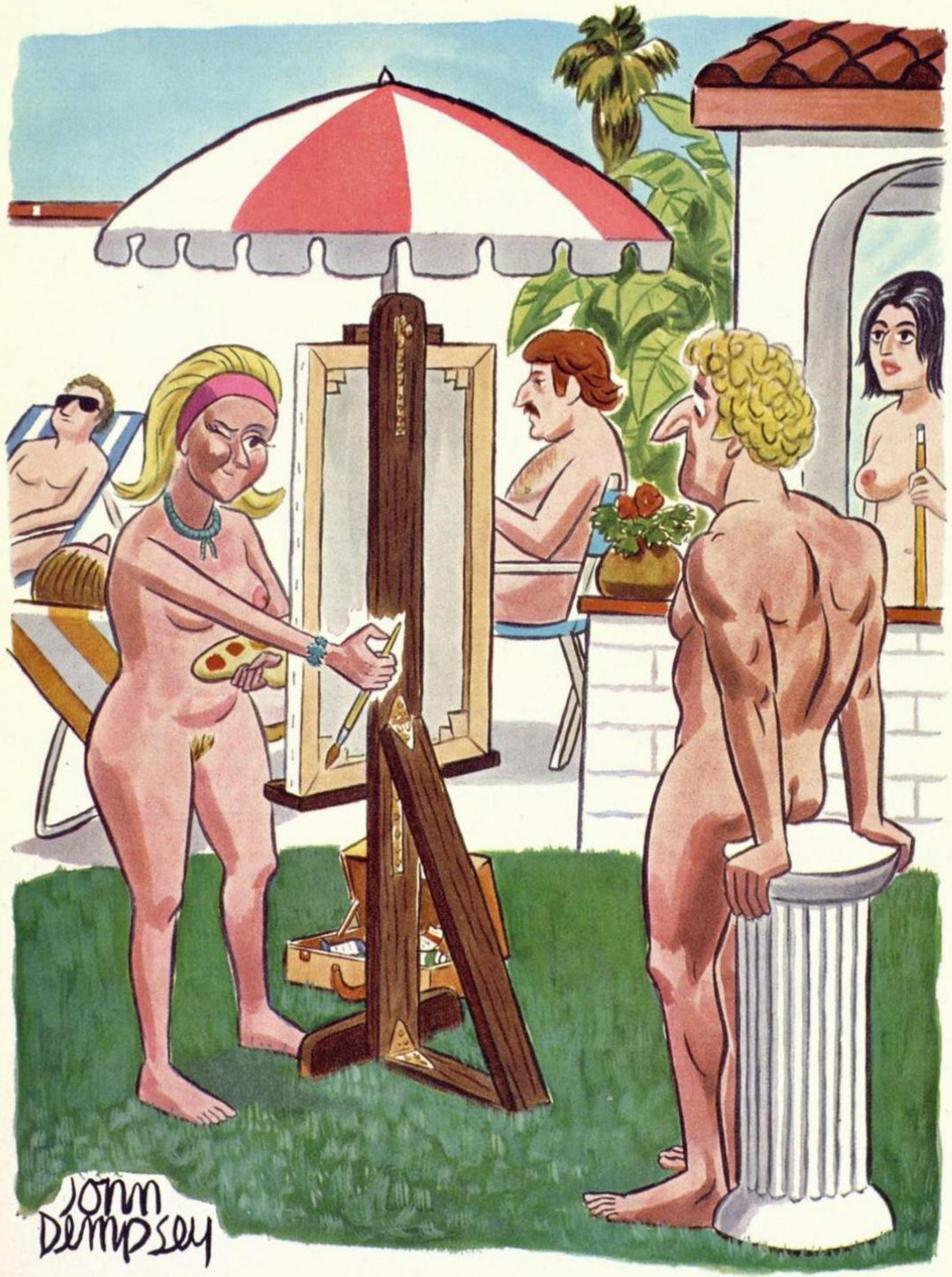
A searchlight swept past the window, illuminating the kitchen for an instant. I sat up, sighed wearily and then got to my feet.

"Did I close the panel?" I asked the darkness.

Shuffling like an old man, I went into the bedroom. The section of wainscoting was hanging by a single screw. I must have kicked it open. On my knees, I crept to the far end of the tunnel, feeling around with my hands. The blanket was fixed securely in place and, beneath it, the piece of plywood was shut and hooked. I backed out. From my tool chest I got a screwdriver and, with it, refastened the wainscoting.

"Not my fault," I said miserably. "An accident. What could I do? They were burned to cinders. Helga invited me there. I didn't break in—not this time. But she had the pistol and tried to shoot me again. They were crazy, the two of them. I had no chance to save their lives, though. Impossible. The tree went up in seconds. A grisly accident. What could I do? I was lucky to escape myself."

In the alley, someone was yelling commands through a bullhorn. I pushed myself from the chair, went to the kitchen window and peeked between the burlap



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curtains. At first, it appeared that the houses opposite were on fire, too, but then I realized the lurid glare in their windows was only a reflection of the holocaust next door.

Huge red trucks crowded the narrow lane. Firemen in helmets, rubber coats and high boots were everywhere. The restless gleam of the fire threw an eerie cast over the whole scene.

"Have to clean up," I murmured. "If they come and question me, I'll have to say I was sleeping. I'll pretend total ignorance. Any other course would be dangerous."

Undressing as I went, I hurried to the bathroom. A glance in the mirror showed me an anxious face, black with soot that was streaked by tears. I filled the basin and washed thoroughly, scrubbing my grimy hands with a nailbrush. Then, returning to the bedroom, I put on pajamas and lit the lamp. My nerves were steadier but far from calm.

As I was mussing the sheets and blankets to make the bed look slept in, there was an urgent knock at the door. I opened it at once and was confronted by Mrs. Dunlap in tubular curlers, a kimono and a chinchilla coat. Her myopic eyes appeared ready to pop out of their sockets.

"We have to evacuate," she exclaimed, without salutation. "They insist we move to the next building—to five-forty-four. They say the roof might catch fire, and if that happens, I don't know what I'll do. My insurance won't cover the loss—never. Miss Wentworth-Smith told me the walls in her room are sizzling hot. It's dreadful. But I'm glad you're awake, Mr. Hopkins. I almost forgot you were down here. Wear a coat, all righty? If five-forty-four is threatened, I suppose they'll make us go out into the blizzard."

While the landlady continued to chatter wildly, I got my shoes back on and donned a raincoat—the only coat I had left. I then turned the light off and the two of us trudged upstairs.

In the foyer, firemen were wandering about, creating new designs on the old carpets with their dirty boots. Rita, the maid, could be seen hustling a flock of guests down a hall toward the adjoining building. It was fortunate the place consisted of two separate structures. If it hadn't, they would have needed a fleet of ambulances to transfer all those doddering women to safety. I went out to the street.

Roiling smoke obscured the façade of the Ramsay house, yet through this pall, I could see flames spurting from the third-floor windows. I watched, mesmerized. Aloft on the aerial ladders, red-faced firemen poured streams of silvery water into the seething openings. Their efforts were apparently having an effect. Brief glimpses of the lower part of the building showed me that the blaze was virtually extinguished there. The spacious

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high-ceilinged parlor, so exquisite only an hour earlier, was now a black smoldering cavern. All the lovely objects were gone—reduced to lumps of molten metal or glass and mounds of sodden ashes.

Beside me, a man in an astrakhan hat remarked conversationally, "They found two bodies in the place. Couple of women. An awful way to go, isn't it?"

I shuddered and made no reply.

•

The fire never did spread to Mrs. Dunlap's property; but even so, none of us got any sleep that night.

Near noon, dog-tired, I went downstairs to bed, where I slept like a man in a coma for six solid hours. Yet when I woke up, I felt awful. Back between the sheets I crawled.

At midnight, I awakened again. My head was alive with ugly images and strange forebodings. Utterly convinced that a veiled figure was lurking by the chest of drawers, I lay quivering on the lumpy mattress for what seemed an hour. Of course, when I eventually summoned the courage to switch on the lamp, I saw nothing—no gloating specters, no gibbering fiends. Nevertheless, it took a long while for me to get back to sleep.

The whole of the following day, I remained in bed, though there were many things I should have been attending to. More important than any business appointments was the necessity to repair the brick wall behind the wainscoting. Once the workmen started clearing the debris next door, they were sure to uncover the hole—and when they did, I would be in big trouble.

But I was too weak to sit up in bed, let alone undertake manual labor. I had a raging fever—probably contracted the night of the disaster, while I was standing in the snowstorm in my flimsy raincoat. One minute I'd be flushed and burning and the next I'd be chilled to the marrow of my bones. Mentally I wasn't right, either, because my mood alternated between unpleasant extremes—such as apathy and terror.

By evening, I was a little better, though, and after ten hours of sleep that night, I woke up feeling almost well again. Listening to the radio, I learned it was the 24th of December—Christmas Eve.

At 12:30, Rita knocked on my door and announced that there was a gentleman to see me.

Who could it be? I wondered, instantly frightened. A gentleman? In a blue uniform, perhaps. But cops seldom traveled alone. They usually came in pairs—like famine and plague, or fear and loathing.

With considerable reluctance, I opened the door. There, in a form-fitting gray-serge overcoat that even a Spanish diplomat might have envied, was Maurice Fitzjames.

"Hello," he said.

I released a pent-up breath and mumbled a greeting. Then I thanked the maid, showed my guest into the living room and shut the door tightly.

"How did you find me?" I asked. "I never told you I was here."

"No, you didn't. Thanks a lot," he answered, unbuttoning his coat and sitting in an armchair. "After phoning that other place about a hundred times and never catching you in, I finally concluded you were hiding because you owed somebody a bundle of money."

"But how did you know I was here, Maurice?"

"I didn't—not for certain. I took a gamble. Back when we were planning the job, you mentioned the owner of this house was a friend of yours—and you said she rented furnished rooms. So I gave it a try. It doesn't cost anything to knock on a front door and ask a couple of questions. Hey—are you in debt to the Mafia, Arnold? Is that why you're living in this snake pit? Or did you move here to take another whack at the gold mine next door—without bothering to consult me, your partner?"

"On your way in, partner, did you happen to notice that gold mine?" I asked him.

"Yes, I noticed it—and I read a newspaper story about it, also. It ruined my day," he retorted sulkily. "All that treasure—gone up in smoke. I begged you to go in there a second time, but you wouldn't do it, would you? You let yourself be scared off. Now it's too late."

"That was a spooky house, Maurice. I think it had a hoodoo on it."

"Hoodoo, hell! You blew a perfect setup. And then that girl getting strangled, however it happened, really put whipped cream and a cherry on the whole mess. We should have cleared ten to fifteen grand apiece."

"I know—it's a very sad story," I said. "But I've heard it from you before. Don't let it become an obsession."

He removed his sunglasses and eyed me speculatively. "Of course, the operation wasn't a complete failure," he commented. "You did bag the painting."

I sat wearily on the couch and leaned my head back against a cushion. "That's right," I said.

"You still have it, don't you?" he inquired.

I nodded.

"Here?" he asked.

"No, Maurice. Is that why you came? I suppose with the last two Ramsay sisters dead, you've decided it's safe to peddle that picture—and safe to be associated with me again."

He smiled, his eyes like decimal points, then shrugged. "You have to admit, Arnold, it does remove some of the risks. But why be bitter? The fact is I've established contact with a dealer in Dublin—a nice, discreet man who does business with other nice, discreet people in various parts of the world. He offered to help us out."

"Very kind of him," I said dryly. "How much does his help amount to—in dollars and cents?"

"He'll pay five thousand—twenty-five

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hundred for you, twenty-five hundred for me."

"You must think I'm mentally deficient. Twenty-five-hundred dollars," I said in disgust. "This man's a dealer? What does he deal in—rags and bottles? The painting is valued at more than a hundred thousand. If he sells it for only a third of that price, he's still robbing us blind. Listen, the last time we discussed this—the time you didn't want to know me—I was asking ten grand. Now, because the risks have diminished, I want fifteen."

"Oh, come on, Arnold! Be reasonable," my cousin exclaimed, jiggling his sunglasses in annoyance. "Five thousand is good money for an item as hot as that painting is. The guy can't move it freely. He can't show it to auctioneers or museums or fancy galleries or rich collectors. He has to peddle it from under his coat. I thought you'd be happy. I thought I was bringing you glad tidings for Christmas. The painting's valuable only if you've got an outlet. To you personally, it's worthless—worse than worthless. If you get caught with it in your possession, the judge will send you up for fifty years. So what do you say? Twenty-five hundred. It's money for moonbeams."

"Fifteen thousand," I repeated stolidly. "And that's for me alone, Maurice. Your share will be whatever you can hustle over the fifteen."

He stood. "I won't argue. I know when I'm licked," he said resignedly. "Hey—get me a glass of water, will you? I've talked myself dry—and you never offer a person a drink or anything."

"This isn't the Holiday Inn," I told him, but I got up and went out to the kitchen.

When I returned, he was buttoning his gray-serge coat and contemplating the Modigliani reproduction with obvious distaste. After drinking the water, he set the glass on the coffee table, asked me to keep in touch and then departed. I was happy to see him go.

•

It's true what psychiatrists preach about the unconscious mind. It does continue to labor while the rest of you is busy grappling with other problems. Mine must have been churning furiously, because the minute I lay down to take a nap, I was assailed by a host of ideas. Instead of sleeping, therefore, I carried on a gloomy conversation with myself like a character in an Elizabethan tragedy.

What produced this cerebral activity? I suppose it was Maurice's mentioning the oil painting and the bungled burglary. Not that I hadn't done a great deal of pondering and soul-searching about the Ramsays already—I had, indeed—yet rational explanations still eluded me. When I told my cousin I thought the house had a jinx on it, I was serious. But perhaps the eerie aura that seemed to fill those huge, magnificent rooms belonged less to the house itself than to the people who lived in it.

Why had Helga invited me there that night? Was it really for an evening of romance? Is that why she resented Ulla's unexpected appearance? Or were Helga's plans more sinister? The revolver had been surprisingly handy. And hitting Ulla with the shears—that was a drastic reaction to an intrusion. Unaccountable behavior. If I hadn't stopped her from striking again, she might have killed her sister before my eyes. And she had clouted me, too. I still had a bump over my ear.

Rolling to a new position on my wretched bed, I made an effort to switch off the soliloquy. It failed. The questions kept forming faster than ever. Was Helga a homicidal maniac? Why had she shot at me the night of the burglary? I'd begged her not to, yet she had pulled the trigger. Given those circumstances, was that a normal reaction? I didn't think it could be. Beautiful as the girl had been, she must have had a loose cog somewhere. That afternoon in the pub, her manner had appeared a trifle quirky—all that talk about her family. It was as if she'd been offering me an explanation—but an explanation of what? And afterward, I didn't see her for a couple of weeks. Peculiar. Then, out of the blue, came that urgent invitation. Why? What was Ulla's role in the charade? She really did think I strangled Marta. Was it true? Maybe. Maybe the Ramsays were sane and I was the lunatic. Maybe, in some way, I'd been responsible for the fire, too, and had contrived a cover story to placate my conscience.

And recently, I'd been part of a lot of strange goings on. Tyrone Crabtree had tried to kill me—and so had the Julians, when I was on the gangplank. Poor Hogan Guilfoyle had died because of my treachery. Then there was the Devil. And Wilfred Sloan, dropping dead at the wheel of his Lincoln 12 hours before he was due to pay me $7000.

Faster and faster, I paced the floor. My brain seemed ready to boil over. What were the answers to all these questions? If I wasn't crazy yet, it was only a matter of time before I would be.

At this crucial point in my frenzied cogitations, a ray of light suddenly penetrated the murky mists that surrounded me. Up from my unconscious came a vital recollection—a scrap of hard, tangible evidence. How could Ulla have seen me strangle Marta? How could she have seen me in Marta's bedroom? Throughout the burglary, I had worn that awful stocking mask—and it was absolutely inconceivable that I would have removed it, murdered the girl and pulled it back on again. Even a madman wouldn't have behaved quite as erratically as that.

I had to talk to somebody. The logical person was Barney, and the sooner I spoke to him, the better.

I put my shoes on and donned a sweater, my jacket and the raincoat; but when I looked for my keys, they weren't on the table by the door or in any of my pockets. Almost immediately, I realized where they had gone. Maurice. He was the only person who could have taken them. But what did he want with my keys?

Then I remembered the painting—and his casual question, "Do you have it here?"

"The bastard's gone to Bay State Road!" I wailed. "And he'll tear the place apart until he finds it."

Without keys, I couldn't even use my car. I had to grab a taxi. Though there was slush on the streets, we made good time. At stop lights, the driver stared at me in his rearview mirror, because I was mumbling to myself like a loony. As we halted in front of my house, I noticed a bunch of people on the corner. Fresh presentiments rushed into my brain, mingling with those that were there already.

"What now?" I whispered.

I overpaid the cabby and hurried toward the crowd. A police car was parked by the curb, its radio croaking staccato messages. As I drew near, I saw a trickle of blood in a crack in the sidewalk. It ran from the center of the mob to the base of a fire hydrant, where it formed a small, scarlet puddle. Before going on, I paused and gulped some air. Then a bystander left, and through the resulting gap, I glimpsed Maurice sprawled on the pavement. He was in his shirt sleeves and his torso looked unnaturally flat. His eyes were wide-open, but it was obvious from his crushed skull that he wasn't seeing anything. The expression on his rigid face was one of resentment. I gulped more air.

"Both dead?" a man to my right asked in a hushed voice.

"Sure," another man replied. "They must've died the instant they hit the ground. Five stories, they dropped. That ain't the same as falling off a barstool."

I elbowed my way forward, craning my neck to see. A dozen feet from where Maurice lay, Tyrone Crabtree was stretched out on his back. Rosettes of splattered blood made a red wreath around his hulking body. His bullethead was caved in on one side, so that it resembled a large, partially deflated ball. Flowing sluggishly from his nostrils down to his chin was a crooked, glistening rivulet of gore.

"The big guy tried to burgle an apartment up there and the small guy caught him," a woman behind me declared. "There was a battle and the two of them went through the window."

I could see Mr. Chernyshevski, the building superintendent, talking to a stocky policeman, who was scribbling in a notebook. Then my eyes returned to Maurice and I spotted what I hadn't spotted before. Beneath my cousin's outflung left arm was the little oil painting.

My legs began to tremble. I lowered my head, raised my coat collar and started backing out of the crowd.

•

I headed for Barney Slocum's.

"How you doing, Arnold?" he said. "You look upset about something. Can I get you a drink?"

"A drink—yes. That's what I need," I answered gratefully, dropping exhausted into an easy chair.

He went out of the room, and when he returned, he had a bottle of Courvoisier and two snifters. As soon as he stopped pouring, I drank. It was powerful stuff and seemed to help my nerves.

"Maurice is dead," I announced.

"Maurice Fitzjames?" he asked, looking at me sharply.

"Yes. He's dead, Barney."

"But I was talking to him only yesterday in Brookline. I sold him an Imari bowl," Barney said in a shocked tone.

"I hope you got paid, because if you didn't, you're out of luck," I said.

"He gave me cash. When did it happen?"

"Just this afternoon."

Then, after another sip of brandy, I told him the whole story from the very beginning. The words gushed from my mouth like soda water from a spigot—my cousin's proposition, the Ramsay house and the three sisters, how I rented the basement apartment and broke through the wall, how I sneaked in and took the painting and how I almost got shot but managed to escape in the dark.

Barney grimaced, licked his lips and said, "A girl got strangled on that job. I read about it in the *Record*."

"True," I answered promptly. "I wasn't the party responsible, though. For a while, I thought I might have killed her without remembering it—during one of my fits of amnesia—but now I'm convinced it never happened that way."

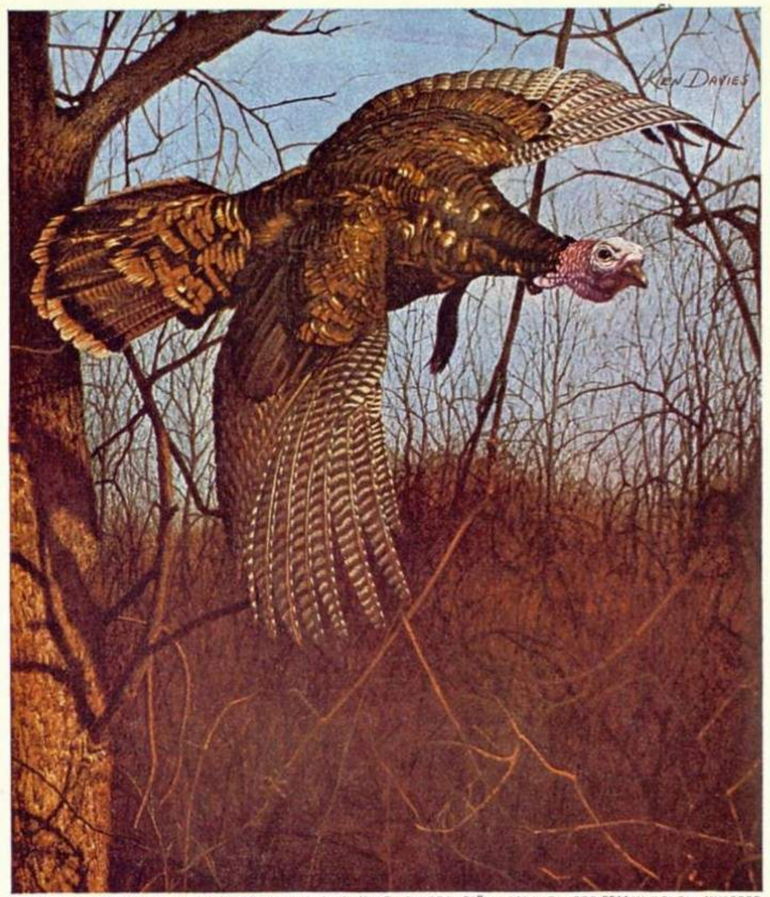
"So who did it, then?"

"I don't know, Barn—I don't know. The Ramsays were weird people and they were rich—two million dollars rich. When the parents died, the oldest sister inherited the entire estate and the younger girls were left with nothing. Money and murder aren't exactly strangers to each other in this world."

I went on with my narrative, relating the circumstances of my meeting Helga in the alley, of our date at the pub and of our second encounter and her ardent invitation to the house. Then I described the mad sequence of events after my arrival and gave a vivid account of the fire and the incineration of the sisters.

"Jesus!" Barney said, tugging nervously on his black beard.

Next, I explained how I had caught cold standing in the snow, how Maurice had visited me and how he had stolen my keys. At that point, I had to introduce the Crabtrees. I told of the intercepted phone call at Guilfoyle's, of the old lady's



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slick attempt to swindle me and of my life-and-death struggle with Tyrone on the rooftop.

"Jesus!" Barney repeated, his eyes wide.

"There's more," I said, and proceeded to give him a fast résumé of the gruesome scene I'd just witnessed on Bay State Road.

After I finished, neither of us spoke for at least a minute. I drank my brandy while Barney sat down on a turquoise-brocade upholstered chair and shook his head like a man who'd been hit with a blackjack. Eventually, he moaned a couple of times and then remarked, "You're in a real hornet's-nest situation, Arnold. It's practically a debacle."

"A debacle? It's the end of the world," I said. "Maurice dashed over to my apartment to snatch that oil painting, but he was caught by Tyrone, who thought he was me. The two of them fought and went out the window together. I imagine Maurice pulled one of his karate tricks at the last moment—something that caused Tyrone to lose his balance. Considering what a monster the crazy bastard was, that's the only explanation. And my cousin probably had the painting in his hand when he was attacked. And when the cops identify the painting, they're going to want to talk to me. Only I'm not going to be available. I'm heading for Texas or California or western Canada. The trouble is, Barney, all my money is in the bank in New Hampshire, and tomorrow's Christmas. I can't go back to the basement apartment, so for a day or two, I need a place to hole up."

"You can stay here," said Barney. "You can use my wife's room, because she's in Nassau for the holidays. Anyhow, Arnold, you can't get your funds out of that bank—never in a million years. The police aren't feeble-minded, you know. If you try drawing money out of your account, the Boston dicks will be waiting for you. No, it's better you don't make any sudden, irrational movements like that. I want to help you, but naturally, I don't want to get nailed for harboring a fugitive or for being an accessory."

"Thanks, Barney. I appreciate your kindness. Still, I can't remain here forever. I've got to get out while the getting's good."

Stroking his beard like a Biblical patriarch, he said, "Play it cool. Hopefully, we'll find a viable solution. Arnold, that photo in the *Record*—when I saw it, it gave me a jolt."

"Helga's picture? Why?" I asked.

"Because she looked familiar. Faces as pretty as that you don't forget easy. I remembered seeing her a week earlier with a guy I knew, at Suffolk Downs. The two of them were acting very lovey-dovey that day; otherwise, I might've gone over and said hello. It was the first time I ever saw anybody feeling up a woman at the five-dollar window. Usually, horse players are too busy for such extracurricular activities. The guy, by the way, was Maurice Fitzjames."

"You saw my cousin with Helga?"

"Right—with the doll who tried to shoot you. A funny coincidence, ain't it? And after I read the story under the picture, it didn't take me long to dope out that you were probably the burglar in the case. For a month, Maurice had been questioning me—wanting to know your capabilities in that line of work—and though I wasn't keen on your doing jobs for him, I had to admit you were a first-class operator."

"Maurice with Helga," I said, stunned. "The bastard."

"So those were my conclusions," Barney went on smugly. "But I was mystified, also. Why should that girl get strangled? And why should Maurice's friend fire a gun at you? Knowing what a nonviolent type you are, none of it made much sense."

"Let me think. I had some suspicions, only they were too vague. Let me think, Barney. Let me think."

"Go ahead. The whole enterprise gave off an aroma. It had to be phony—a fancy scam Maurice was working. I guessed it was an insurance swindle him and this ritzy broad were conspiring on—because of the very valuable painting—and that it went haywire somewhere. Whatever the gimmick was, though, it smelled putrid—and very hazardous, too."

I clutched my head in both hands. "Maurice and Helga," I muttered. "Sure—and Ulla thought it was me."

"You're white as a sheet," said Barney, getting up to pour more Courvoisier in my glass. "I figured you didn't know what you were involved in, Arnold. You're a different caliber of guy from your cousin—and always have been. I don't want to knock a dead man, but he had an inclination to be ruthless—if you get what I mean."

"Barney, they planned it together," I said, as the puzzle pieces clicked into place. "They planned it and cast me as the scapegoat. Do you understand? The night of the fire, Helga told me I had to take the blame and that was why she was going to shoot me."

"The blame for what? The robbery? How would that be profitable to them? If you're laying there dead, they couldn't say you stole anything, could they?"

"No, but the whole robbery was only a blind. Maurice set me up. He got me to break into the house—and, while I was there, he intended to murder the other two sisters."

Barney's eyes registered bewilderment. "For what reason, exactly?" he asked.

"Money, money, money. Can't you see? If Helga was the sole survivor, she'd inherit the family fortune—and then she and Maurice could get married and live happily ever after."

"Jesus, what a finagler!"

"Yes, except he muffed it," I said with satisfaction. "The oldest sister escaped and locked herself in her room, which left them with the job half done. She was the girl who claimed to have seen me strangle Marta, the one who died—but I was wearing a stocking mask. How could she identify me? The man she actually saw was Maurice. He did it, Barney. Maurice was in the house upstairs all the time I was wandering around downstairs. And Helga was downstairs, too—waiting for me with a loaded revolver. He kills the women and she kills me. Then he leaves and she phones the cops, who come and find an open-and-shut case of murder by an intruder who was shot dead by one of his intended victims. Beautiful. The dirty bastards. My own cousin—he tried to destroy me. And that was why he had to know the precise time I was sneaking into the house. We were like brothers—like twins—and he was sending me to be slaughtered."

"Very immoral and unscrupulous," said Barney reprovingly. "What happened afterward, though? They must have been pretty shook when you got away and they were left with a corpse on their hands."

"I bet they were. Under those circumstances, who wouldn't be? But you have to give them credit, because they didn't lose their heads. They brazened it out. Helga told the cops the originally

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planned story—that she fired at a burglar—and Ulla, the older sister, couldn't contradict it, since she had no way of knowing what was really going on. Still, she was suspicious, and said as much the night of the fire. No, Barney—the only worm in the apple was me. I knew a lot more than Ulla. But Cousin Maurice got around that difficulty by using some clever con. First, to put me on the defensive, he criticized my handling of the job. Then he raised the matter of my mental blackouts to throw a smoke screen around the murder and scare the hell out of me. For a couple of weeks, Maurice avoided me, not wanting to be implicated; but after things got quiet again, he tried to talk me into a second attempt on the house, so he and Helga could complete their treacherous enterprise. I wouldn't go for it, though."

"Yeah," said Barney, his forehead wrinkled in concentration. "And when he saw that, he executed the next logical movement. He told the girl to make a play for you—right?"

"Right. Like a dope, I fell for it, too. She said come to the house and come I did. Maurice must have been upstairs waiting, the same as before. Sure, sure. After the fire started and I was in the cellar, I heard those heavy footsteps on the floor above my head. It was him, running for his life. They figured to kill Ulla and me and have Helga tell the cops that I'd tried to rob the place a second time. She probably would have led them to the hole in the wall, too, because she and Maurice knew about it by then. If they hadn't known, he couldn't have found me so easily when he came looking for the oil painting. And the painting was his last chance to make a profit on the whole disastrous scheme."

I picked up the snifter and had another drink of brandy. Barney glanced at me uneasily.

"Ulla frustrated their second performance by being suspicious and staying awake, I suppose. My early arrival didn't help the plot, either. A tragedy of errors. That night, I couldn't grasp it all—couldn't understand why Ulla accused Helga of hiring me to commit the murder. Everything was jumbled in my mind. But Helga had screamed when I grabbed her arm, which must have been a signal to Maurice upstairs that complications had developed. Then the tree fell over . . . and the room dissolved in fire."

Suddenly, I was so fatigued I could scarcely sit erect. My eyelids were heavy, my arms and legs leaden. I slumped in the chair and asked feebly, "How could they do it to me, Barney? Did Maurice hate me—or did he think it was only another business deal?"

"Who can say, Arnold? Nobody. Human nature is a very unreliable thing," answered Barney sententiously. "Anyway, they're both dead now and you're still alive—so why worry about it?"

•

I slept restlessly for three hours, as dreams galloped through my brain. In one, I was standing before a building—a skyscraper—and people I knew kept tumbling out of the windows. Falling, they seemed frighteningly real, but when they hit the ground, they all shattered into glittering white fragments. Then I recognized that they were made of ivory—like netsukes.

At a quarter to seven in the evening, I went back downstairs and found Barney sitting alone in the kitchen, eating Chinese food. "You look better. Help yourself to some dinner," he said genially.

I joined him and began eating.

"While you were sleeping, I went to your apartment house to see what was happening," he said.

"Were the bodies still there?" I asked.

"Nah, but I saw blood on the sidewalk. The janitor was hosing it down. We had a conversation, him and me. I learned an interesting detail."

"What was that, Barney?"

"Well, I inquired as to who the victims were, and the man told me he only knew one of them—tenant of his named Arnold Hopkins."

"He thought Maurice was me?"

"Yeah. Why shouldn't he? After all, the stiff looks like Arnold Hopkins and it fell from Arnold Hopkins' window. He doesn't know Maurice, does he?"

"No," I replied, and shoveled a forkful of food into my mouth.

"So there you are," said Barney. "Afterward, I phoned the cops and asked a few innocent questions. I made believe I was a neighbor. Gave them a phony name. I asked how Arnold Hopkins was and could they tell me the hospital he was in. They told me Arnold Hopkins was dead on arrival."

"But that's crazy. What about his wallet—his driver's license and credit cards?"

"They mustn't have the wallet, Arnold. You mentioned he was lying on the ground in his shirt sleeves, didn't you? Yeah, you did—and that's a significant element, because Maurice always carried his billfold in his jacket. Remember? Without the jacket, the police got no identification—except the janitor. I figure Maurice took his jacket off while he was searching for the picture—took it off and draped it on a chair or hung it in the closet, maybe. The wallet must still be there."

I stopped eating. "Sooner or later, they'll discover their mistake," I said.

"How? The only person who can prove that cadaver isn't Arnold Hopkins is your dentist—and the cops have no reason whatever to check with him. Nah, they're certain it's you—which opens up some interesting avenues of possibility."

"It sure does," I replied thoughtfully. "If they think I'm dead, they won't be

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looking for me. I can leave without worrying and start a whole new life."

Barney Slocum gave me a sly, sidelong glance. "Why leave?" he asked.

"Because if I stay, someone will recognize me—that's why."

"Not if you become Maurice Fitzjames," he said.

"Are you kidding, Barney? No. No, thanks. I've had enough adventures to last me for a while. This isn't the movies. A masquerade like that would never work."

"I disagree, Arnold. If we formulate a careful plan of action, I'm positive you can bring it off. You just don't fully realize the close resemblance there is between you and your cousin. Believe me, it's uncanny."

"Your idea is uncanny," I declared. "You forget my nerves are all shot. I can't even get a decent night's sleep, so how am I going to cope with a complicated impersonation? The pressure would be tremendous."

"What pressure? What complications? Once you slip a pair of those wraparound sunglasses on, you'll be home free. This is a chance-of-a-lifetime situation."

"It isn't that simple, Barney," I protested. "There's the painting and the strangled girl to consider. Anyone associated with Arnold Hopkins is going to be interviewed by the homicide squad, and I couldn't stand up under a grilling."

"They won't bother you," said Barney confidently. "You and Maurice didn't do much business together. Anyhow, I'm pretty sure they don't even know the painting is stolen property yet. The cop on the phone wasn't interested in me at all—and he certainly would have been if he knew about Arnold Hopkins' connection with a murder and a stolen masterpiece. They don't know, and maybe they never will know. Besides you and those dead girls, who could identify that picture? Probably just a handful of relatives who live in St. Louis or Denver or someplace. To tell the truth, Arnold, it wouldn't surprise me if the painting weren't even in the cops' possession. A bystander might have glommed it. Or maybe it got left on the sidewalk and a little old lady picked it up and took it home to stick on her bureau. Funny incidents happen, you know."

I closed my eyes and tried to think. "One slip, Barney, and they'd have me cold. I'd be blamed for everything—all the way back to the Boston Massacre."

"You're too negative," he answered, pointing an egg roll at me. "What you should do is get those sunglasses, go to Berkeley Street and say you heard your cousin was killed. The police won't give you a hard time. They'll be glad if a next of kin takes the body off their hands."

"Why would I have to do that?" I asked, horrified at the prospect. "The minute I walk in, they'll notice the resemblance between us."

"No they won't. You'll be wearing a hat and a big woolly scarf, plus the dark glasses. Anyhow, what with one thing and another, Maurice ain't going to be in the best of condition, is he? As regard to why you have to do it, Arnold, it's because that way you can claim his belongings—especially the keys to his shop and his apartment. Probably your keys will be there, too, and if you get them, you give them to me and I'll dash over to Bay State Road and collect that jacket with his wallet—after which we'll have the entire operation stabilized. There's an acquaintance of mine who can copy signatures like a Xerox. With your face, cashing this guy's checks at Maurice's bank will be mere child's play. And the store in Brookline is a gold mine. I figure Maurice's stock alone will run fifty grand minimum. So what do you say? We could split the melon down the middle."

"It's a mouth-watering proposition," I admitted. "OK, Barn, I'll try it—but if things start going wrong, I'll be off like a shot."

"Don't worry. We'll do marvelous," he replied, caressing his black beard and grinning. "Nobody will get wise—ever. Right, Maurice?"

"Right," I said, not too confidently.

•

Wearing huge sunglasses and a wide-brimmed hat, I went to the city mortuary on Massachusetts Avenue the day after Christmas, identified my cousin's broken body as my own, arranged for his burial and returned to Barney's house on Joy Street with all the keys. No difficulties arose. That same morning, I got a four-dollar razor haircut on Tremont Street, while my coconspirator hustled over to Bay State Road and picked up the jacket and the wallet. My apartment was a shambles, Barney said—drawers dumped, furniture dismantled, upholstery slashed—but Maurice had fastidiously hung his coat in the hall closet.

In the afternoon, the two of us drove to Brookline and entered the dead man's five-room flat, where we found checkbooks, savings-bank passbooks, some municipal bonds and a satin-lined box of 19th Century Austrian gold ducats. That was three weeks ago. So far, we've realized close to $40,000 on these items, and we haven't cashed the bonds yet.

I've been running Maurice's store, too. In my stylish haircut, dark glasses and fashionable suits, I'm his mirror image. No one seems to suspect a thing. At first, I pretended to have a bad head cold and spoke rarely, but now my self-assurance is such that I'm able to act quite naturally. There have actually been moments when I felt I was Maurice Fitzjames—loony as that may sound.

Barney was right: the store is a gold mine. His share of the proceeds has been so good, he's seriously thinking of divorcing his rich wife and marrying a 22-year-old model he knows from Ipswich.

No mention of the oil painting appeared in any of the newspaper accounts of the deaths of Maurice and Tyrone. Probably, the cops didn't expect to find a valuable picture in that neighborhood and have tossed it away—just as Barney said they might. I haven't received any visits from them, either.

Nevertheless, I can't claim to be happy. Yesterday, I had an amnesia attack that lasted 25 minutes. I often smell smoke, too—burning pine needles. At night, when it happens, I leap out of bed in terror.

•

On Friday, as I was leaving a Brattle Street coffee shop, I saw the Devil and Xochimilco. They were strolling along in the winter sunshine. Merendaro, therefore, isn't in a sanitarium—and Xochimilco lied to me. I once read somewhere that devils speak the truth only when they're sure you won't believe them.

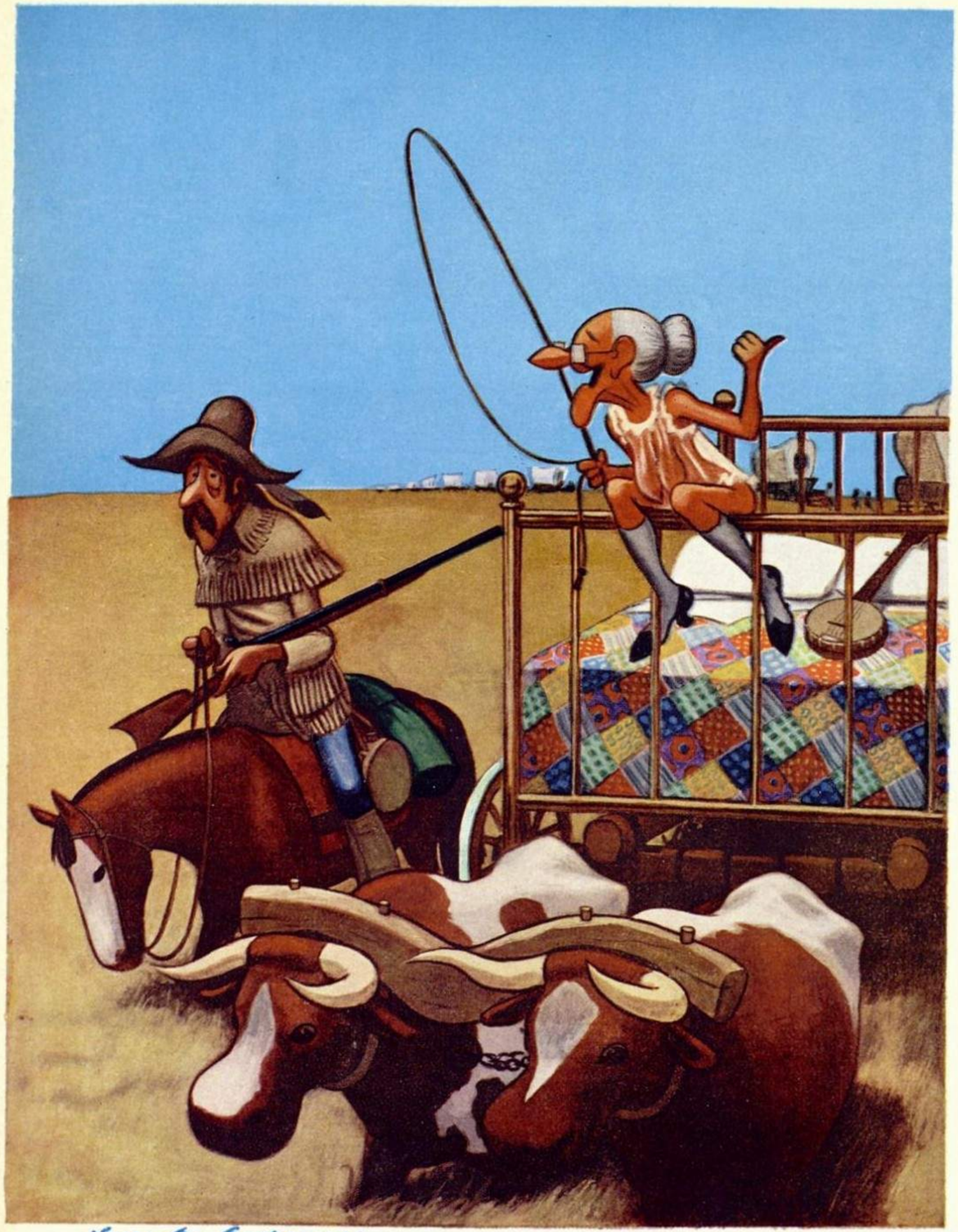
Is the Devil really the Devil? I wonder. Hogan Guilfoyle signed a contract with him—and, not long after, he died. Then I signed one, and what happened? I was shot at, almost thrown off a roof and narrowly missed being burned alive. Yes—and Maurice, my double, was killed.

There's also the case of Wilfred Sloan, the English Oriental dealer. When he bought my netsukes, he mentioned borrowing money from a crazy Latin American who refused repayment, which got him in trouble with the income-tax people. Could that Latin American be the Devil? I can't ask Sloan now. Like Guilfoyle, he's dead.

Perhaps none of these weird ideas would have occurred to me if I hadn't been present at that hellish fire on Commonwealth Avenue. Any aberrations I'm experiencing were born there. Why? Because when Ulla Ramsay came staggering toward me enveloped in flame, her burning veil disintegrated and I caught a glimpse of her face. Admittedly, I was befuddled with horror, and there was no shortage of smoke and glare for the creation of optical illusions, yet I'm absolutely certain the features I saw at that moment were those of Felix Merendaro—and he was smiling at me. Even now, I can conjure up in my mind that brown oval countenance with its blissful expression. While I live, I'm not likely ever to forget it, either.

Of course, it's still possible it wasn't the Mexican at all—that I'm really only insane. But if it was him, what can I do? Is the situation hopeless? Not necessarily. Maybe, like everybody else, he believes I'm dead. Or, barring that, maybe one day I'll come across a Jonathan Wild tea towel—the rarest and most precious kind—and the Devil and I can negotiate a whole new deal.

This is the conclusion of "The Bric-a-Brac Man."



"It's over two thousand miles to Californey—you've got to stop and rest sometime!"

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

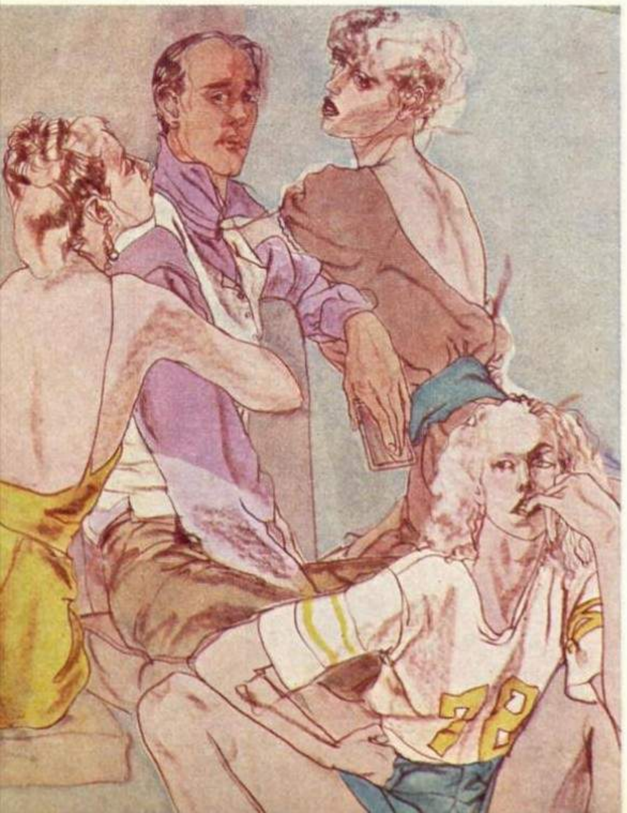
MAKING OUT

SNARING THE EARLY BIRDS

Man does not have it easy. In other species, the mating ritual is spelled out in the genetic code. A male springbok meets a female springbok, does the funky chicken and he's home free. They don't even trade telephone numbers. Man has to invent a social strategy on the spot. It's a wonder he survives.

My old college roommate is a Zenmaster at picking up women. According to him, success is always the result of simple choices: For example, do you confine your activities to darkness or are you open to encounters at all hours of the day? One night, to prove his point, he took me to Maxwell's Plum.

Maxwell's is an institution, a palace of Tiffany stained glass and *art nouveau* statuary, inhabited by nondenominational American princesses. It is *the* place to meet women in New York. The men who go there assume that the women who go there are aware of that reputation and will act accordingly. Sort of like the salmon who return mysteriously to the stream in which they were born to spawn the next generation: Haven't I seen you somewhere before?



There were women at Maxwell's, beautiful women. But meaningful conversation was out of the question. (The owners reportedly have to change the house plants every two weeks, the level of small talk being insufficient to support crab grass.) The only guys who seemed to be making out were the regulars who had arrived hours early to stake out the 12 available bar stools. While the rest of us practiced hip checking and broken-field stumbling, those dudes drank wine spritzers and offered to buy drinks for thirsty ladies. They did not offer their stools. (Some plan on willing their thrones to male heirs.) The situation seemed hopeless: I would have had better luck trying to pick up one of the brass nudes screwed to the floor.

My ex-roommate told me not to despair, that I should come back in during the day. Figuring to get a jump on the regulars, I called in well and showed at Maxwell's at 12 noon. The early worm gets the bird. To my surprise, a line of stunning women was waiting for the doors to open. The Mongol horde was not in sight. I approached the last girl in line and asked the obvious question: What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this at this hour? Having a three-hour lunch. With me? Sure, why not?

The matinee at Maxwell's was a revelation. My college buddy explained: "Man is not a nocturnal predator. The ability to climb down out of the trees and roam the African veld under the blazing sun made us what we are. Night life is unnatural. Why fight the crowds? Afternoons are a time of grace, free from pressure, anxiety, competition. Filled with sunshine and unescorted women. Darkness makes a woman defensive. She'll put up a fight and by the time she surrenders, if she surrenders, you go home to a *mēnage ā trois* in which the third party is exhaustion. What a difference the day makes: You are at your best. So is she. And if you're good, you can use the night for an encore."

Of course, he was right. Check out the hunting ground in your own town. Museums, parks and shops during lunch hour. (Schoolyards during recess?) It's not safe to walk the streets at night, but in the day you can discover a new city, and new friends.

If enough people catch on to the advantages of the "afternoon delight," I might have Maxwell's Plum all to myself some night.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

ILLUSTRATION BY BOBBI PEARLMAN

FITNESS

RUNNING ON A HEALTH TICKET

When PLAYBOY *decided to publish Dr. J. E. Schmidt's "Jogging Can Kill You!" in our March issue, we knew we were going to stir up some controversy. But we were hardly prepared for the blizzard of mail that descended upon us from an outraged jogging fraternity (which evidently has more members than Sigma Chi) and from doctors and physical therapists whose faith in the benefits of jogging was unshaken by Dr. Schmidt's heavy blows. Among those who wrote to us at length was Dr. Kaj Johansen, who is with the Department of Surgery of the University of California, San Diego. We found his comments, which follow, reasonable enough to offer here as counterpoint to Dr. Schmidt's piece.*

As a physician with some experience in long-distance running and a fair amount of background and interest in exercise physiology, I searched repeatedly but in vain for some evidence that *Jogging Can Kill You!* was written with Dr. J. E. Schmidt's tongue in cheek. I've been forced to conclude that it was in earnest.

The startling title notwithstanding, Dr. Schmidt doesn't even mention the few *important* cautions of jogging—traffic or heat stroke or triggering previously silent heart disease in the middle-aged by exercising without an initial stress electrocardiogram. Instead, he restricts himself to a bizarre listing of the alleged effects of impact and momentum on joints, intervertebral disks, the female breast, the uterus, the veins and the inguinal canal. Suffice it to say simply that Dr. Schmidt is wrong: There is *no* evidence that jogging either directly or secondarily causes joint or disk disease, sagging breasts, uterine prolapse, varicose veins or groin hernias. Ironically, a far better case can be made that the standard American slothfulness and *in*activity, with the accompanying loss of abdominal and back muscle tone, and pooling of venous blood in the extremities, cause these problems.

Indeed, there develops an increasing body of *scientific* evidence supporting the lifesaving benefits of chronic vigorous exercise. While we cannot yet certify that fit people live longer, there is no doubt that they significantly reduce their incidence of fatal heart attacks. For example, there has never been a documented coronary death of a person who has completed a marathon race; further, heart-attack victims in exercise rehabilitation programs in Honolulu and Toronto have a vastly lower incidence of repeat coronaries, and some of these men, once doomed to an invalid existence and an early death, have completed marathon runs.

The explanation for all this seems simple. Those genetic, lifestyle and personality factors that we know increase one's chances of an early heart attack—smoking, high blood pressure, elevated blood fats, inactivity, the aggressive "executive" (Type A) personality—are absent or markedly reduced in people who have made aerobic exercise (running, cycling, swimming, cross-country skiing) a regular part of their daily lives. Add to this the more "human" but no less important benefits of jogging: Appetites improve (food, drink and sex seem immeasurably more worth while); insomnia, constipation, headaches, low back pain, anxiety disappear; muscle tone improves, the skin firms up, the posture straightens, with resulting heightened self-image.

Jogging Can Kill You? Maybe—if you get hit by a truck.

—KAJ JOHANSEN, M.D.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

FASHION

CLOTHES HUNT IN GOTHAM'S WILDS

New York City has its problems, but fashion is not one of them. It is fact and not just Big Apple chauvinism to say that Manhattan is the nation's fashion capital. It's all here: the buying and the selling, the wholesaling and the retailing, the expensive and the cheap, the domestic and the foreign, the sublime and the ridiculous.

In that very abundance, however, can come confusion. The question I'm asked most frequently is, "Where is the best place to shop for the latest men's fashions?"

The answer is twofold and the first part is obvious. There are many fine specialty and department stores spread out along Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue and clustered in adjacent midtown side streets. Worthy of special note in the midtown area is **Paul Stuart,** at Madison and 45th. If you want a definition of the American Look (even though much of the merchandise is made in Europe, it is styled by the store to fit its updated traditional, post-Ivy image), this is the place to find it. Quite simply, Paul Stuart is the best specialty store for American fashion in town.

Somewhat farther afield are the department store that pioneered—and still is a leader—with men's fashion merchandise: **Bloomingdale's,** at Lexington and 59th; and the amazing block on East 60th Street between Second and Third avenues, which boasts nearly a dozen men's specialty shops. (If I were pressed to suggest one as the most interesting, I would have to say that **Madonna,** at 223 East 60th, has the choicest array of clothing, furnishings and accessories on the block.)

And then there's that giant supermarket of men's fashions, **Barney's** (Seventh Avenue at 17th Street). It certainly has something for everybody—if you have time, stamina and a cool head.

But no matter how smart the merchandising, or with-it the merchandise of these stores, they are the traditional fashion places to shop.

Which brings us to the second part of my answer. There's a whole new phenomenon in Manhattan retailing: the neighborhood store.

Far from the mom-and-pop operations of the past, these smart young retailers provide excitement off the beaten track. And as they become increasingly popular, their customers from other parts are discovering new areas of diverse lifestyle pleasures that mark the richly cosmopolitan nature of New York living.

And so, to the point. The following is a recommended list of stores somewhat out of the way but well worth the visit. It is by no means the complete story, but it should serve the purpose of getting you started on the great adventure of discovering the other New Yorks:

Pour Lui, 150 East 19th (corner Third Avenue)—New guy in town . . . emphasis on accessories (gloves, hats, bags) and putting things together with understated but unique flair.

Mazur's, 562 Third Avenue—Also new but with considerable experience at its smaller, hole-in-the-wall shop, **Gentle Ben,** 394 Third Avenue (still going strong) . . . super sports/casual wear, trousers, sweaters, bright colors, special poncho raincoats, leather, shoes.

Jackie Rogers, 787 Madison—Expensive but great things. . . . Would you believe a see-through plastic ski parka lined with feathers? . . . Street floor is cool sophistication . . . downstairs is "early raunch."

San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue—Tweedy look focused on beautiful, brightly colored Fair Isle sweaters . . . rugged classics. . . . One gets the feeling San Francisco salvaged the luggage it displays from the Titanic.

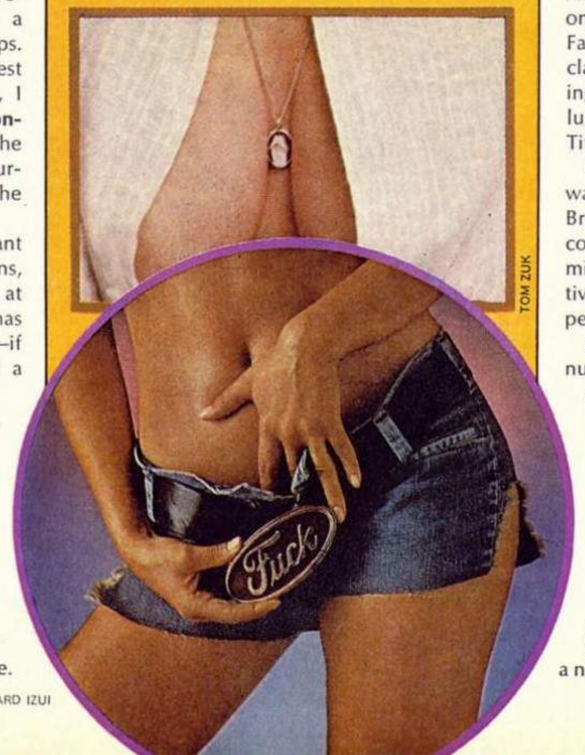
Charivari for Men, 2339 Broadway, and **Charivari Sport,** 2345 Broadway—The two parts encompass an incredible, right-on mix, from fairly costly superlative European fashion to inexpensive American survival gear.

LeMans, 715 Amsterdam Avenue—Unfortunate name in an unfortunate neighborhood, but its customers come from miles around to sample its sophisticated wares (much of it designed by co-owner Carl Davis).

There are others. And the enterprising shopper who takes the time and effort to discover them will find that New York, at the very least, is a nice place to visit. —DAVID PLATT

THE MERCHANDISE IS THE MESSAGE

Long before clothing, the string of beads was the status symbol. The larger and heavier the wearer's beads, the more prestigious his position. The Renaissance man showed his status with gold and silver jewelry pounded out by Benvenuto Cellini and his crowd. Today, no one really cares a lot about your social position, but there is considerable interest in your sexual position. And your jewelry can speak out as to what turns you on. The range of design can go from blatant pornography to the subtlest look of Oriental ivory carvings. Now, in highly dramatic fashion, you can prove to yourself that it pays to advertise. —ROBERT L. GREEN

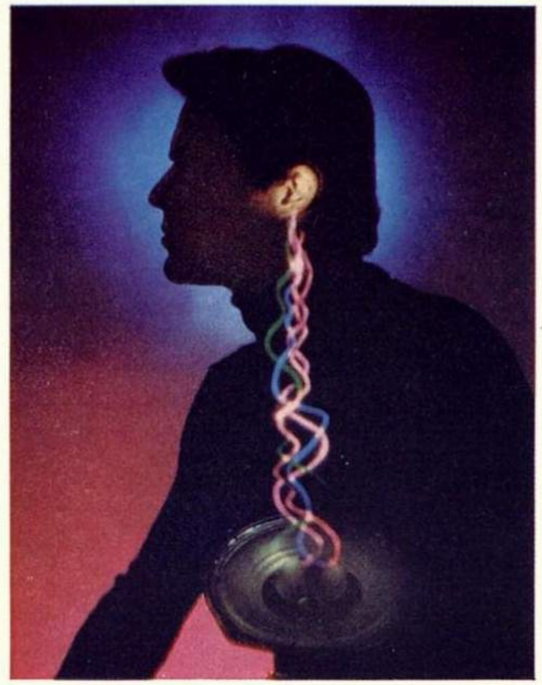


TOM ZUK

RICHARD IZUI

AUDIO

IN ONE EAR AND IN THE OTHER



Testing—or, rather, "tasting"—a loud-speaker's sound is not unlike wine-tasting. You can, after some sipping and swallowing, pick a good wine without ever having set foot in a vineyard. You may not even know whether grapes grow up or down. Similarly, you can train yourself to pick a good speaker without knowing how it's assembled inside the box, or whether or not the tweeter is made of recycled paper tissues, or how such appealing terms as diaphragm, compliance and pumping have crept into hi-fi jargon. What you will develop is a gut reaction.

Remember that it is the midrange of tones (frequencies) that carries most of whatever you hear, including music. Say you are listening to a recording of Lazar Berman perform a Liszt rhapsody and the speakers make it sound like the subdued tinkling in your favorite cocktail lounge. You may feel pleasantly at peace, but you are not listening to very good speakers. Aside from the obvious lack of highs, there probably are very weak middles.

On the other hand, if you're trying to dig the nuances of a Joan Baez and the speakers make her sound like Ethel Merman, you may—depending on your nostalgia quotient—suddenly find new rewards in Joan; but be warned that it's not stereophony but phony stereo. This time, the speakers are distorting wildly; their midrange peaks are making everything sound overly bright and raucous. This constant stream of overblown highs can, like any constant diet of highs, wear you to a frazzle.

What a good speaker does, simply, is follow the ups and downs (in pitch and in loudness) that are in the music; it does not add its own ups and downs. So, if you do hear too much (or not enough) midrange, make sure that whoever is demonstrating the speakers has not chosen a bummer of a recording, or moved the amplifier controls way off their normal flat settings, or switched in a deadening filter, or placed the speakers in parts of the room where they sound terrible.

So use your eyes as well as your ears. Check out the recording or, better, bring your own. Ask to see the control panel of the amp or receiver hooked up to the speakers. As for listening rooms, heavy drapes and carpets tend to subdue the treble; large glass surfaces (such as store windows) make speakers sound very bright; sparsely furnished areas lend speakers a boxy, or echolike, quality. The best room for judging speakers is one that is furnished as much like a normal domestic setting as possible. But whatever, insist that the models you are comparing be played side by side. Comparisons become meaningless when speaker A is in one part of the room and speaker B in another.

In general, the midrange should sound smooth, open and clear, especially on complex musical passages. It is fairly easy for a speaker to sound authentic when all it has to do is reproduce a solo guitar. But the guitar backed up by a combo becomes an acoustic challenge that only the better speakers can handle.

A common midrange fault is honking, which puts a synthetic edge on the sound. This edge really cannot cut the hi-fi mustard. Walk away and don't look back. Another midrange problem is the tendency to beam the treble tones instead of fan them out evenly. You may get an earache when listening directly in front of such a speaker (on axis) and hear very little as you move to one side. Keep moving—to the next speaker or the next store.

Above the midrange are the superhighs that come from the tweeter. You should be able to hear the difference between a flute and a high clarinet, or between a violin and a viola, or between the top reaches of two sopranos. Leontyne Price does *not* sound like Joan Sutherland, and any speaker that says she does is lying to you. Good highs also convey the impact of transients—those short, intense musical bursts such as plucked strings, the staccato of a snare drum or the tinkle of a triangle.

Below the midrange is the bass, produced by the woofer. Good bass sounds strong and full but also clean. It lets you discern, say, a tuba from a bass viol. Listen for definition rather than overpowering thumping. A good woofer also should let you hear the pitch of each low note on a piano keyboard.

Perhaps the most difficult, but most rewarding, part of speaker tasting is putting it all together for a complete impression after zeroing in on specific tonal ranges. You should, in other words, be able to see the forest as well as its trees. Given the general virtues of smoothness, tonal balance, frequency and dynamic range, there's bound to be one model that appeals to your special listening tastes.

You have been using your senses and your sense to choose many of life's pluses—clothes, food, sex partners, and so on. Why not speakers? —NORMAN EISENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Charles W. Bush

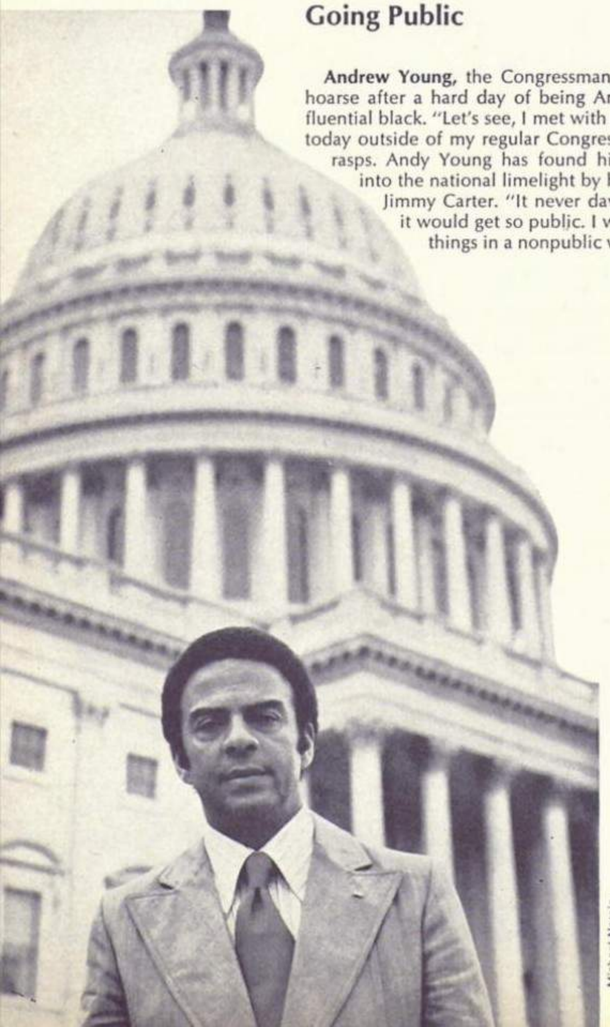
Junking the Junkman

After five years a junkman, the irrepressible **Redd Foxx** is breaking out of the scrap-metal mold in a big way. "I jumped at the chance to do *Norman... Is That You?*, a movie in which my wife runs away with my brother and my son comes out of the closet and admits to being a homosexual. I wanted to see if I could act. I don't honestly think that this film will make people forget Robert Redford and Paul Newman. But I'm told I did pretty good.

"Even if I don't become a big movie star, I've still got television—a weekly variety show that I'm producing and performing in for the '77 season on ABC. One thing that makes me sad is that I won't be able to use the Sanford character on that show. NBC would probably sue me. What's also sad is the conditions I worked under at NBC. I never did a special over there. Not one. I never guest-hosted *The Tonight Show*, even though I worked across the hall from Carson for five years. I flew to New York and asked the executives at NBC for a special or some development money for another series. They turned a deaf ear. And I was made a villain because I'm claustrophobic and I wanted a window in my dressing room. Finally, I made up my mind that I was through with NBC."

Going Public

Andrew Young, the Congressman from Atlanta, is hoarse after a hard day of being America's most influential black. "Let's see, I met with about ten groups today outside of my regular Congressional work," he rasps. Andy Young has found himself catapulted into the national limelight by his close ties with Jimmy Carter. "It never dawned on me that it would get so public. I was used to doing things in a nonpublic way," says Young, who was for years Martin Luther King, Jr.'s behind-the-scenes mediator. "I don't have any definite role in the Carter campaign. I'm just a good friend of Jimmy's who activated his contacts with movement people." It might be thought that Young's political interest would lie strictly in Carter's domestic policies toward minorities and the poor. Not so—Young is part of Carter's foreign-affairs advisory staff and has already made several trips to Africa, the Caribbean and Japan. The only question in some minds is: Will Andrew Young be our first black Vice-President or our first black Secretary of State?

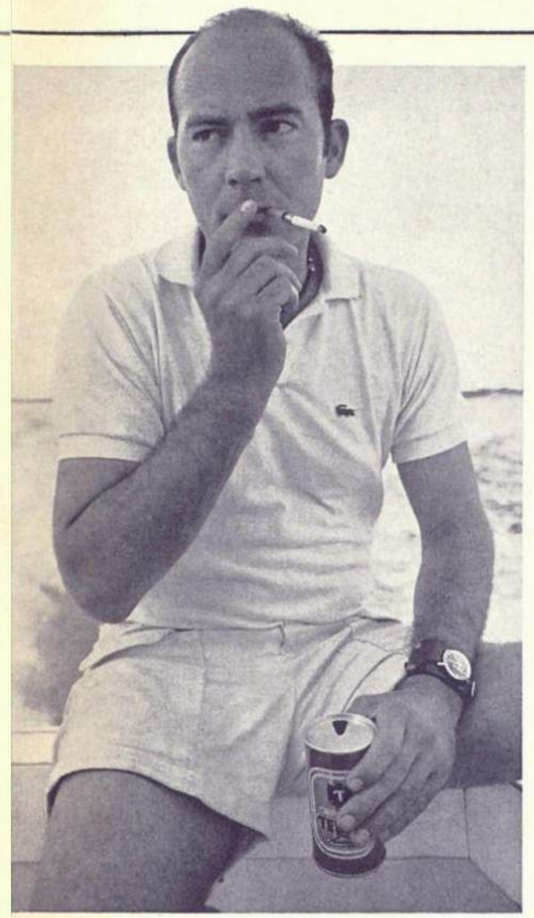


Michael Norcia

Brian D. Hennessey

Happy Coincidence

Elizabeth Ray has been very good to **Tom Stoppard.** Not that the Tony award–winning British playwright (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, Travesties*) has ever met Washington's most popular secretary, but her activities have helped make his latest play, *Dirty Linen*, into a smash at the London box office. Its heroine, a lady aptly named Miss Gotobed, is secretary to a British government committee investigating sexual promiscuity in Parliament. Every member of the committee has a personal reason for trying to conceal Miss Gotobed's lack of shorthand and of panties. Says Stoppard, "I never set out to write a topical play—that would be madness. The Washington scandals happened after I wrote it. I was having deadline trouble writing a play for an American season—I couldn't work out anything with an American connection. So I decided to go ahead with *Dirty Linen*, even though it hadn't anything to do with America!" Then along came Liz to complete the American connection.



Al Satterwhite

Checking In with Dr. Gonzo

A movie version of **Hunter S. Thompson's** *Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas*, with a screenplay by Larry McMurtry, being in the works, we thought we'd see what the good Dr. Gonzo himself thought of it all. So we called and asked.

"What movie?" Thompson asked back.

"The movie they're making of your book."

"If that's true, you know more about it than I do."

"Were you approached to do the script?"

"Oh, no. I have no idea who even owns it."

"We keep wondering how they're going to do it."

"Well, McMurtry puts an interesting twist into it. If I wrote it, people would assume it would be even crazier than the book."

"Who would you cast as yourself if you were doing it?"

"The only one person I could really see, because I admire the tremendous economy of his behavior on the screen and because of a certain genuine identification with what I consider my own true head, is Peter Lorre."

"What's your life like these days?"

"Oh, it's quite peaceful. I'm just going broke slowly and watching Carter. I'm stuck with him, and he is also stuck with me."

"Are you going to travel with him?"

"I hope not. There would be no reason. I've got to get away from that kind of journalism, or journalism period. It's the people, man, the people. Journalism forces you to go out there and associate with and become as one for a time with people whom under normal circumstances you would avoid at all costs. Can you imagine living your life among those people? Fifteen years ago, I thought I would write a good novel, but I got sidetracked when I was in journalism. I think it's about time that I got back to what I really want to do."

"What's the novel about?"

Telephone silence. Two seconds, three, four. Then a god-awful Tarzan shriek. The *thunk! thunk! thunk!* as the receiver is beaten on a table. Our turn.

"Hello...?"

"Texas."

"Come again?"

"It's about Texas. That's really all I know. Texas is interesting. It's the only state of the Union I don't really know and I like all the energy coming out of there. It's crazy."

"When do you intend to get started on it?"

"I shouldn't even be talking to you. I should be put somewhere and forced to write. However, I'm bigger than most people I have to deal with."

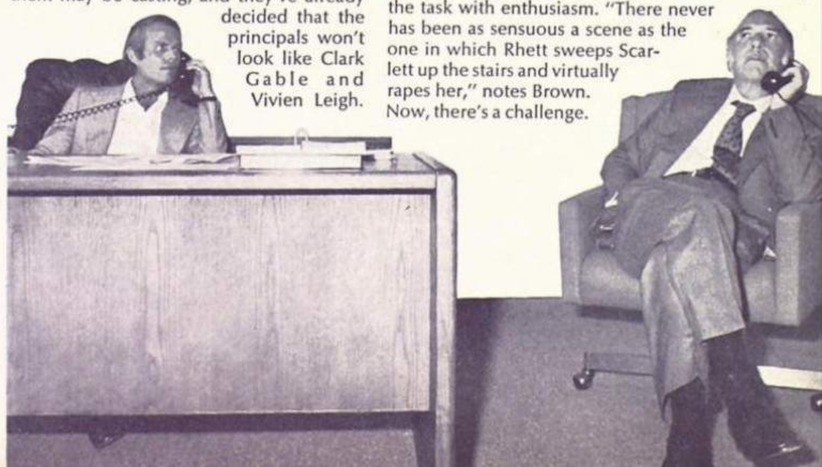
"How do you force yourself?"

"I just think about all my credit cards and houses and motorcycles and cars and whiskey and drugs that will be taken away from me if I don't do it."

The South Rises Again

When you've already produced *The Sting* and *Jaws*, it takes a pretty large goal to make life challenging and producers **Richard Zanuck** and **David Brown** have come up with one: a continuation of *Gone with the Wind*. "We know this is a very tough act to follow," says Brown, "and we're not making any promises. We're aware of the hazards." Foremost among them may be casting, and they've already decided that the principals won't look like Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh.

"And I don't think we can or want to duplicate the original style of the movie," says Zanuck. "We'll have to update it... but not jarringly." One thing to count on, however, is that Rhett and Scarlett will get back together as soon as movie logistics permit. "The last scene just cries out for a sequel," says Zanuck. "This would have been a good idea long before the current sequelmania." And though they claim that a follow-up to the most popular movie of all time wasn't their idea, they've taken to the task with enthusiasm. "There never has been as sensuous a scene as the one in which Rhett sweeps Scarlett up the stairs and virtually rapes her," notes Brown. Now, there's a challenge.



Grant Edwards

THE GREAT CAR CONSPIRACY

Of course it's a conspiracy. Isn't everything from the FBI to the Audubon Society part of a vast interlocking, diabolically complicated plot to keep you and me weak, bankrupt and stupid? I know this to be true, having heard lengthy testimony in scores of saloons, gas stations and lunch counters across the nation. I even know who the bastards are. It's They. They can do whatever They want, based on the rock-bound logic that all things are possible if a man can be landed on the moon. They could find a cure for cancer. They could have world peace or full employment. It's all a matter of fitting it into Their grand scheme of the Superconspiracy.

Like the 100-mile-per-gallon carburetor. Hell, we know that's hidden away by Them somewhere in Detroit or Dallas. That's been common knowledge among conspiracy fans for decades. Numerous stories have leaked out. With variations, they go like this: A simple basement-genius inventor creates a magic carburetor that produces 100 miles per gallon. But They get wind of the creation and agents of the Oil Biggies and the Detroit Cabal swoop down and seize the wondrous device, thereby keeping gasoline consumption at outrageous levels. We *know* the car makers are guilty. After all, we aren't such simple fools as to believe that They are building cars that won't get more than 40 mpg, maximum, that aren't perfectly safe in 50-mph crashes or won't last a lifetime without repairs because They don't know how. Of course They know! Remember, if They can put a man on the moon. . . .

BAVARIAN CREAM

There's been a slight delay, folks, but it's just possible that you'll still be able to treat yourself to a Christmas present of this beauty, the BMW 630 CSi, now due in the States sometime around the end of the year. A worthy successor to the classic 3.0 CS, it's powered by a three-liter, fuel-injected, six-cylinder engine and will probably sell for—gulp—around 20 big ones; but then, aren't you the most generous person you know?

Yet you've got to give Them credit. They're subtle devils, They are. Look how Detroit lost its ass in '74 and '75—General Motors no longer the world's largest corporation; Chrysler in serious financial shape; Ford and American Motors gambling to stay solvent. It's hard to imagine a plot so devious that these apparent difficulties can actually be components of success; but if you are really into conspiracies, you must integrate all information, be it fact or fiction, relevant or irrelevant, into supporting evidence.

Sure, They could build ultra-efficient, high-mileage engines, if They so desired. Look at electric cars—silent, emission pure, compact. They could put them on the market tomorrow. Forget those excuses about how nobody can figure out how to make storage batteries that won't make an electric Volkswagen weigh as much as a Patton tank, or how electricity would cost you about *three times* as much per mile as gasoline. We know They could do it. Just like They could convert to new fuels if the Oil Biggies weren't in bed with Detroit. Hell, They could use alcohol or propane or even horseshit if They wanted to—and never mind that bull about higher costs of refinement and operation and special problems of manufacture, efficiency and pollution control.

What about steam engines? Ah, the magic of steam! The simple conversion of water into energy. God bless James Watt. But why does Detroit keep it hidden under a barrel? *We* know why, so we don't have to listen to Their feeble excuses about steam engines' having several basic problems: (1) nearly twice the fuel consumption (you've got to burn *something* to heat the water) of a contemporary gasoline engine for comparable performance and (2) extremely complicated and highly expensive manufacturing techniques.

And then we have the magic turbine, which Chrysler has been hiding from the public for 20 years. How committed They must be to a dark plot to keep this obvious improvement on the conventional internal-combustion engine off the market while They struggle through hard times—and never mind Their muttering about the turbine's noise, high manufacturing cost, fuel consumption, poor acceleration, etc. We know better. *They* know better!

It is obvious that American car manufacturers are risking everything in order to keep a vast supply of miracle engines out of the eager hands of the public. How this fits into the master conspiracy is confusing, but even now, I am heading for my favorite saloon to check out the rumor that all the astronauts are driving around in Corvettes owned jointly by the CIA, G.M. and Exxon that get 200 miles to the gallon on liquefied cement! After all, if They can get to the moon. . . .

—BROCK YATES

MONS VENUS OBSERVED

There is more to a plucked pussy than meets the eye. Most men who find women with shaved *mons* sexier explain their fascination by referring to the Lolita effect: The less hair on it, the younger it looks. But according to Dr. Leon Salzman, professor of psychiatry at Georgetown Medical School, fantasies of adolescent nymphs might not be all that's going through the fevered brain of the admirer of a shorn pubis. Although most men are unaware of it, female body hair, says Dr. Salzman, can be a turn-off because it makes women seem more masculine. Some men prefer their girls as different from themselves as possible.

INCONCEIVABLE STAND

Stand up for sex! That's what the women do in Bali. Or, rather, they stand up *after* sex, to practice a unique form of birth control. According to the *Journal of Bio-energetic Research*, it has recently been discovered that Balinese women are very good at contraception. At an early age, these Indonesian beauties learn to exercise intensive control over their vaginal muscles. Apparently, they ride such a tight saddle on those muscles that they can eject all seminal fluid just by contracting them. After making love, they stand up and vigorously thrust their vaginas to pump out the semen, which trickles down their legs.

In case you and your girlfriend decide to avoid the stork the Balinese way after *your* next roll in the palms, we might advise that there's a word for women in Bali who have not learned this technique well—mothers.

WET AND FRETFUL

It turns out that many women who are blessed with an abundance of vaginal secretion and who overflow at the slightest provocation are terribly ashamed of it. At last, some scientists have investigated the aesthetic effects of this phenomenon. Drs. James P. Semmens and F. Jane Semmens, gynecologists at the Medical University of South Carolina, have come up with some theories about why wet women turn themselves off: One reason is that our society still holds on to the image of the pure, chaste woman who is daintily arid; so a girl with plentiful lubrication views it with distaste because she feels sinfully sexy. Madison Avenue hasn't helped such women resolve their feelings, either. By pushing artificially scented vaginal douches and sprays, they imply that a woman's natural body scents and juices are unappealing. So, of course, a woman who is especially moist feels even more unappealing. She may also resent her lubriciousness as an indication of a high level of eroticism; and if she's sexually inhibited, this will accentuate her inhibition.

SNOWBALLING

A steep slope, an exhilarating schuss down a mountainside, with the icy wind tingling over your body and your blood singing with your skis. You stop by a deserted snowbank, you turn to your ravishing companion in her skintight jump suit, and a wonderfully dizzy dalliance suggests itself. Yes, screwing in the snow can be a zonker, but it also has its hazards. Several experienced ski instructors and a few consulting urologists and sexologists have cautioned us: If the temperature drops *very* far below freezing, you'll be so cold that an erection becomes impossible to maintain—especially if the air is dry *and* cold. Dampness from close contact with your woman may also intensify the chill, and hideously painful possibilities of frostbite lurk for the unwary. But nature has provided a built-in warning device. If, after some passionate preliminaries, you find your digit frigid instead of rigid, don't push it. Head for the warming hut. Remember the tragic plight of the Eskimo and his fiancée: One cold night, she broke it off.

CYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Strange things happen when people live together for any length of time. One person begins finishing the other's sentences. You pick up the phone to call her and she's in the middle of calling you. You both want to go to the same restaurant for dinner. Those are some of the nice things. Then there are the times your mood always seems to be the opposite of hers and neither of you can say anything right. We've all thought, it could be the weather or the stars or the beginning of the end of a beautiful affair.

A scientist in Australia thinks it could be the pill. Margaret Henderson, a research physiologist and endocrinologist, has been measuring the temperature cycles of men and women who live together and has found something pretty amazing. Normally, the man's temperature cycle is in close sync with the woman's menstrual cycle; so close, in fact, that when her temperature falls at ovulation, so does his. However, when women in Dr. Henderson's study began using the pill, they went out of harmony with their men. Henderson explained, at an annual meeting of the Royal Australian College of Physicians, that when one man's cycle discontinued, he became anxious and irritable. When his wife subsequently went off the pill, their relationship apparently once more became harmonious. So if your relationship has been nothing but lots of hassles lately, it might be worth it to have a checkup. Maybe your moods aren't incompatible—it could be your contraceptive.

—HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER HUYSSEN

SOMETHING TO SHOOT FOR!

A playmate is someone very special.

She could be someone you know. Or someone you'd like to get to know. Either way, she's someone whose special beauty clearly deserves to be captured on film.

And here's your opportunity to be the one to do it: PLAYBOY's first Playmate Photo Contest!

The Playmates shown here should give you some ideas, but feel free to wing it. What we're really interested in is *your* playmate, photographed *your* way.

If your playmate shooting is selected as the most inspired entry, you and your model will share equally in the $5000 cash prize, and you will win $1500 worth of Minolta camera gear plus a super chance to use it: an unforgettable all-expense-paid week working (if you can call it that) in the Chicago photo studios of PLAYBOY magazine, where you'll consult and share trade secrets with PLAYBOY's photographers and photo technicians. You'll enjoy VIP guest status at the Playboy Towers Hotel, with VIP keyholder privileges at the Chicago Playboy Club.

All entries will be received and screened by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent contest organization. Finalists will be evaluated and judged by PLAYBOY Photo Editor Gary Cole, Art Director Art Paul and Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

Entries may be in color or black and white, prints or transparencies. For complete rules, see entry form. Additional forms are available at your Minolta dealer.

But hurry: Entries must be received no later than December 31, 1976.

Azizi Johari

Kristine Hanson

Ester Cordet

Debra Peterson

Marilyn Lange

Lillian Müller

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Nancy Cameron

ENTER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST

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10 RUNNER-UP PRIZES: $500 worth of Minolta camera equipment.

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OFFICIAL RULES
NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Entries submitted may be taken with any camera or film in color or in black and white. Color transparencies must be mounted in cardboard mounts. Prints must be mounted on cardboard no larger than 8½" x 11". Do not submit contact sheets or negatives.
2. Each picture must be accompanied by a completed official entry form or facsimile thereof. Only one picture per form, but enter as many times as you wish. For additional entry forms, see your participating Minolta dealer.
3. Entries will be preliminarily judged under the supervision of the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Final winner determination will be made by the Editors of PLAYBOY magazine, including Hugh M. Hefner. The decisions of the judges are final in all matters relating to this offer.
4. The judging criteria are as follows:
   1. Appropriateness of photo for use as a Playboy centerfold (60%).
   2. Visual effectiveness (composition, creativity, originality—20%).
   3. Technical ability (20%).
5. All prize-winning entries become the exclusive property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and none can be returned.
6. Except for winning entries, pictures will be returned if each is accompanied by a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope of suitable size with appropriate packing material and postage. Playboy cannot guarantee the return or condition of picture.
7. Each winner will be required to sign an affidavit certifying that he/she is the photographer and sole owner of the winning entry and that it is original and has never been previously published in any form, nor has it won any other prize or award.
8. All entries must be received by December 31, 1976.
9. This contest is open to all entrants (photographer and model) residing in the United States and Canada, of legal age in the state or province in which they reside as of September 1, 1976. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Minolta Corporation and the D. L. Blair Corporation, their respective advertising and public-relations agencies, the families of each and photographers whose work has appeared in PLAYBOY within the past five (5) years are not eligible. All Federal, state and local laws and regulations apply in the United States. All Federal, Provincial and Municipal laws and regulations apply in Canada. All prizes will be awarded. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. This offer is void wherever prohibited by law. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Prize award is contingent on the availability at no additional cost to PLAYBOY of the original negative or transparency and standard model release of subject. No substitutions for prizes permitted.
10. To receive a list of prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy Playmate Photo Contest Winner List, P.O. Box 7060, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM
PLAYBOY PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST

D. L. Blair Corporation
Executive Plaza
185 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

Gentlemen:
Enclosed is our entry in the Playboy Playmate Photo Contest. We certify that we have complied with all the rules of this contest and that both of us were adult citizens of the State or Province in which each of us resides, as of September 1, 1976.

MODEL:

Signature_____

Name_____

PHOTOGRAPHER

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip____

PB11

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HONEY BRUCE FINALLY TALKS ABOUT HER SEX LIFE, HER CAREER AS A STRIPPER AND HER MARRIAGE TO **LENNY BRUCE** IN A SEGMENT OF HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY (WRITTEN WITH DANA BENENSON): **"HONEY"**

EVAN HUNTER REFLECTS ON THE DEATH OF A CAT, A MARRIAGE AND AN AFFAIR IN A POIGNANT STORY, **"THE PANIC BUTTON"**

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN, FRESH (WELL, RELATIVELY FRESH) FROM SOME 6000 HOURS WORKING OUT, SUBMITS THAT **"ALL HAPPY GYMS SMELL THE SAME"**

PETER ROSS RANGE INVESTIGATES THE GOINGS ON IN WASHINGTON AND FINDS THAT **LIZ RAY** IS NOT UNIQUE IN A CITY WHERE TO GET AHEAD, YOU GIVE HEAD: **"SEXUAL CONGRESS"**

JAMES R. PETERSEN'S SEX QUIZ ASKS THE IMMORTAL QUESTION **"ARE YOU LIBERATED ENOUGH TO MAKE IT WITH MORE THAN ONE PERSON OR SPECIES AT THE SAME TIME, AND IF NOT, WHY NOT?"**

PAUL KRASSNER, EX-PUBLISHER OF *THE REALIST*, PIONEER YIPPIE AND CHARTER MEMBER OF THE IT'S-ALL-A-CONSPIRACY CLUB, EXPOSES **"THE PARTS LEFT OUT OF THE PATTY HEARST TRIAL"**

DAN GREENBURG CONTINUES IN HIS CHOSEN ROLE OF *PLAYBOY* REPORTER/GUINEA PIG. THIS TIME, HE EXPERIENCES **"EST"**

NEIL SIMON, JOHNNY MILLER, TELLY SAVALAS AND THE GUYS WHO DREAMED UP PONG AND PET ROCKS TALK TO **ROBERT KERWIN** ABOUT HOW IT FEELS TO MAKE (AND SPEND) **"SUDDEN MONEY"**

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER DRAWS AN UNFORGETTABLE WORD PICTURE OF AN ABSENT-MINDED FRIEND IN **"MENDEL I THOUGHT"**

PLUS: "WOMEN'S SEX FANTASIES," ASTONISHINGLY CANDID INTERVIEWS CONDUCTED BY **ROSEMARIE SANTINI,** ACCOMPANIED BY A PORTFOLIO OF SEX FANTASIES INTERPRETED BY TOP FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHERS; **"PLAYBOY,"** A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE NEW SOVIET EDITION OF *PLAYBOY*; **"ALL THE PRESIDENTS' WOMEN,"** A LIVELY CATALOG OF THE LADIES WHO HAVE BEEN OUR CHIEF EXECUTIVES' PRIVILEGES IN BED; **"SEX STARS OF 1976"; LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**'S FURTHER MISS-ADVENTURES; **"CASANOVA,"** A LOOK AT **DONALD SUTHERLAND,** PLAYING THE OLYMPIAN SEXUAL athlete, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL CONQUESTS; A *PLAYBOY PANEL* ON **UFOS; "THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL"; JOHN BERENDT** AND **EDWARD J. EPSTEIN**'S **"ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE CIA"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

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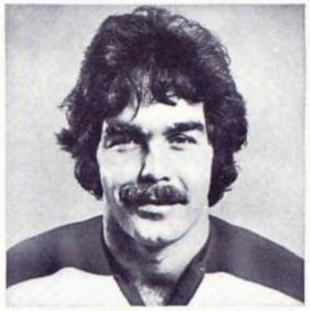

(Derek Sanderson. Star center for the St. Louis Blues.)

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The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)

*Av per cigarette by FTC method

Carlton Menthol 1 mg. tar

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MENTHOL
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"TAR"* 1 MG. . . PER CIGARETTE
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*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."
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